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THE *Atlantic*

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Student Rebels**
by Martin Duberman

DEAFEN

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symposium with
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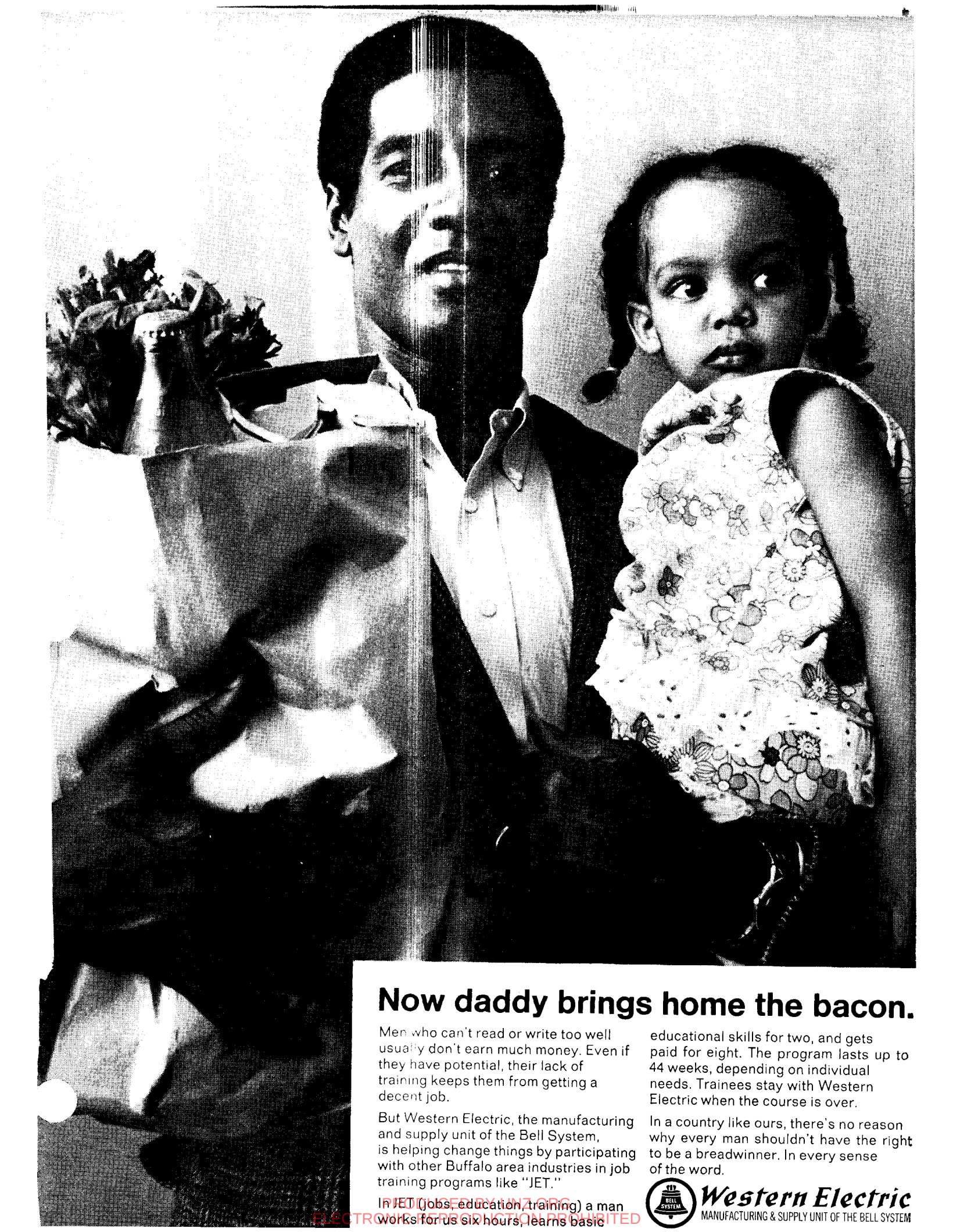
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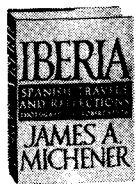
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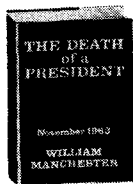
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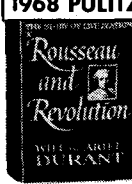
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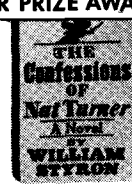
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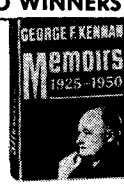
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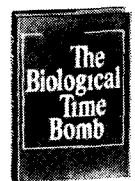
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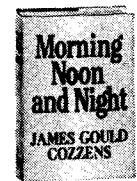
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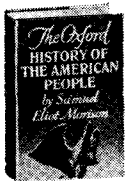
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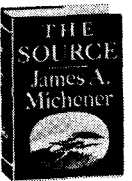
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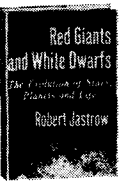
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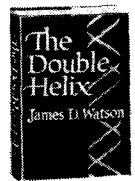
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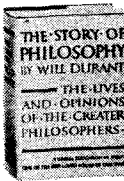
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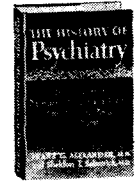
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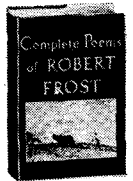
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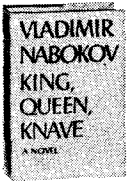
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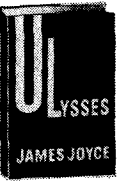
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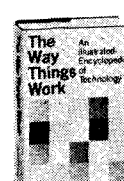
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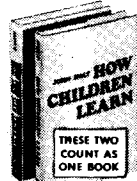
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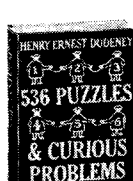
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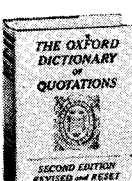
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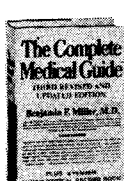
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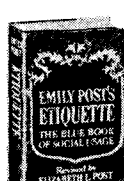
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reports

Campaign 1968

Commentaries by the Editors

I: The Majority

First, a few sights and sounds from the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, a spectacle that wrested from the Republicans the Gold Cup for Most Dismal Abuse of the Democratic Process, on which they won first leg in 1964:

"Lyndon Johnson insists on a subservience which demolishes the giver. He has seen in Hubert Humphrey this subservience and decided that Nixon will make a better President" — a onetime close servant of Lyndon Johnson.

"Free Sirhan Sirhan" — a placard carried by a demonstrator on Michigan Avenue.

"Good morning, this is the Conrad Frightful" — from the only cheerful operator at the Conrad Hilton.

"Why Arthur Krock Split with the Kennedys" — most irrelevant ad of convention week, by the *Saturday Evening Post* in the *Chicago Daily News*.

"Welcome to Fort Daley" — placard at Chicago's O'Hare Field.

"Take care of my wife; she's had her foot broken, and she's been tear-gassed" — a delegate in a hurry to get to the Amphitheater.

"Humphrey is shit!" — chant of a young demonstrator outside the Conrad Hilton.

"Nixon + Spiro = Zero" — a sidewalk graffito.

"There are only 53 bathrooms in the White House, which would mean that the President ought to be

a plumber" — Senator Eugene McCarthy, on being asked by a California delegate for his views on the qualities necessary in a President.

"You have never been closer to the truth before — vote for Richard Nixon" — scotch-taped above a urinal in a Chicago men's room.

"I have never bitten anyone in my life" — David C. Hoeh, chairman of the New Hampshire delegation, on a national TV network.

Onward and upward

A campaign that begins with such a general display of cynicism, suspicion, bad taste, and vulgarity could hardly go anywhere but up, or so one might presume. It is no wonder that the Republicans, guilty in their convention this time only of banality and quiet suffocation of all dissent, imagination, or venturesomeness, should look on the Democratic shambles with a sense that opportunity overfloweth. Not only had the Democrats made fools of themselves, but they had nominated a candidate who (no one who knew Humphrey could have predicted this three or four years ago) seemed determined to be as boring as Nixon himself, and without the sheen of confidence that distinguished the Nixon of 1968 from that of 1960. The loser acted like a winner this time. When his campaign was barely under way, Nixon was already thinking about how he would deal with Moscow after the election.

Also, the Democrats had chosen a vice presidential nominee who, though demonstrably more experienced, candid, and attractive, and plainly more talented politically and administratively than the Republicans' choice, was chosen for not much better reasons than the GOP applied in choosing Agnew. Spiro

was firm with the blacks, and his father had changed the family name; Ed Muskie was a Polish American, and *his* father had changed the family name. (Refrain by the chorus: Ethnic days are here again! Let's scratch that backlash vote to win.*)

True reflection?

The temptation is to judge both conventions in the way Gene McCarthy assessed the Democratic one after his defeat in Chicago. "I think we lost," he said, "because the political procedure isn't responsive to the will of the people." That is not so, however. It is more realistic to recognize that what happened in Miami Beach and Chicago and what is about to happen in the national voting for President must be reckoned as a true reflection of the mood and desires of a majority of Americans in this bizarre election year, moods and desires that grow (as subsequent reports in this section will attempt to show) partly out of conscious will and clarity of ideas and

*Not to be confused with a song based on the Nixon campaign strategy, lyrics attributed to James Symington and sung to the tune of another old favorite:

My name is
Richard Milhous Nixon
And I hope that you're
All fixin' to
Just uptoe
Through the issues
With me.

Don't want to analyze,
I'd rather generalize
So please don't criticize.
Simply close your eyes
And tiptoe
Through the issues
With me.

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Campaign 1968

partly out of fear, confusion, and the distortions that have particularly marked our politics in the last few years.

Charisma of change

"There are," as William Phillips writes in the latest issue of *Partisan Review*, "too many facile generalizations about the spread of violence, which do not say anything about specific questions, and hence are easily absorbed into an empty and dangerous rhetoric about law and order, mouthed by people who would do little or nothing about the problems tearing the country apart. . . . At the same time, there is something awful, and ominous, about the assassination of so many public men in this country whose charisma was the charisma of change."

There is the point. The charisma of change got shot out of the atmosphere just as it was beginning to seem possible that the prospect of profound change in certain major American attitudes was to be an issue, a choice, perhaps even a result, of this year's election. Too much should not be claimed; Martin Luther King was not going to produce a cure for the racial problem in America, nor was Robert Kennedy going to produce the magic to cure race or Vietnam (any more than his brother was to induce more than a beginning of the changes that were later claimed for him in the sorrow over his murder. Indeed, the impulse for a bold public reappraisal in the case of Vietnam was touched off first by Eugene McCarthy. Nonetheless — and it is no denigration of his act of leadership to say it — McCarthy's effort was not going to be nearly enough by itself; he never did act like a man who *wanted* to be President; sometimes he didn't even seem to want to demonstrate that he could be. The impetus added by Robert Kennedy, the magic of the name, the suggestion of a "new generation" acoming in were the added ingredients that made changes in policies, in national tone, in the generation of leadership at least possibilities.

The impulse for change simply did not get far enough before it was shut off. On the two great issues demanding strong leadership and

brave solution — Vietnam abroad and the racial-social upheaval at home — the urge for radical change in our attitudes moved only a minority (albeit a growing minority in the case of Vietnam — the 40 percent vote for the peace plank at Chicago is probably a fair measurement, though it should be emphasized that the peace plank was supported by all the states whose delegations were elected by public primaries). The majority in America in 1968 combines two groups — those stern folk who prefer the present methods or even tougher ones against the Communists in Southeast Asia and against the disorderly blacks, the rebellious students, and the disturbers of the status quo at home; and those other Americans of "the silent center," who are not yet enough stirred up by those issues to swing the balance the other way.

Follow the leader

The polls showed this, if read carefully, and even if the polls didn't, the instincts of the Republicans, with the Nixon mentality in ascendancy and Nelson Rockefeller sputtering out of contention, first in indecision and then in a cascade of expensively spurious prose, would in any event have spurred them to try to shape a majority made up of the right and the silent center. To this extent, the Republicans can at least be credited with a willingness to "lead" the electorate. It was their good fortune in mid-1968 to find that they did not have to build such a majority. They could simply pick their prose carefully and tread quietly, leading only in the fashion of the storied French general who, observing his division running through the streets, rushed out to catch them, shouting: "I must follow them. I am their leader."

For Hubert Humphrey and Edward Muskie, however, the prospect was not so simple. They could not both unite the Democratic Party and woo the hard-line-plus-silent-center American majority, though there were many in the party, among them the labor leaders and tough pols like Governor Connally or Mayor Daley, who seemed to thin' the malcontent left-of-center and the intellectuals would come around in the end. (Though he gave the party a severe black eye with the disgraceful, contemptuous manipu-

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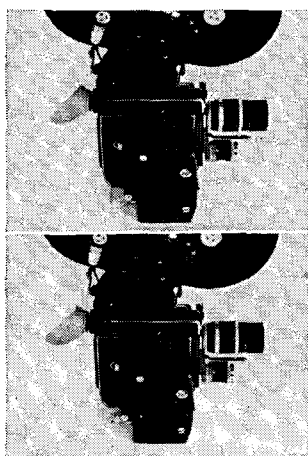
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lation of the convention, Daley may have done the party a certain service among the hard-line electorate by showing that the Democrats could, by God, maintain order in the streets. Daley's mail, and that received by the networks and the other news media and by the Federal Communications Commission, all suggests that the public favored Daley and his police against the Yippies and their supporters. This was, in view of the news and TV coverage, a most interesting commentary on "the power of the press," and emphatic testimony to the seriousness with which much of the country has taken the "law and order" approach to America's domestic dilemma. As for the other approach, the forgotten "war on poverty" — what's in it for the well-off majority?)

So Hubert Humphrey found himself confronted with a choice which ironically echoed the one right-wing Republicans used to complain about — that of having to me-too the other party, in this case to go the way of "law and order" at home and "stick to it" in Vietnam, or of taking giant steps in the other direction: first, to break with his chief, Lyndon Johnson, over American policy in Vietnam; second, to take the unpopular side of the "law and order" issue at home; and third, to produce enough imagination and inspiration in the eight weeks of the campaign to change the makeup of the American "majority."

Too much to expect

To those who knew Hubert Humphrey as one of the decentest men in American political life, it was not too much to expect that he would want to take that course, even if he didn't. He had, after all, earned his medals as a courageous politician and creative legislator before many of the liberals who now reviled and abandoned him were old enough to vote. To those who had watched the ego and the appetites of Lyndon Johnson gnawing at the Vice President's vitals for the past four years, and who knew the terrible vengeance Lyndon Johnson was capable of trying to wreak, even at the cost of putting the other party in the White House, it was expecting a great deal of Humphrey. To those who saw the mood of the country as it was in 1968, with fear and division and the instinct for property, for keeping or getting what's mine, ob-

scuring the need for change, and with the extremes on both sides diminishing the center, it was almost too much to expect.

Hubert Humphrey could win on by turning a big part of the count around, by persuading a majority to return to power the party that had been the party of government in the last eight of the years in which too many things had gone askew, years in which the problems of America seem to have outpaced the progress. It would take some man, some party, some system to achieve that.

— Robert Manning

Campaign 1968

II: Humphrey, Nixon, Wallace

When the political center decomposes and radicalism of left and right tears away at its base, the dilemma of men in power who try to hang on is tragic. What else it is — how heroic or pathetic, cruel or deserved — is open to argument. Those who deride and abuse Hubert Humphrey the most seem to want to make him responsible not only for failing to come to grips with his problems but for causing them all in the first place. Not all of the fault was in the stars; a great deal of it was, indeed, his own. But Jesus Christ and Abraham Lincoln would have found the going rough in 1968.

It seems a lifetime since those three spring months, from the New Hampshire primary on March 12 to the shooting of Robert Kennedy on June 5, when the electorate seemed to waken from a war worse than a nightmare and demand release and change. "Anything can happen" was the catchphrase of the spring. In August, the world passed through a sort of looking glass, and all the anything seemed to add up to nothing much at all. Events and not men (certainly not those ranks, so invincible in the primaries, that shattered the Administration's hold over the country) were in control again.

Conduits of other forces

Here at the end of this year of political ado gone awry, most people seem to feel that Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon are not men to get terribly excited about one way or



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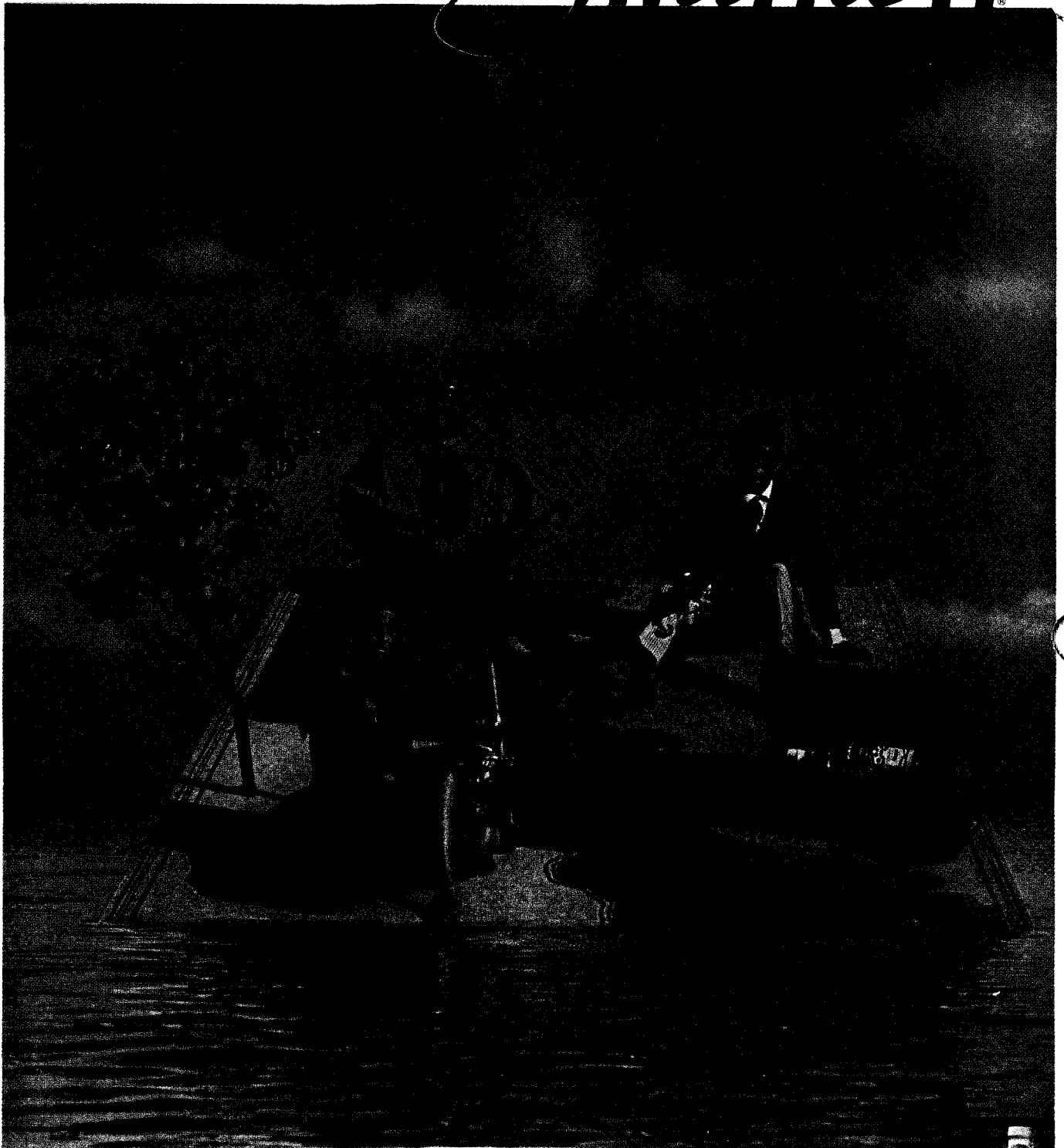
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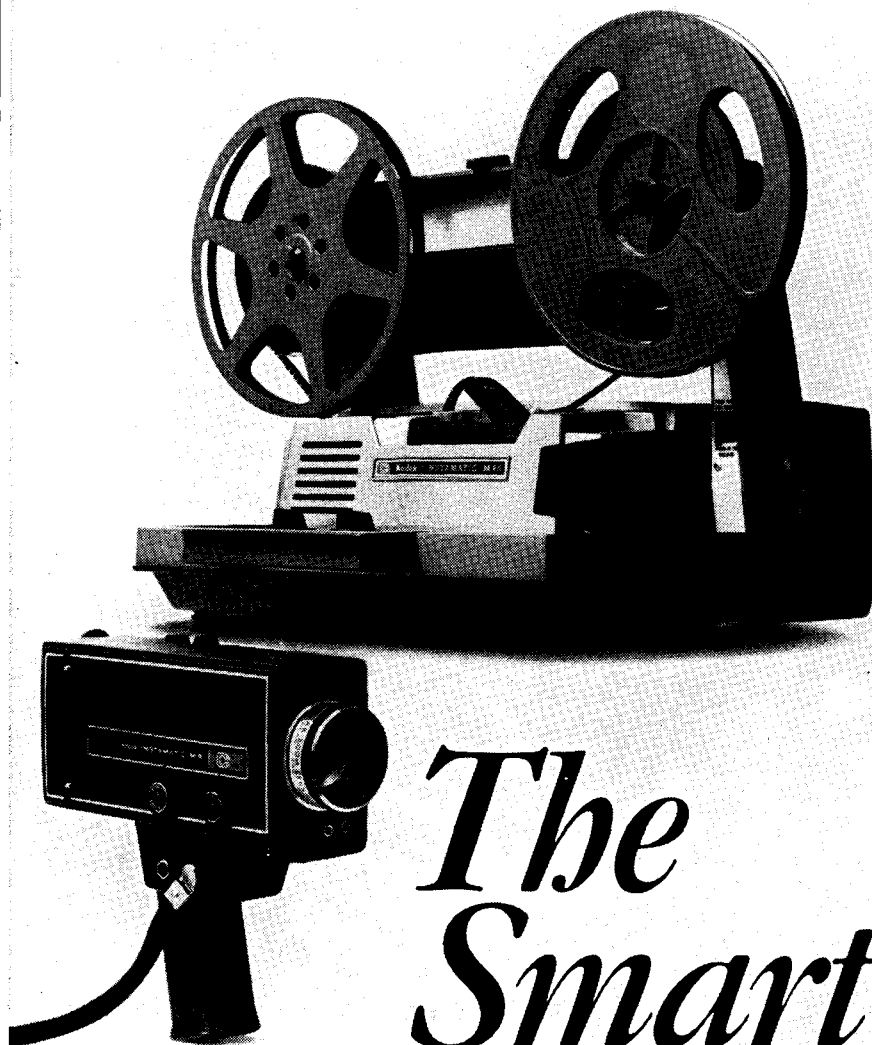
the other. They will not be great forces either for good or evil, but rather the conduits of other forces, other goods, other evils. At least, neither man has proved himself a master at the art of making pressures work for him rather than on him. Was Humphrey "better" than Nixon? Was Humphrey the Harry Truman of 1968? These questions were somehow lacking in relevance this fall — they were like worrying now whether Truman did as well as Thomas E. Dewey would have, or whether Nixon is more or less attractive than that Grand Old Partisan.

Whatever manner of men, the year is nothing like 1948. The pressures overshadow the candidates, and defy containment by them. There is a process of political splintering in the land pretty close to the European plan, right down to the riddle about the role of race. In Germany before and after 1933, when the liberals and conservatives lost their base to the radicals of right and left, Hitler used the Jews as a device and a symbol. We have found ways of understanding the "good" Germans who went along with him: not lunatic anti-Semites like their leader, but middle- and upper-middle-class people scared of the Communists; dislocated victims of the economic humiliations and deprivations which followed defeat in 1918.

Who are the "good" Americans in this murderous year? It is probably unfair and inaccurate to "see black" to the exclusion of other shades in discussing what the backlash means in the United States. The "good" Americans aren't just thinking "nigger" when they respond favorably to "law and order" rhetoric. But the "good" Americans usually respond to the safe liberals and conservatives at the center. A measure of American trouble is that a man of Hubert Humphrey's background is driven to espouse the concerns of rightist hysterics.

Strands in the whip

The "law and order" backlash, after all, has come to a climax this year after a summer without major racial incident. Except for the spring riots after the murder of Martin Luther King, 1968 has marked the first break in the seasonal war that exploded in Harlem and Watts in the summers of 1964 and 1965. Race is



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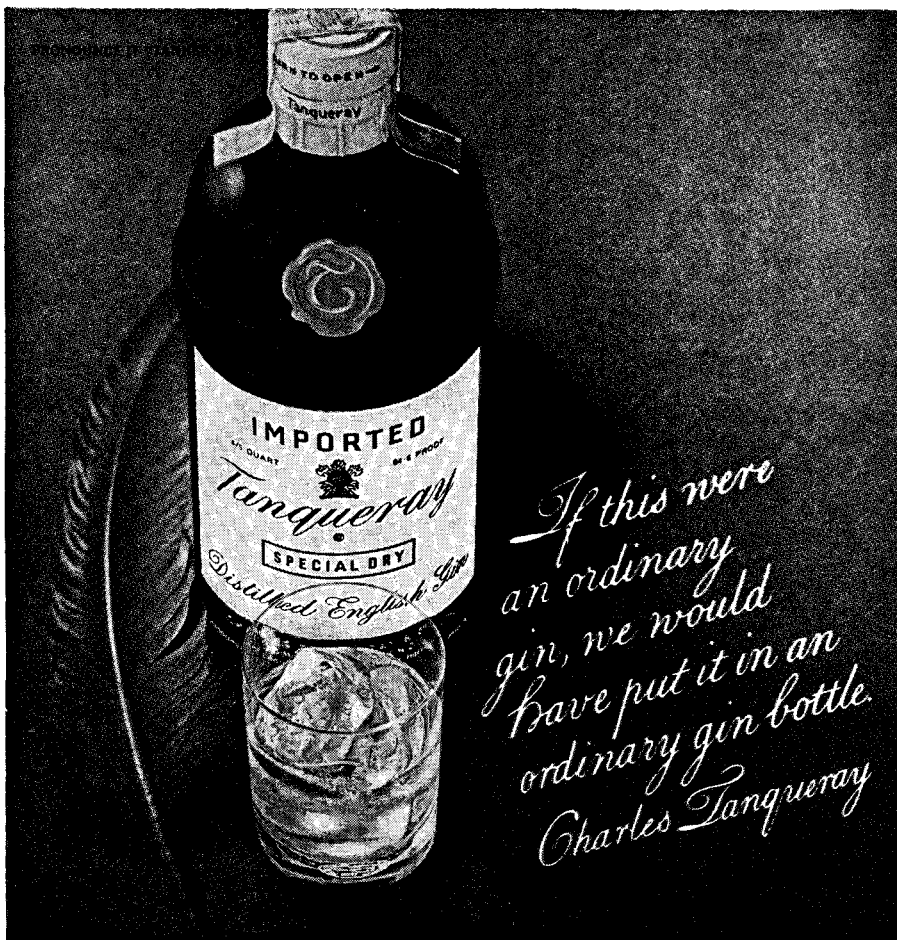
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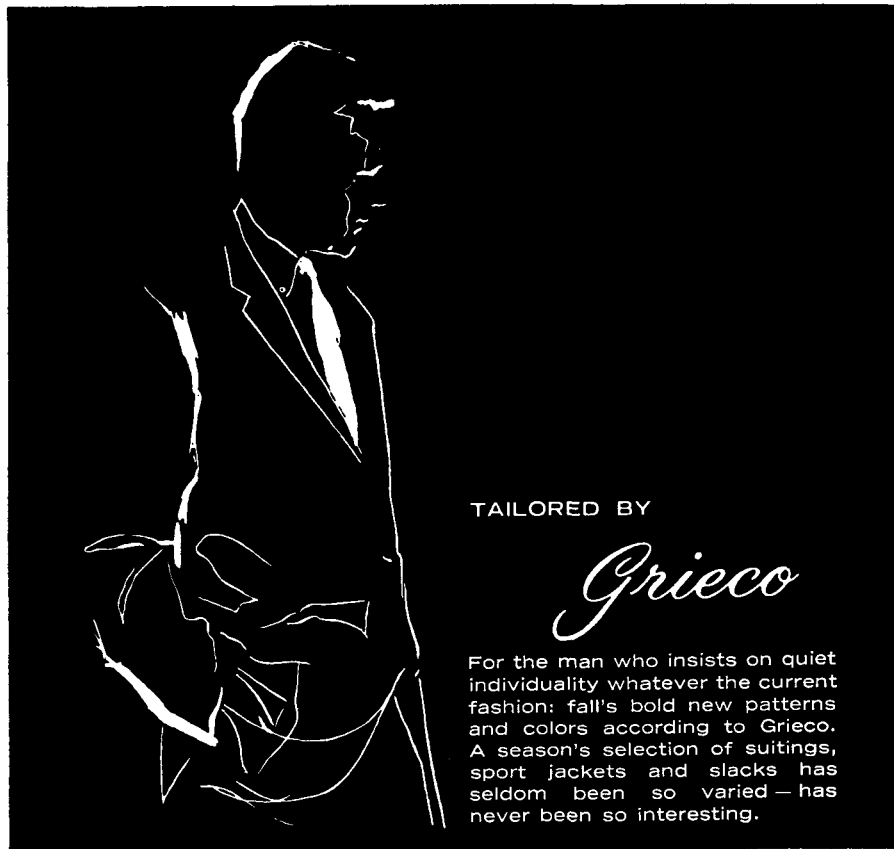
Campaign 1968

at the unvarnished base of a great deal of what has been happening to our politics this year, but it is not the whole of it. What bearing does American failure in Vietnam (against "lesser" races) have in speeding the backlash along its ferocious route, and in making our situation even comparable to Germany's thirty-five years ago? There are signs of such a link at some levels of opinion, just as there are signs at other levels that the whip of the backlash has a strong generational strand. The concerns of alienated voters on the right this year were at least as complicated (and expressed themselves in as contradictory ways, from support for Eugene McCarthy to support for George Wallace) as those of intellectuals who were uncertain whether they were liberals or radicals. The Gallup poll found in mid-August, for example, that Vietnam was of more than twice as much concern (51 percent) to voters polled on "the most important problem facing the country" as either "crime (includes looting, riots)," at 21 percent, or "civil rights," at 20 percent.

One way of getting at what has happened in 1968 would be to ask, what ever became of the 1964 "consensus"? Or the Democrats as the "majority party"? Another would be to contrast a make-believe McCarthy vs. Wallace race for President against the actual Humphrey vs. Nixon one. The first would be representative of the divisions in America (the only question about it would be, where would those who aren't alienated, like Mayor Daley and the labor leaders, go?). But what does the race that is actually taking place represent? More to the point, who does George Wallace represent in the Humphrey-Nixon race?

Crosslash

To get at these questions it is necessary to specify what sort of voter you are talking about, and this gets into class distinctions. There are two kinds of Northern voters going over to Wallace, say the politicians and the polls. As long as Wallace's percentages were down around 5 percent, his strength in the North was for the most part limited to Birchites and Goldwaterites. When he started heading up to the 20 percent level, it became clear that he was drawing



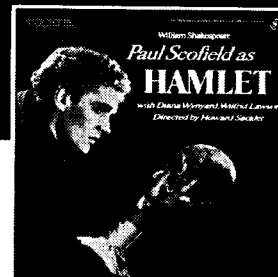
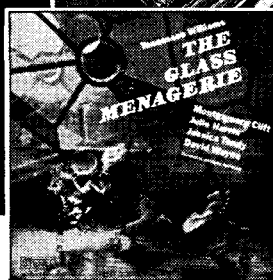
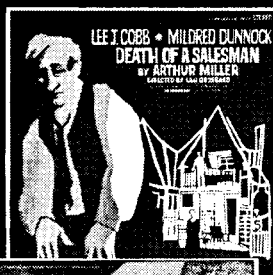
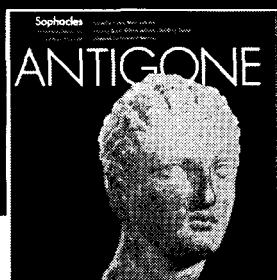
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a crosslash of two kinds of voters: first, middle-class conservative and independent voters who in the spring could be found, astonishingly or not, supporting McCarthy; and second, white working-class Democrats.

The latter phenomenon was extensively examined for stress and strain by the poll-takers. Oliver Quayle and his associates compiled a study of Democratic defections to Wallace for the *Atlantic*, based on voter-opinion surveys conducted in late July and early August among a cross section of voters in seven Midwestern and mid-Atlantic states—Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, and Illinois. The Quayle findings from this “universe” of seven states suggested that Democrats for Wallace were more likely than other Democrats to be from blue-collar and to some degree farm families, union members, middle-income (reflecting union wage levels), Catholic, and white. (Quayle’s profile of Democrats for Wallace, contrasted with all Democrats in these seven states, and all voters in them, appears on page 16.) Whether or not these voters were breathing racist fire for the pollsters in August only to come back to the Democratic column in the icy light of November, the effect of their discontent was to inflict a severe shock on an already deeply traumatized Humphrey campaign. In September the Vice President was getting only 43 percent of union labor votes outside the South (Wallace was running away with them in Dixie); 36 percent were going to Nixon, 12 percent to Wallace, and 9 percent undecided. When Democratic presidential candidates win, they traditionally take more than 70 percent of the union vote.

The other phenomenon, that of McCarthy’s “right-wing” support and its turn to a figure as opposite in character, purpose, and viewpoint as Wallace, is not all that incredible. The two men’s natures and ideological distance from each other appear to be less important in terms of this sort of support than the fact that both stood against the status quo and “Washington.”

Fifteen years ago, an alienated, distressed collection of voters concerned about “the Communist conspiracy” massed behind Joe Mc-

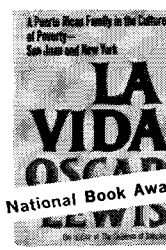
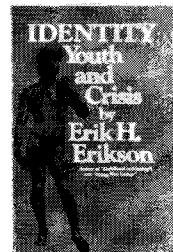
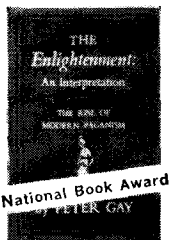
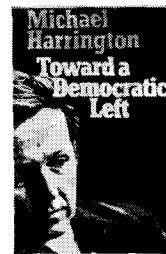
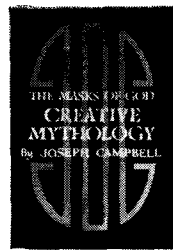
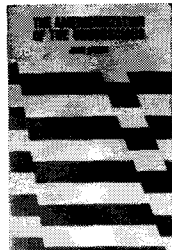
Carthy from across the income spectrum. Wallace’s following is reminiscent of this. Wallace, for all that he is a chauvinistic “rightist,” does not hawk war loudly—Joe McCarthy didn’t either. Both were shrew in disassociating the unpopularity of war from their rantings, and both arrived on a war-weary scene. They pursued a line of little resistance: the



conjuring up of conspiracy. If today’s alienated middle-class conservatives follow Wallace now, it may be as much a measure of overall alienation as of racism, and Wallace has shown a knack for changing his tone depending on his audience. Similarly, many of them saw in McCarthy an instrument of honorable withdrawal from embarrassment abroad which was contributing to disorder at home.

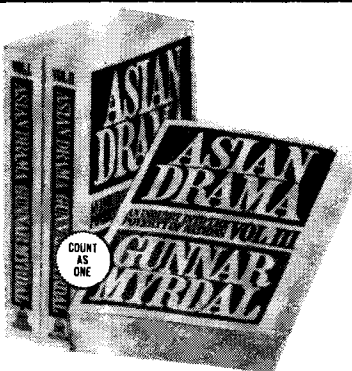
There was, of course, the undeniable “whiteness” of McCarthy’s campaign. There is also little reason to accuse him of planning it that way—there was no group in particular that he sought out ardently. He himself saw the defection of blue-collar whites to Wallace as natural and perhaps irresistible, but he saw black voters as potentially part of his coalition. He said during the primaries that the ghettos were Robert Kennedy’s constituency, implying that for him to have sought to take over the constituency would have been, in more than one sense, slumming. Hi-

Early chess pieces pictured are from
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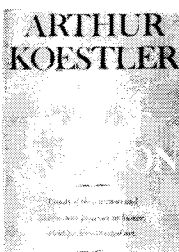
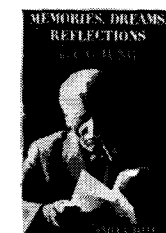
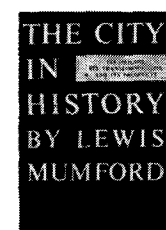


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**Demographic Profile of Democrats for Wallace
in Typically Midwestern and Mid-Atlantic States**

	<u>All Voters in these States</u> %	<u>All Democrats in these States</u> %	<u>Democrats for Wallace in these States</u> %
SEX BY AGE			
Male	50*	49	65
21-34	16	15	27
35-49	16	16	21
50-64	12	12	15
65 and over	6	6	2
Female	50	51	35
21-34	15	16	10
35-49	17	18	10
50-64	13	13	11
65 and over	5	4	4
ECONOMIC LEVEL			
Upper	5	2	3
Upper-middle	21	18	14
Middle	60	63	68
Lower	14	17	15
OCCUPATION OF HEAD OF HOUSEHOLD			
Business and professional	7	4	—
White-collar	30	26	23
Small-business	7	5	4
Blue-collar	34	43	50
Farm	5	4	8
Retired, widow	14	14	13
Unemployed, student	1	1	1
Housewife	2	3	1
UNION AFFILIATION			
Union member	27	34	42
Union household	9	11	8
Nonunion household	64	55	50
RELIGION			
Protestant	62	55	55
Catholic	30	35	41
Jewish	4	6	1
Other	4	4	4
ETHNIC BACKGROUND			
All four grandparents born in U.S.A.	60	60	60
All four grandparents not born in U.S.A.	40	40	40
England/Scotland	5	3	2
Germany	11	8	8
Other: Italy, Ireland, Poland, etc.	24	29	30
RACE			
White	88	81	99
Negro	12	19	1
POLITICAL AFFILIATION			
Republican	36	—	—
Democrat	47	100†	100†
Independent	13	—	—
Other	4	—	—
TYPE OF COMMUNITY			
Urban	55	61	56
Suburban	15	12	9
Small-town	14	12	14
Rural	16	15	21

* An underlined figure, as here, indicates that a breakdown of that number follows.

† Only Democrats were polled on their Wallace sympathies.

coalition of liberals and students in one wing and conservatives and independents in another made at least as much sense as Bobby Kennedy's more passionate, traditional one blacks and low-income Irish, Italian, Polish, and other "ethnic" groups, united behind little but the late senator's personal appeal. Certainly the reach of McCarthy's amalgam was remarkable — though not as remarkable as his inability to prove it to the politicians who dominated the convention. His quiet coalition, for all its missing parts, and Kennedy's, for all its contradictions, will look more and more like political paradises lost for the Democrats as we move on — as the left goes back to despair, and the right off to Nixon and Wallace.

The guns of August

One way of stating McCarthy's problem before Chicago was that he had drawn a coalition that had everything to do with how a Democratic nominee wins an election — by drawing independent and Republican support — but little to do with the Democratic Party of old. Humphrey's problem, in distinct contrast is that while he could appear to do inate the Democratic Party, he could not appeal to one of its several most important blocs in the past, union labor, without offending another, the Negroes, and vice versa. No Democratic stalwarts rushed to the defense of Mayor Daley's philosophy of pacification faster than did the union leaders. Typical of them was New York State AFL-CIO president Raymond Corbett, who concluded a tribute to the Chicago police with the remark, "I felt safer in Chicago than in New York." The million-member International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers celebrated the week of Labor Day with resolutions commending Daley. Humphrey's defensiveness, after all, was not attributable solely to his difficulty in conducting an adult relationship with the President, or in facing the guns of August trained on him by Mayor Daley and Governor John Connally of Texas.

His problem was also a social and a party problem. What is a "democratic" party when the *dei* goes to the right of the "republican party? All year long the Administration has been citing former Census Director Richard Scammon's remark that the mass of voters are "un-



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young, unpoor, unblack" as a justification for retreat from reform on racial issues, and for following the "law and order" line. Scammon may or may not be right; he has certainly been overquoted. If his rule is an absolute, and Humphrey accepts it, what is the functional difference between the Democratic and Republican parties in 1968? Put another way, the Democratic Party, among other pursuits, used to *represent* the poor and the black and the progressivism of the young against exploitation by the rich and the white and the conservatism of the elders. If it no longer does this, whom now does it represent, and against whom?

Predicament

The Democratic Party has been within shouting, shoving, rioting distance this summer and fall of representing virulent reaction, which is what Chicago was all about, and which is why Hubert Humphrey's predicament is so unhappy, uncomfortable, and intractable. It took a while, though, for the Democrats to see that the trend was as likely to overpower Humphrey as to permit him to ride it to victory.

Early in the year the Administration was said to approve Wallace's effort because it was going to keep Southern electoral votes out of the Republican column. As late as the week after the convention, Mr. Humphrey's choice as a vice presidential candidate, Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine, was gamely calling the backlash and its leader a Republican problem, because Wallace and Nixon "are competing for the same voters." But in fact, by September it was plain that, as New York polltaker John Kraft remarked, "Wallace hurts Humphrey more than he does Nixon. Those Democrats who are going to Wallace are alienated enough from the Democrats to go to Nixon before they'd dream of going back to Humphrey. Republicans defecting to Wallace would also go back to Nixon before they'd go to Humphrey." Nixon's problem was simple. Humphrey's wasn't.

Labor moguls like George Meany were well qualified to advise Humphrey on how to deal with his defensiveness. They had been masquerading as chieftains of a "bloc" in the Humphrey coalition, when

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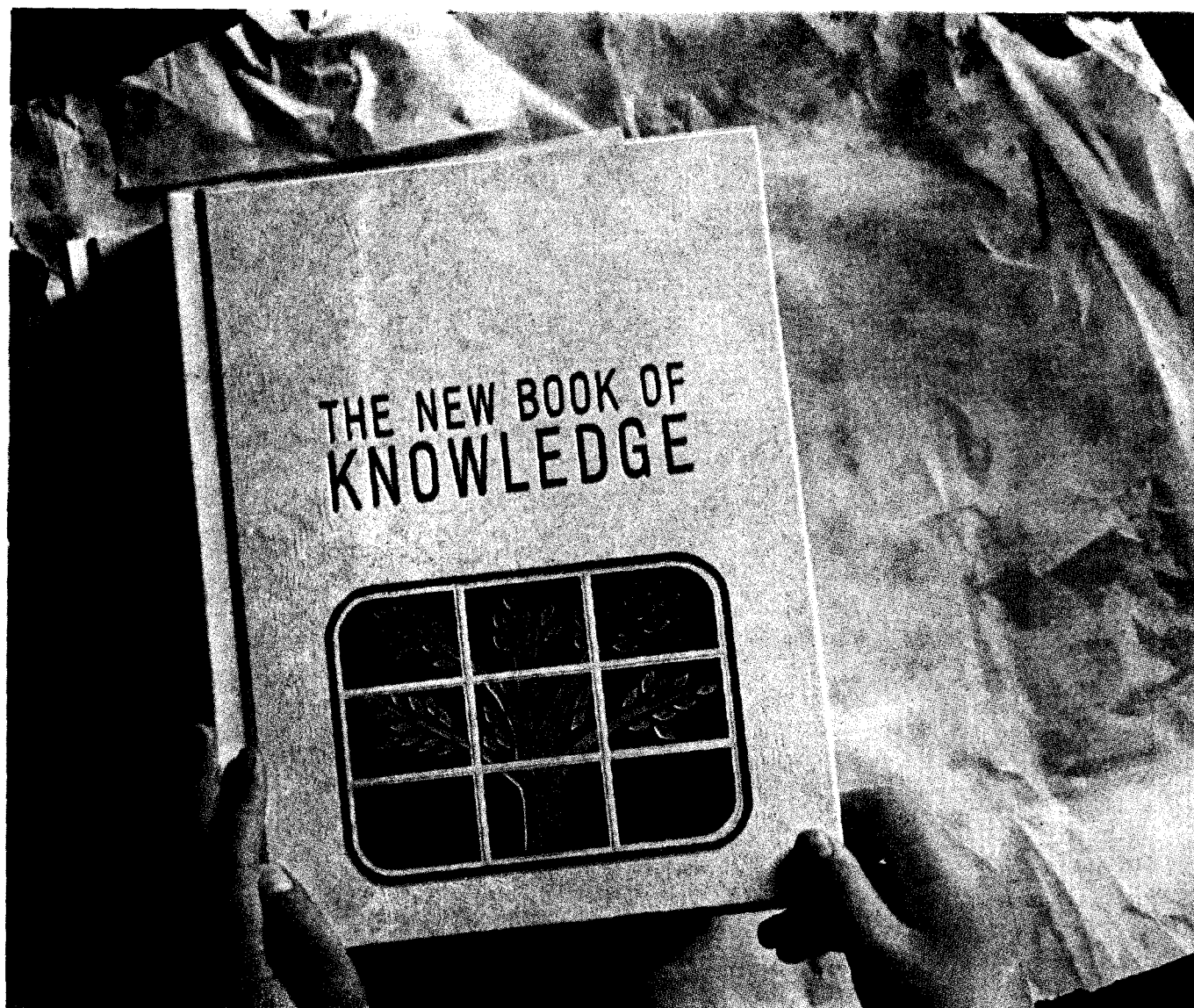
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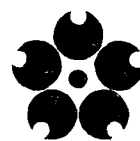
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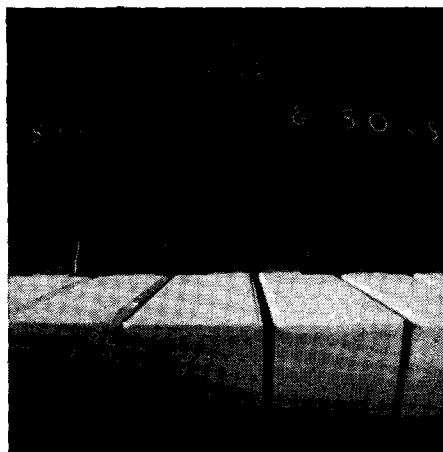
they were in fact mere contributors. The moguls, representing only themselves, were for Humphrey. Much of their rank and file inclined toward Wallace. So Meany and the moguls urged Humphrey to be defensive where they were defensive: they urged him to take Edmund Muskie, a Pole, for Vice President as a means of combating blue-collar Wallaceism. The moguls were the only facsimile of a voting bloc strongly for Humphrey (in contrast to those, like Southerners, who were not so much for Humphrey as they were against Kennedy or McCarthy, or hoping for a last ditch and Johnson). They were also the only "bloc" for Muskie.

Defensive circling

With no faction or bloc passionately responding to his candidacy, Humphrey's whirligig circling from position to position during the campaign reflected his inability to find commanding ground above the dissension in the old Democratic coalition. Typical was the sad sequence before Chicago when Mr. Humphrey advertised a "note of optimism" about the search for peace in Vietnam; the next day, asked about this, Secretary of State Dean Rusk was reported to have laughed and said, "We'll let the Vice President speak to that." This round would repeat itself, as when the Vice President envisioned the return of troops from Vietnam by early 1969, only provoking the President to a more disciplinary hard line than ever on the bombing, the domino theory, and the Vice President's notes of optimism. It was a demeaning spectacle — like an ingratiating schoolboy upset by the class bully's torture of an animal, but unable to brave the bully's cry of "sissy." In between his own steel-plated statements on law and order, and exhortations such as to "quit pretending that Mayor Daley did something that was wrong," Humphrey would attempt to revert to his old and honored liberal crusader past by appealing for "human rights," and tossing terms like "reactionary," "wiggler," and "wobbler" at Nixon. But all of these terms were being tossed at the Vice President by his liberal critics too.

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of futility it all conveyed. As he read through his acceptance speech to the Democratic Convention, Humphrey seemed to be trying to make the sounds of emotion and strain convey the significance his evasive words could not signal. Thus his voice would break as he said of the brutality in the streets of Chicago, "May America tonight resolve that never, never again shall we see what we have seen," but it seemed almost as if his voice were straining at the prison of ambiguous generalities from which he chose to speak, rather than because of any substance to what he was saying.

Thinking "up"

At other times Humphrey's words were not quite so evasive, and it became clearer that he hoped to salvage some remnant of Johnson's broad appeal to liberals and reasonable conservatives in 1964, and of walling off anyone else as an irresponsible untouchable. Thus would the candidate of the "majority party" attack "militant minorities" and "abusive tactics" and salute "a vast, silent group of Americans . . . the people, and the children of those people, who spoke out for Harry Truman in 1948, because he was really one of them."

Some of his hortatory effort was just plain pitiable. As if commenting upon his own dream of flying out of his bunker beset by the Kennedy-McCarthy forces, backslashers, and a President intent on avenging his Administration's disaster before leaving office, Mr. Humphrey suggested at one point that everyone stop thinking in terms of left and right, and start thinking "up. That's the direction I want the American people to look this year."

The fight over the Vietnam plank of the platform at Chicago was one of the most important missed opportunities for Humphrey to move in that or any other direction toward independence. At the time, the President had him trapped through the threat of a Southern revolt, and Humphrey had to hold the South to win on the first ballot. To outsiders, it seemed incredible that Humphrey, as the candidate of the stalwarts and the right, did not find a way to say to them: "We cannot win this election alone. We must heal this torn party,

and letting the left shape the plank on the only issue it cares about is the cheapest and most practical way of restoring a unity without which we cannot win." The insiders knew, as Humphrey's closest confidant put it: "where Lyndon's had us": under threat of withdrawal of Southern and organization support, without which the Humphrey first-ballot effort would have collapsed.

After Humphrey rejected the notion of letting the McCarthy-Kennedy forces write the peace plank in the platform committee so as to give them an inning and a reason to support him after he was nominated, he still had the option of letting their minority plank pass on the floor. Just before the vote, a prominent Illinois delegate noted for his ability, progressivism, and his commitment to the Humphrey cause, explained his vote for the Administration plank. "The substantive difference between the two planks is relatively meaningless," he said, adding that his own views were far from hawkish. "I'll vote for the majority plank because I'm for Humphrey." I asked him whether an effort by pro-Humphrey liberals like himself to force the minority plank would not enhance Humphrey's flexibility and enable him to have it both ways: the doves would have their plank, and the hawks their candidate. "Yes," he said, "but there would have to be some indication from Humphrey for such a move to be made." Standing firm with Humphrey really meant holding the blocs which Johnson permitted Humphrey to have — on Johnson's terms.

With four weeks to go, Humphrey tried to break out of Johnson's jail with an independent stand on a bombing halt. But he had already lost so much ground, and edged in so many directions, that he seemed to be moving out of desperation as much as conviction.

Thankless tasks

Why does Humphrey want to be President? His mission, like Nixon's, will probably wind up being more negative than positive. Neither was born to lead a vicious reaction this year; both are at least moderate in contrast to the rightist furies to which they have been yielding, and which are likely to be with us after election day. One of them must terminate the war in Vietnam. It will be a bitter, thankless task in

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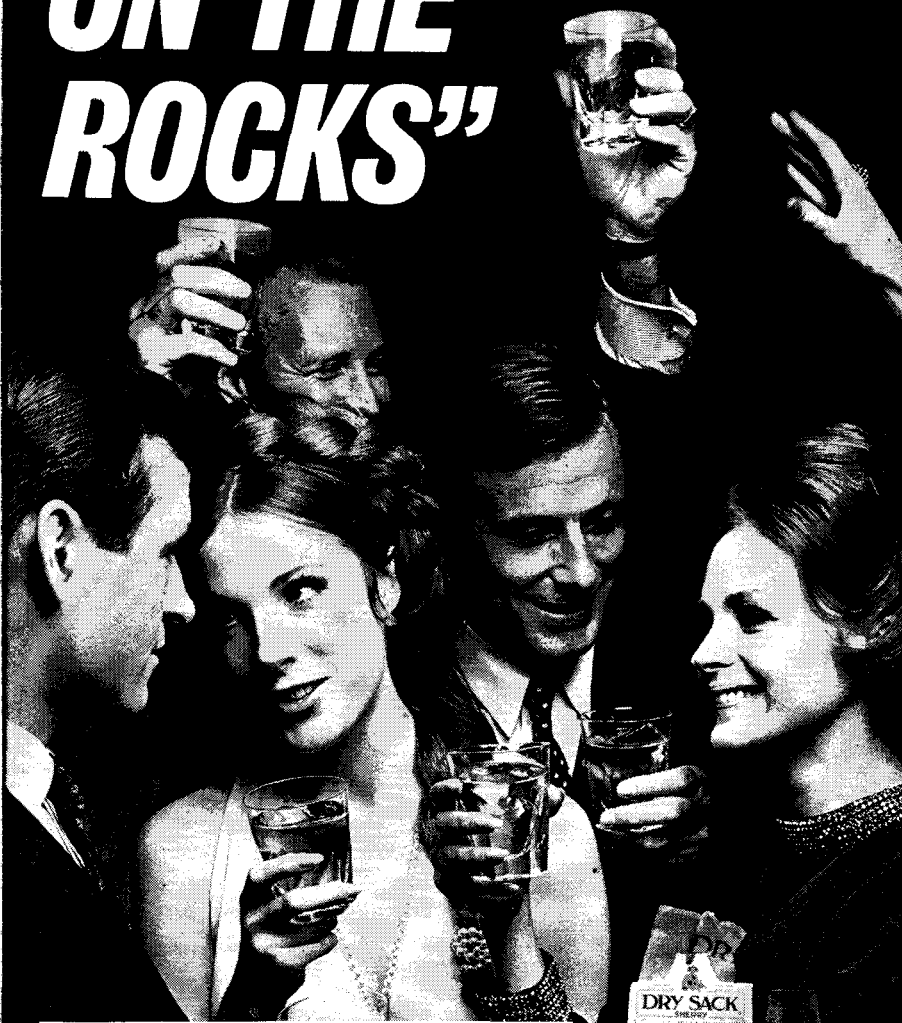
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the execution, no matter how much the country longs for it now, which seems to be a good part of why Lyndon Johnson held off on trying it. He preferred going down as a stubborn man of war, to going down as what he seems to think is the only alternative: the role of a liquidator vulnerable to the rightist charge that he is a salesman to the Communist Conspiracy. And on the domestic front, the President himself has sounded an uninspiring if realistic tocsin: "I know that if I ran for reelection next year that I would be presiding over the dissolution of some of my programs."

Hollowness

Of Richard Nixon's malleability in the hands of bullies we have few hard facts. We know that he is adaptable. In one sense, a sense of the passage of time and the forgetfulness of the electorate, the "new Nixon" has indeed exorcised the old one. The ogre who defamed Helen Gahagan Douglas is forgotten by many, and entirely unknown to the young. In downtown Chicago in the week after the Democratic Convention, demonstrators held up blank placards when Nixon rode through in a motorcade, and explained their message this way: "He's a nothing. Nixon's a nothing." Humphrey enjoys little or none of the benefit of his heroic past; it is forgotten. Nixon carries none of the burden of his gamy past; it has faded, though it hasn't disappeared. Nixon is a neutral quantity, synthetic, functioning, but appallingly short on qualities that give pleasure, such as charm or taste or humor or originality of expression. He is rather like a household necessity in that regard — somehow we can put up with Richard Nixon, as we do with plumbing whether or not the bathtub is sunken or the fixtures are gold — or so it seemed this fall, Spiro T. Agnew's antics notwithstanding.

Nixon's coalition seemed closer to operability than Humphrey's: Nixon may have Strom Thurmond, that Dixie heavy, around his neck, but he also has Negro Senator Edward Brooke beating at his door. He is in a better position to deal with each from strength in the parlor than is Humphrey to deal with Richard Daley, John Connally, Eugene McCarthy,

I read somewhere that over half a million pounds of soot fall on New York City every year.

Wow. It must make a big pile when they sweep it up.



Air pollution is no joking matter. The skies are so smoggy, pilots often have trouble landing in broad daylight.

It might help if everyone quit smoking.



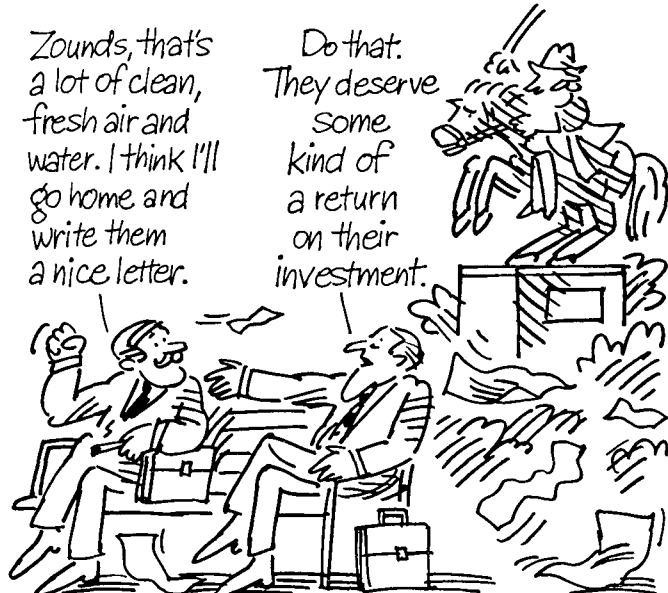
Don't you think it's a serious problem?

Of course. But I take heart when I hear U.S. Steel, for one, has spent over \$200,000,000 in the last 15 years on air and water quality control.



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or Edward Kennedy anywhere about anything. And yet an aura of hollowness about the man persisted. "They've done no thinking about the situation they're going to be stuck with," says a disaffected former Nixon insider of Nixon and his entourage. "They've got everything going for them at the electoral level, but they've got no plans or program." The compelling questions about Nixon's commitments and character which ought to be of concern to voters in these weeks have been in the background as all attention has focused on Humphrey and his calamities. That too is part of Humphrey's tragedy. Anyone old enough to remember him as the able and humane leader of the Senate liberal bloc, the man of this year's campaign placards who did indeed propose so much of the legislation of the Kennedy-Johnson era back in the 1950s when the Kennedys were interested in "labor corruption" and little else, can only feel appalled at what has happened to our politics and politicians if Richard Nixon now seems as plausible a candidate for President as Hubert Humphrey.

The old New Dealers and Steven-sonians, the men of 1940, 1948, and 1952, a few New Frontiersmen, and a number from those categories who became Johnson's men will all feel that they have finished something if they elect Humphrey. "Finished" is right; the "something" is already history.* Divided by bitterness and grievance, they do not seem capable of starting much.

The Vice President has displayed "an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness" in supposing that well-meaning rhetoric can bridge the divisions and leash the social forces at work in the land, and that he could pull the party together into a vehicle — 1948 vintage — that would at least run. Perhaps he could, and it would — for a while. That gift for hope, to Scott Fitzgerald, was the key to another blend of dreamer and dealer who came out of the Dakotas by way of Minnesota, made it big with the help of a benefactor, was decent in instinct, strong on showmanship, but somehow unable to be a free man. "Gatsby turned out all right in the end,"

* HHH is his own authoritative confirmation on this point. Asked whatever became of the liberal program, his now famous reply was "We passed it. Does that trouble you?"

wrote Fitzgerald; "it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and shortwinded elations of men." *The Great Gatsby* ends, "I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

"Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter — tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And one fine morning —

"So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." — *Michael Janeway*

Campaign 1968

III: The Parties

This year has been especially conducive to pronouncements on the death of the conventions, of the Republican Party, of the Democratic Party, of the old Democratic coalition, of the "old politics," and so on. But despite the suffocating atmosphere of Miami and the frightening one of Chicago, it is reasonable to venture that the parties, in their own terms, survived fairly intact, and whoever wins or loses, they will not be essentially very different four years from now. It is the degree to which the parties continue to drift their own ways, boring and/or antagonizing growing portions of the population, that will determine whether we are in for a political crisis.

Shortly after Richard Nixon won the nomination, Nelson Rockefeller was asked why he thought that he had lost. His explanation came in the form of a question: "Have you ever been to a Republican convention?" Despite all of the caveats about how conventions are not representative of the parties, it is hard to point to anything else that is. They represent those who have worked longest in the party, donated the



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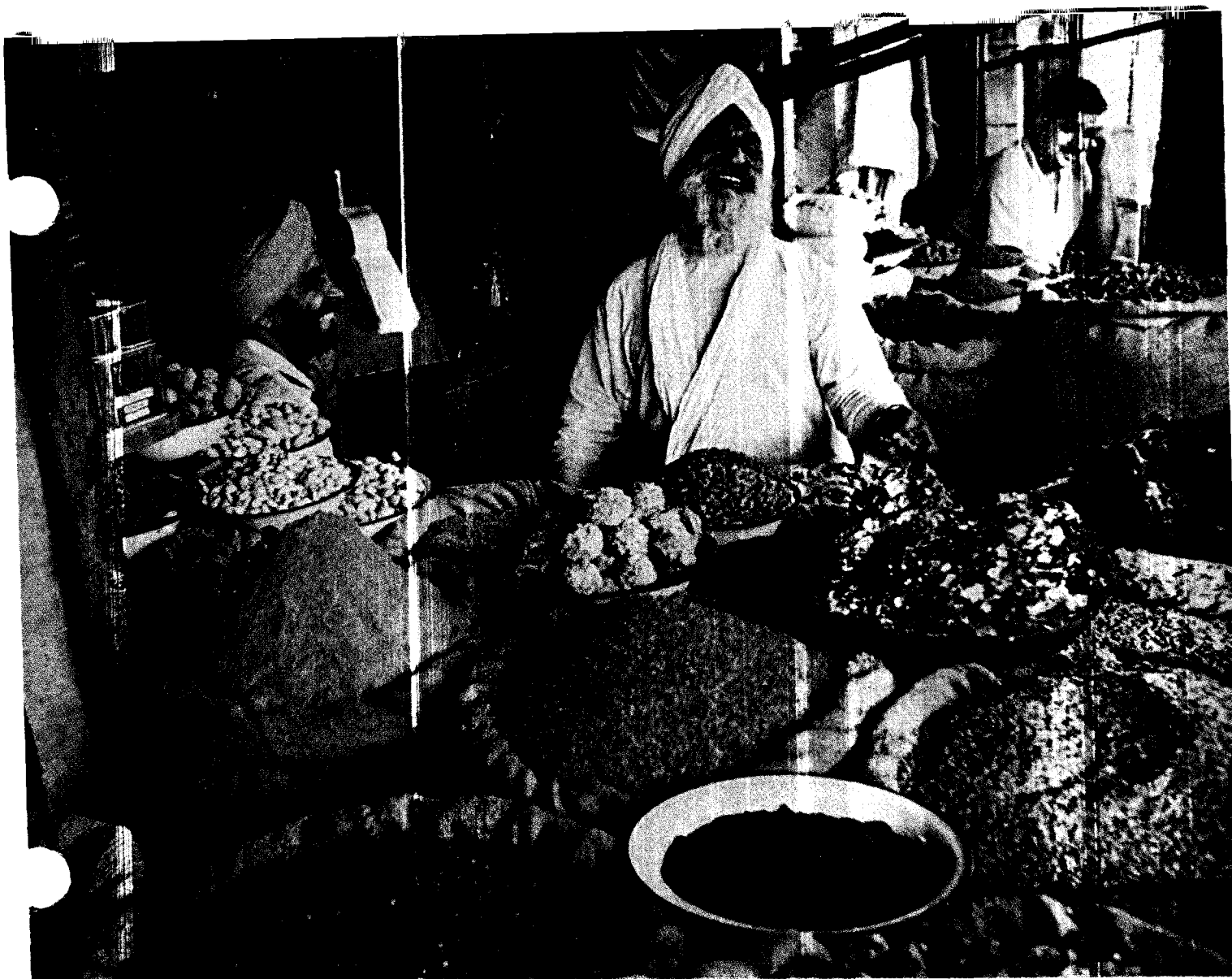
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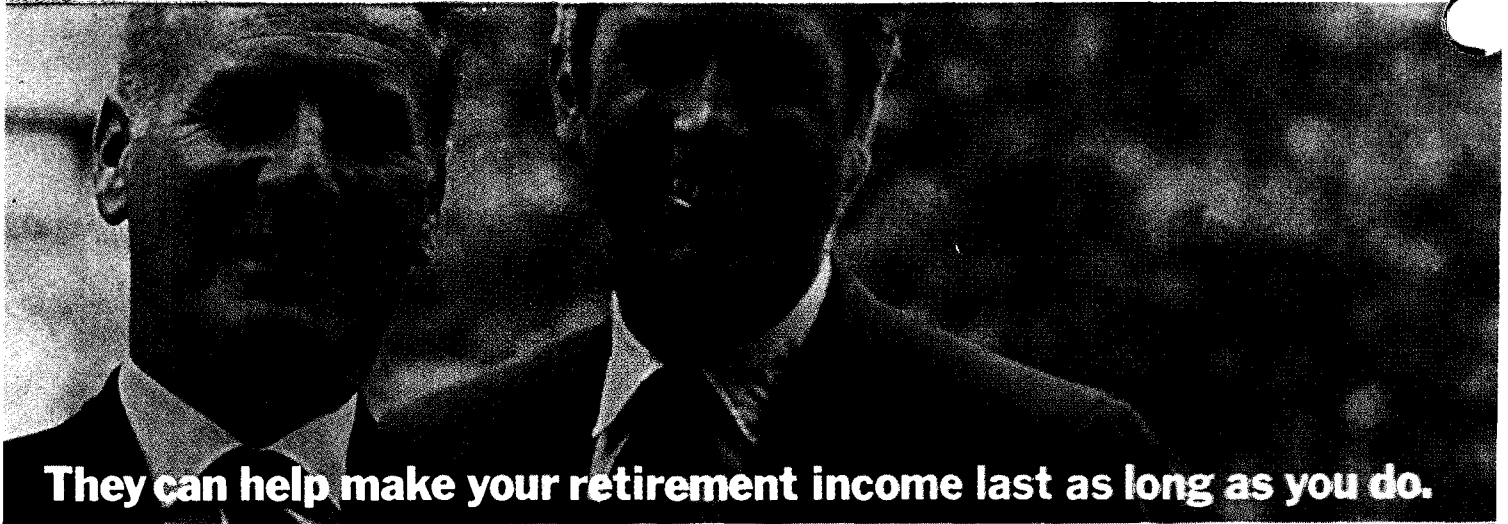
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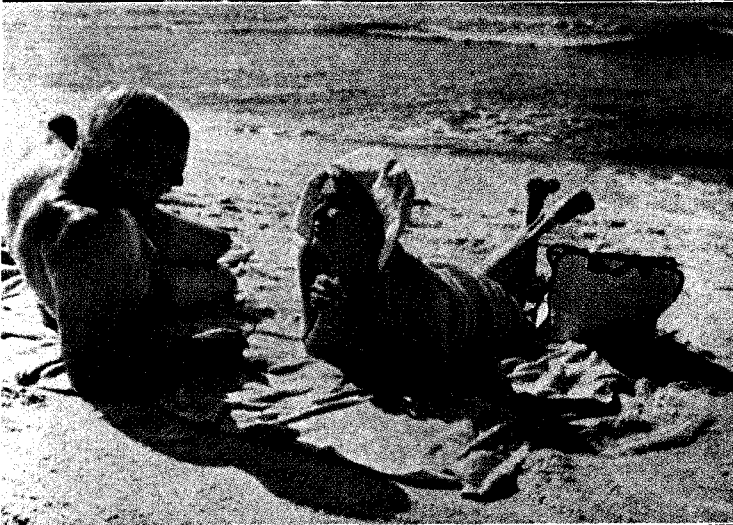
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Campaign 1968

most money, dispensed the most page. If they are atypical of the country, that is another matter.

Both conventions, for example, overrepresent the wealthy. Delegates must come on their own time and at their own expense, and it can be costly. The Citizens Research Foundation of Princeton, New Jersey, a nonpartisan group specializing in political finances, polled the delegates to the 1964 convention and concluded that the average cost of attending was \$455. Moreover, several states also require delegates to make political contributions; this year, Iowa's delegates were required to chip in \$250. Only a few state organizations try to provide for the costs of less affluent delegates. The foundation also found that 30 percent of the 1964 Democratic delegates had incomes of \$25,000 or more. The median incomes of delegates to both conventions in 1964 was estimated at about \$18,000 for the Democrats, \$20,000 for the Republicans. Both underrepresent blacks. Two percent of the Republican delegates to the 1968 convention

the Negroes; 6 percent of the Democrats were. A survey made by the Ripon Society, a group of young, moderate Republicans, showed that the 1968 Republican Convention was one of comfortable, middle-aged, middle-class, white Protestant America. They were earnest, scrubbed parents who wanted an orderly and clean country, one without riots, without dope, without rebellious students. One college student, a McCarthy supporter as it happened, came to the Republican Convention with his mother, a delegate from California. "Any party that has my mother as a delegate," he remarked, "is in trouble."

In their hearts

There was a tendency on the part of students of the Republican Party to write off the 1964 debacle as an embarrassing aberration. The Nixon strategists never shared this belief. In their hearts, it was felt, this year's group were Reaganites, but Reagan was too new and too improbable, there was nowhere to turn but to Nixon. (Two Mississippi delegates reported of being invited into Reagan's amphitheater-side trailer one night to talk to the candi-

date. They were for him, they said later, and felt he would run in their territory stronger than anyone; but they could not erase from their minds the feeling that they were taking part in a Grade B movie. They cast their votes for Nixon.) The ghosts of the 1964 convention in Cow Palace, where an angry, hissing Goldwater mob had disgraced the party on nationwide television, and, some said, "finished" the party, were strenuously and successfully exorcised at Miami Beach. This time the party would behave itself, and be "pragmatic." The embarrassing Goldwaterites had been ousted from



their positions of official authority in the Republican National Committee after the 1964 election, and the new chairman, Ray Bliss, was acclaimed because he carried no ideological baggage and was a master of "nuts and bolts" party politics.

The 1968 convention ended badly for the Republican moderates and liberals, but the crucial fact is that they left Miami sad but not angry. On the plane back to Washington, one Northern senator stared disconsolately out the window. "After Cow Palace," he said, "everyone knew that that mistake would not be repeated. And now, we're back exactly where we started." Four weeks later, he, like several of his colleagues, was on the campaign trail with Nixon. Nixon and his staff were polite throughout, careful not to alienate anyone. Moreover, if Nixon won, there were Cabinet and other important jobs to be filled.

Finally, parties tend not to reward those who have rejected them.

Nevertheless, every evidence is that the conservative tow of the Republican Party is in force, as it has been since 1964, and will be for some time. There are many who think, for instance, that John Lindsay's only hope for national office is as a Democrat. "We are working for Nixon," said one moderate, "but without enthusiasm. But what else can we do? A lot of the emotions and divisions that we saw in Chicago were there in Miami, too, but they didn't come out, so we didn't have the same bitterness. It's not hopeless for the moderates and liberals, but I don't believe our time will come for a while. It works more slowly than that. The 1972 convention will be pretty much like the one we had this time."

Beyond the wreckage

Although it takes some doing, the Democratic Party has to be viewed, in terms of its long-run prospects, apart from the wreckage of the Chicago convention. That was Lyndon Johnson's wreckage. The convention site, the style of the convention management, the weakness of Humphrey, the fury of the protesters were all his work. The divisions of 1968 were caused by the tactics of the Johnson men and the issue of the war, neither of which is very likely to be on the scene four years from now.

If the war is over, barring other foreign misadventures and accepting the fact that unpredictable things do turn into big issues, the argument among the Democrats is more likely to be over who shall lead rather than which direction to go. A continuing struggle for power seems inevitable — a struggle that will not respect an incumbent Democratic presidency — among the forces who put Humphrey across, the Kennedy forces, and the group, mainly young, which was behind McCarthy's candidacy. The Kennedy group is far less cohesive than the term implies; there are deep and growing antagonisms among the men who were close to John and then Robert Kennedy. Moreover, as this group grows as it turns to each brother, it becomes more layered and cumbersome. Nevertheless, for old times' sake, for the joy of the sport, the lingering taste for power, and, presumably, a preference for the candidate, a large and politically sophisticated group

would reform around an Edward Kennedy candidacy, which from all signs is already under way. Yet some of these men, practicing politicians and amateurs both, volunteered to help Humphrey following the 1968 convention.

It is the McCarthy "kids" who provide the most interesting new element. As one Democratic theoretician put it, "They are unpredictable, and, I think, fickle. Any politician who wants them on his side four years from now would do well to lay low for some time. Yet it would be foolish to ignore them. They may not be important voting statistics, but it is altogether clear they are an important political force. Writing them off would be like dismissing the Beatles. They are exaggerated symptoms of what is going on in the middle class."

Clean out

The Democratic Party is most open to change from within because of a reform in the rules which the convention adopted — largely, it appeared, because it knew not what it was doing. The change specifies that "the unit rule not be used in any stage of the delegate selection process," and that "all feasible efforts [be] made to assure that delegates are selected through party primary, convention, or committee procedures open to public participation within the calendar year of the national convention." The proposals grew out of an effort by McCarthy supporters, later joined by members of the Kennedy group, which culminated in a sort of ad hoc, unofficial "Commission on the Democratic Selection of Presidential Nominees," headed by Governor Harold Hughes of Iowa; they were offered in the form of a minority report of the convention's Rules Committee. The Hughes commission's report, a highly interesting document, argues that the "remarkable hodgepodge of systems" by which the state parties select their delegates to the convention "displays considerably less fidelity to basic democratic principles than a nation which claims to govern itself can safely tolerate." By way of documentation, it offered the fact that over 600, or roughly one fifth, of the votes at the 1968 convention were cast by delegates who "were selected by processes which have included no means of voter participation since 1966. At no time, then, were the issues of this

presidential year presented to those voters whom these delegates will now represent in nominating the Democratic candidate." In some states, the delegates were chosen by the governor; in some, by the state party executive committee; in some states, they were chosen by party convention, the delegates to which may or may not have been chosen in open party caucuses. The processes may or may not have recognized minority views along the way.

The new rules create the possibility of extensive changes in the delegates to the next convention. How much difference they actually will make will depend on who is playing the game at the time, and how hard they go at it. There is little reason to expect the Democratic National Committee to rush forth to enforce the rules. The requirement for racial reform adopted in Atlantic City in 1964, an issue of much greater political importance with the electorate, lay dormant for some time, and was far from fully utilized in 1968. Moreover, it is doubtful that any serious presidential candidate will set about challenging the legitimacy of, say, the Illinois delegation.

There are a surprising number of Democrats now holding office who would just as soon see the party lose this election, in order, as one put it, "to clean out the old crowd." Whether the "old crowd" would move on so willingly is questionable. Age and time are probably more important factors. Moreover, despite all the railing at the 1968 convention, there is substantial evidence that this same group might well have nominated Robert Kennedy. Even his thirty-six-year-old, largely unknown, officially noncandidate brother had a chance. The Kennedy forces, in both instances, pinned their hopes on none other than Mayor Daley (who was, they now say, supporting Robert Kennedy).

There are other reasons some Democrats offer for the utility of a party loss. "We're stale," said one youngish Northern congressman (who apparently feels that his own prospects are safe enough), "and we do well politically knocking the other party's program. More important, I'd rather see the Republicans settle the war than have the Democrats have to live with the consequences of another loss, which is what it would be called. Finally, I think

Nixon would be more able to contain the forces of reaction, since they are more for him, than any liberal could. The Democrats might want to do more about the domestic crisis, but they would be stymied with us baiting Nixon, and with his own following contained, he might be able to get more done."

— Elizabeth B. Drew

Czechoslovakia

The chalked signposts for Moscow, 2000 kilometers, have long since been scrubbed off Prague's walls on Soviet orders. They were put up to point the way home to the occupation soldiers, and the troops will not be leaving for a while. But the signs still symbolize the hopes of Communist liberals here for salvaging at least a part of Alexander Dubček's reform program.

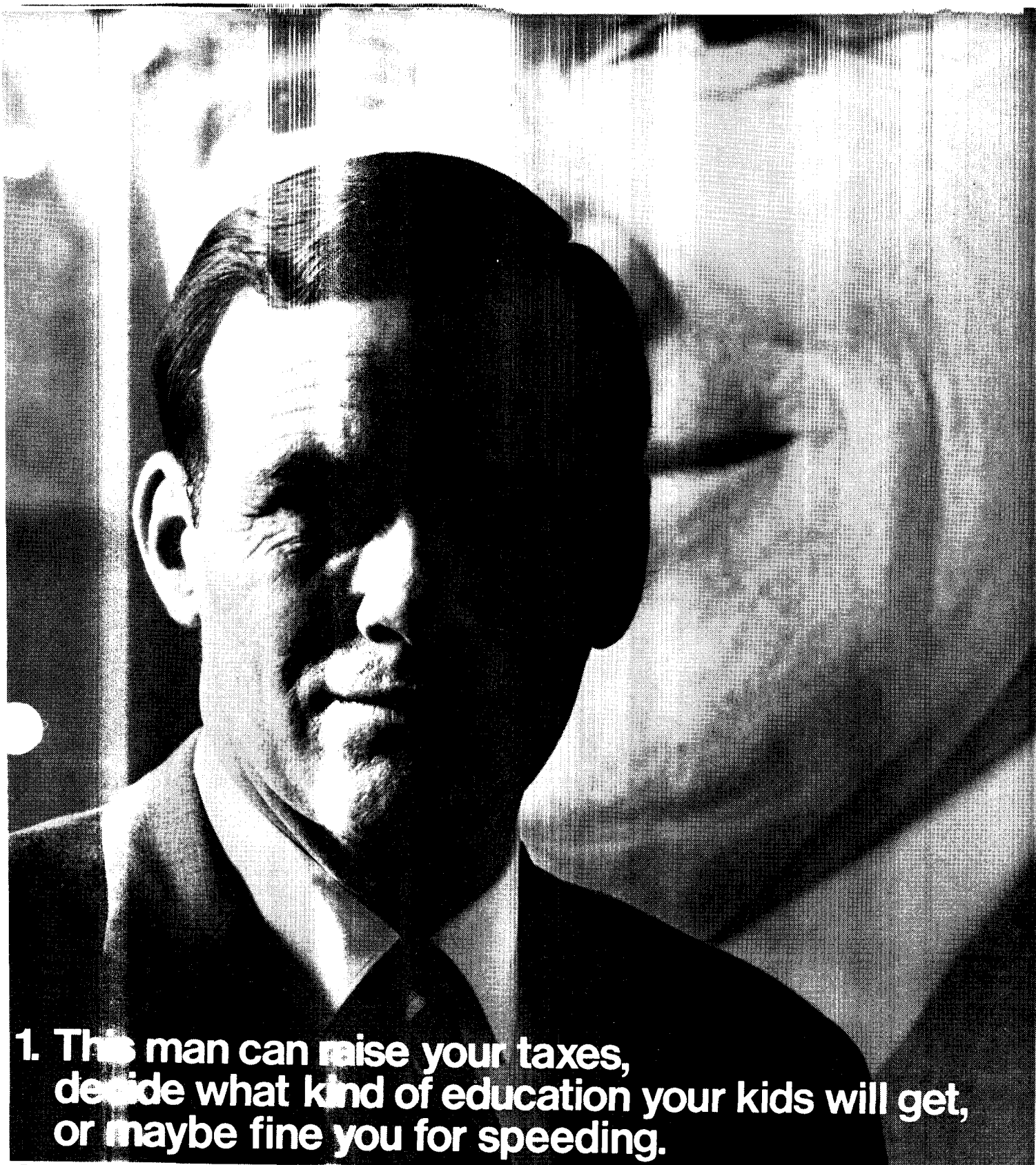
For the Czechs to look to Moscow now for aid toward that end may seem no more realistic than trying to fight Moscow's armored divisions in August with protest speeches, poems, and broadcasts. Or was the resistance so futile? though it is hard to speak of successes or victories of any kind in the gloomy, uncertain atmosphere of this occupied capital, in a sense the poets and writers did prevail against the tanks. Their street campaigns and secret broadcasts brought out an unprecedented display of national unity against the invaders and this in turn upset the original Soviet plan for Czechoslovakia.

Risky role

The Soviet intervention was set up in two stages: a speedy and overwhelming military operation and the formation of new, subversive Party and government leaderships willing both to abandon the reform program and to legitimize the appeal for troops.

The first stage went off smoothly with the advantages of surprise and numerical superiority. Before most people knew what was happening key buildings were seized, Dubček and his lieutenants were arrested and the Czechoslovak Army, numbered in any case by four, one, was neutralized.

The second stage was a failure from the start. The Soviets, trying to repeat the 1956 Hungarian inter-



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Czechoslovakia

vention, could find no Janos Kadar, and as the first days passed, it became more and more difficult for any of the wavering Presidium members to risk the role. Suspected collaborators were quickly identified by the clandestine stations, which were supplied with information directly from the Presidium. Within hours, the names would go up on the walls all over the country.

In the end, the Soviets were faced with the equally unpalatable alternatives of forming an outright military dictatorship or releasing Dubček and the other arrested leaders. They chose the latter.

"It was the broadcasts that did it," a doctor in Bratislava told me. "The nation was united as never before. There was not a single gap in our ranks, but the level of unity could be maintained only because the stations kept telling us the rest of the country was with us."

Toying

Dubček's restoration hardly meant permanent security for his person, of course, and very little at all for his program of liberalization. The constant dangers to both were made clear while the occupation was in its first months. Prime Minister Oldřich Černík signed an economic agreement tying Czechoslovakia even closer to the Soviet Union, and the Soviets seemed to be trying out a series of alternatives to Dubček. In the fall Moscow pressure forced first one, then another, liberal out of the Prague regime.

The first alternative leader to Dubček with whom the Soviets seemed to be toying was Gustav Husak, Slovak Party chief who is popular in the provincial capital of Bratislava for the way he argues Slovak grievances against the majority Czechs. For a time, Husak's statements on fulfilling the demands of the occupation powers got bigger play in the Moscow

press than Dubček's. But those who know the fifty-five-year-old Slovak leader do not count him as a potential collaborator. He was, after all, a victim of the Stalinist political tr of the fifties.

Less is known of the motives of the second Soviet favorite, Zdeněk Mlynar, Party secretary and Presidium member. Mlynar seemed to be criticizing Dubček when he hit out in a television address against the "mistakes and neglect of the party leadership" in the eight months before the invasion. He, too, called for a more conciliatory line toward the Soviets, and chimed in with Soviet attacks on the radical journals *Literární Listy* and *Student*, now both banned.

The economic agreement signed by Černík in Moscow bound Czechoslovakia to long-term deliveries of Soviet gas and other raw materials. Details were not made public, but it was clearly another part of the counterattack against the reform economic planner Professor Ota Sik. Sik was fired as deputy premier under Soviet pressure. TASS said his ideas were "dragging the country onto the road of capitalism."

Like other planners in the bloc, including Russia, Sik sought to replace the restrictions of central planning with the flexibility of the market and to use profits as a gauge of efficiency. But he was more outspoken than his neighbors — he admitted that Czech workers were worse off under Communism than they were under capitalism — and he went further, demanding among other things convertibility of the koruna.

Testing

Although the Soviet Union trades more with the West than Czechoslovakia, it feared the growth of Prague's business ties, particularly with neighboring West Germany and therefore refused the \$400 million hard currency loan Sik wanted so his plants could re-equip with Western machinery. Now it seems



likely that a good-sized loan will be granted. Poland, East Germany, and Hungary all got them as a kind of consolation prize for the failure of their revolutions in 1953 and 1956.

But payment will be in soft currency, which, like the economic agreement, will serve to re-integrate Czechoslovakia into Comecon.

If past Kremlin history is any indication, the original Soviet scheme turned out to be a blunder that will have to be paid for by someone, and therein lie the hopes of the liberals in Prague. There are no electoral processes in Russia to repair political mistakes of this magnitude, but the Politburo in the past has found the means to shuck off those responsible. It can take time, as in the removal of Nikita Khrushchev two years after the Cuban missile pullout.

The thinking in Prague is that when the consequences of Czechoslovakia finally are faced, the victors will be those who opposed the intervention in the first place, and who could be expected to be more permissive of liberalization in the future. It is a view widely held, by journalists, writers, and students. Many of them add this thought, expressed by a philosophy student in Prague: "Even if there is no change at all in Moscow, we've tested our strength, and we can't be stopped."

Empty victories

These words would ring of empty romanticism if Prague were not in a part of Europe with a cherished, ancient tradition of intellectual engagement. The students on the barricades and the Russians on their punitive expedition behaved not as Communists disputing conflicting interpretations of Marxism but as Central Europeans have always behaved: big powers conquering little powers; little powers using wit, guile, and bravery to make the victories empty ones. Whether the occupiers come in transport planes or Hapsburg cavalry formations, there is the feeling that they have been here before, and that the Czechs, Slovaks, and Moravians have dealt with them in the past and managed to survive.

Because of this background, the Czechoslovakian liberal intellectuals have a position in Prague that their American counterparts never attained in the United States, where

Graciela

Graciela is a shy and timid three year old—a Chilean child. Her family, losing everything and terrorized by the recent earthquake, fled from its destruction and arrived in Santiago homeless. A struggling Protestant Day School, just affiliated with Children, Incorporated, noting their hunger and extreme need, let them occupy rent free a small wooden shack of one windowless room with a dirt floor. There are three beds for a family of seven but only one mattress and insufficient covering. TB germs lurk in the dust of summer and sticky mud of winter. The father, when he can secure work, makes about \$30 a month. Graciela has been squeezed into the crowded day school which is trying to help her family.

Although the school manages to meet the Government's teaching standards, its buildings are flimsy, without electricity and in urgent need of repairs. 300 children are enrolled with 85 more approved for admission but money is lacking to accommodate them. Graciela, like the other children, exists under sub-human conditions. The lunch which the school tries to provide, is the nearest thing to a real meal cruel poverty permits to most of these children. Insufficient and improper food bloats their bodies and weakens and stunts their development.

Chile is a beautiful land with friendly people and bright, attractive children. But there are the Gracielas who have so pitifully little—they are "unfinished children". They have such potential. Their lives could be so changed if they could be helped even a little. They could blossom out into lovable, bright and capable youngsters. Graciela's life can be changed, like that of other similarly needy children, her whole future could be broadened and the worried look in her little face could disappear if she were sponsored under the CI "Adoption Plan". The cost of an "adoption" is the same as in all the CI projects around the world—\$10 a month.



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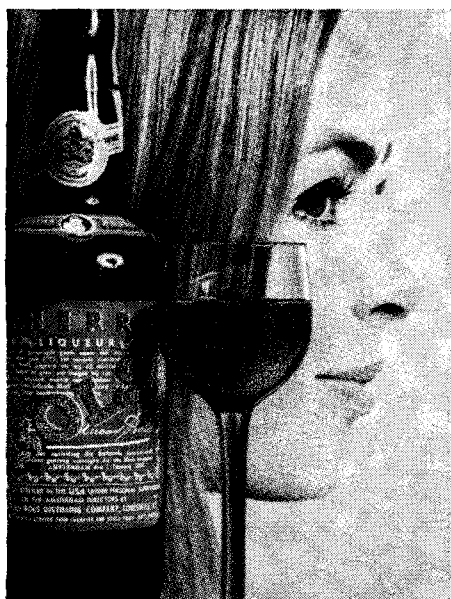
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Czechoslovakia

the very words "brain trust" make the voters suspicious. From 1848 to the founding of the republic in 1918 by the philosophy professor Tomáš Masaryk, it was the poems, pamphlets, and speeches of the intelligentsia that kept the idea of the nation alive.

Another of those long periods may be starting now with underground journals and illegal leaflets supplementing the news contained between the lines of the official press and censor-approved books.

Despite the high degree of national unity made possible by the intellectuals, not everyone is united in praising their role. In the bitterness that followed the end of active resistance, many voices were raised in criticism. Some resented the fact that the broadcasts stopped the street fighting. Others thought that the writers had too much power in the first place.

Make-believe games

It is true that without the impetus of the rebellious Writers' Congress of the summer of 1967, or the student protest marches of last October, Stalinism of the Antonín Novotný style probably would have creaked along for another couple of years. Prague's national museum, newspaper plants, and office buildings would not be pocked with bullet holes, and twenty-five Prague residents, and an equal number in the provinces, most of them young, would not have been killed.

But neither would the nation have had half a year of the kind of freedom unknown for nearly a generation: newspapers that put into type the complaints that people had only been able to whisper, political clubs that argued that the Communist Party ought to go into opposition for a while, books that told of the horrors of the Stalin era political trials, and courts that rehabilitated the victims who still survived. Now, most of the important political gains have been rescinded by the Russians, and even Dubček's own popularity may wane as he is forced to help carry out further unpleasant measures.

Whatever remains, many Czechs agree that the journalists and writers at least should have become more restrained after the warnings of the

Warsaw Letter and Čierna talks in July. But in many ways, the press and broadcast corps in Prague was like a talented football team that had been limited to practicing scrimmages for many years, developing dazzling techniques that the public never was permitted to see. Suddenly the team was allowed to play before an audience and compete for real goals. It was impossible from that point to return to the make-believe games.

At the end of the Bratislava summit, when Premier Černík called the journalists together and told them it had been secretly agreed to reimpose restraints on the press and that attacks on the Soviet Union must stop, one editor asked, "Does that mean you want us to go back to writing about the Bulgarian apple crop?" That, of course, is exactly what the Soviets wanted.

They did not realize that the Prague liberalization process was developing into one of the best arguments for Communism that the system has yet produced. If left alone, it would have been a symbol and example for all the growing currents of leftist sentiment in universities and intellectual circles. The West would have had to produce new arguments to replace the easy ones it has been using. It is questionable whether Dubček and his theorists could have succeeded even without the pressures from outside. Certainly their refusal to put the system to the test of a free, unweighted vote raises the suspicion that it was not full democracy that they had in mind, if it imperiled the Communist Party. But since the morning of August 21, no one will ever know.

Repeat

The Russians attacked because the same liberal Communism that was proving so attractive to the Western radicals was even more attractive to liberals in Moscow, East Berlin, or Warsaw.

The Soviets also were not sure that Dubček could keep control of events, even though he was following a course much more circumspect than the one followed by Imre Nagy in Hungary, 1956. When Dubček failed to shut off the press and the street-corner speakers after Čierna and Bratislava, however, the specter of Hungary must have seemed very real.

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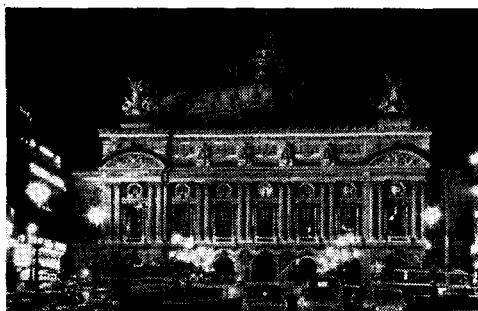
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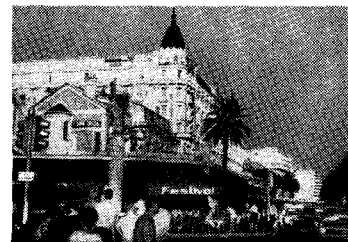
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Czechoslovakia

streets of Prague, the Budapest situation seemed to be repeating itself. Students bounced paving stones off tank turrets. Soviet soldiers fired above and into crowds.

Unfriendly, unprovocative

At about this time, the appeals of the secret stations began. Two Soviet tanks had been burned out, but hundreds remained. The street crowds were urged not to try to defend the radio building. The only result could be another Budapest, and in any case, secret transmitters were already operating elsewhere. It was the start of the second phase of the resistance, with the broadcasters in control.

Listening to the clandestine stations was a moving experience even without being able to recognize more than a few words. To avoid detection, the half-dozen stations operating at any one time would take turns coming on the air. They would broadcast news, appeals, and warnings, call in another station, then disappear. Their basic message was a call for national resistance by every nonviolent means possible. "Plaster the streets with 'Russians go home' signs. Paint over direction signs on highways, or change the destinations from Prague and Brno to Moscow and Kiev; unscrew the enameled red and white street signs from buildings; take off the house numbers; disconnect the wires on the Soviet-controlled loudspeaker systems in the cities; make speeches, debate the Russian soldiers on street corners, but be neither friendly nor provocative. Above all, do not lift a stone, or allow your children in the streets with even a toy pistol; the result could be another battle of Budapest and another occupation government."

The street slogans and posters went up overnight. Villages had hundreds, cities tens of thousands. One short downtown block in Brno had 576 different signs in its show windows and on buildings. Some were dramatic, such as the map of Czechoslovakia with daggers thrust into it from five different directions. Some were ingenious — a Hitler mustache on Brezhnev's picture, a swastika inside the Soviet star. There were some excellent artistic efforts, including a collage depicting

a fat Russian gnawing on a pork chop out of a Czech road map, and a pop art enlargement of an eye and a single huge tear. But most simply stated and repeated a simple message: aggressors, occupiers, go home.

There would have been a resistance movement without the direction of the journalists who went into hiding and kept up the broadcasts, of course, but the results might have been different. There is evidence that the whole job of coordination and direction was planned in advance, at a time when no one else seriously believed that the Russian troops would attack. It seems clear that the excellent communications facilities of the Czechoslovak Army provided the technical means, although government jamming stations and some amateur equipment also may have been used.

In the view of some Czechs and Slovaks, it was an effort that should have been put to better use. If there had been a real fight, this argument goes, the Soviets would have had their hands burned and would be easier to deal with now.

"This country didn't fight back at Munich, or in the 1948 coup, or this time," a Brno engineer observed. "These are heavy moral burdens. The loss of life would have been terrible, but it would have done something for the country."

In most conversations, however, the emphasis is on the futility of armed resistance. The deaths might have run into the hundreds or thousands. Prague's treasured streets of baroque buildings, Bratislava's Renaissance squares would have been rubble. Refugees would have poured into Austria by the tens of thousands, as in 1956.

New age of suspicion

It is true that a new age of suspicion has descended on Prague. Rumors speed around hotel lobbies; unpopular waiters are pointed out as Soviet agents; Party and government officials never seem able to keep appointments or answer questions. The atmosphere, in short, is back to what it was under Novotný, and the writers' talk of continuing liberalization, with or without changes in Moscow, seems remote, impossible, crazy.

At such times, it is reassuring to recall that it was also under Novotný that the theory and aims of the Prague reforms were conceived. The

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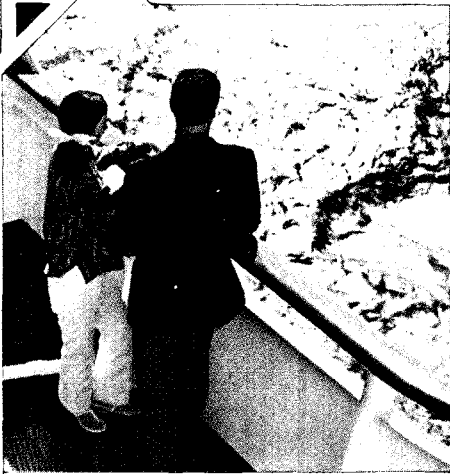
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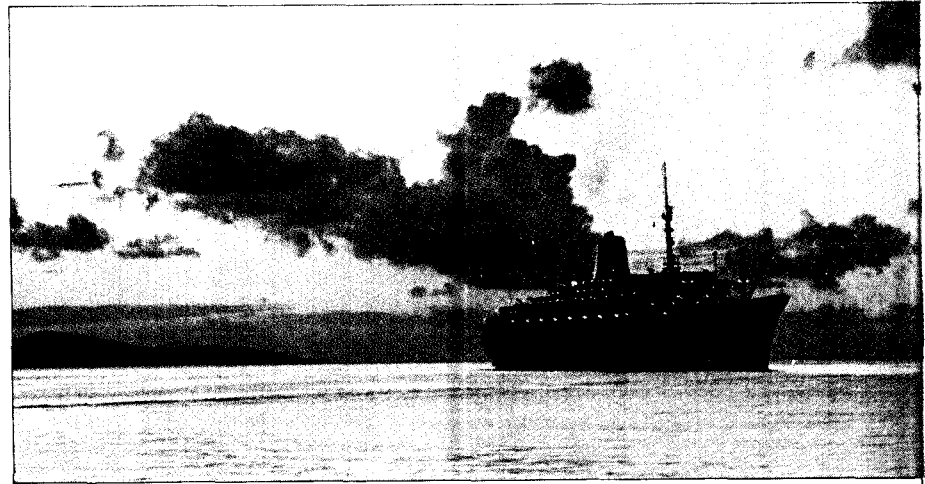
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Writers' Congress and the student marches were the immediate impetus for the advent of Dubček, but they did not just suddenly happen.

Vaclav Havel's satirical theater was founded, under enormous difficulties, ten years ago, and in up-and-down battles with the censors he was able to prepare the ground for reform with plays showing up the stupidities of the system. The critical writings of Ladislav Mnacko and others performed the same function, as did the famous Czech films.

These and other acts of protest were possible because of the dilemma of every repressive regime, Soviet, Czarist, or Austro-Hungarian. It needs plays that people will go to see and books that they will read as much as it needs censors. Sometimes the censor prevails, sometimes the poet. In Czechoslovakia, the weight is sure to be on the side of the censor for some time to come, but just as surely, it will eventually have to shift. — Donald Shanor

France

"These are hard days for authority. Current custom attacks it and legislation tends to weaken it. In the home and in the factory, in the state and in the street it arouses impatience and criticism rather than confidence and obedience. Jostled from below whenever it shows its head, it has come to doubt itself, to feel its way, to assert itself at the wrong moment; when it is unsure, with reticence, excuses and extreme caution; when it is overconfident, harshly, roughly and with a niggling formalism."

Charles de Gaulle wrote these observations on the French scene back in the 1920s, in the aftermath of the First World War. They first appeared in print in 1932 in *The Edge of the Sword*, a slim volume of his essays on the problems and application of power which remains basic reading for any appreciation of the General and how he operates. The events of last May and June accurately mirrored the picture of hard days for authority drawn by De Gaulle of France forty years before. In the wake of those events, the French President acted completely in accordance with the principles he laid down in *The Edge of the Sword*.

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France

He saw as his first task the reconsolidation of his personal power and authority. It had been badly shaken by his own miscalculations of the mood of his country and the seriousness of the troubles which engulfed his government, by hesitation and uncertainty in the handling of the crisis, and above all, by the shattering economic effects of one of the most complete strike shutdowns which any democracy has suffered in normal peacetime. The device which De Gaulle chose to reassert his personal power, once the crisis had been overcome, was simple, typical, and ruthless. He fired the man who had been his greatest strength and the architect of his victory, Prime Minister Georges Pompidou.

Pompidou served as Prime Minister for six and a half years, longer than any other Premier in this century. Moreover, he was closer to being a "friend" of General de Gaulle's than anybody else in the country. He was an intimate personal and financial adviser of the General's for years before De Gaulle picked him from the Rothschild banking organization to run the government. At key moments during the worst of the May-June troubles, Pompidou was the lone symbol and instrument of government authority. De Gaulle remained silent, aloof, and apparently uncertain. (According to his own subsequent testimony, he debated whether to remain in office or not.) It was Pompidou who decided on reform concessions to the student demonstrators, Pompidou who kept the police from using gunfire, Pompidou who negotiated almost nonstop for twenty-eight hours to put together the vast wage package which became the basis for the strike settlements. Then, when De Gaulle came down out of

the clouds and announced his decision to remain at the helm and dissolve the National Assembly, it was Pompidou again who organized the election campaign, roused the "bourgeois backlash" against the French Left, and led the Gaullist Union for Defense of the Republic to an incredible victory which gave De Gaulle control of Parliament by over 200 seats for the next five years.

But precisely because of all these services and successes, he was dismissed. In the philosophy of the author of *The Edge of the Sword*, power which is shared is power diminished. The abrupt removal of Pompidou was the most effective and dramatic way De Gaulle could possibly have chosen to demonstrate to his unruly nation and to the world who was still the boss here. As one of his former ministers once wrote: "On the chessboard on which he plays, there can be no friendship between the knight which is moved and the hand that moves it."

Son et lumière

Thus the surface effect which De Gaulle desired has been achieved, for the time being anyway — the image of France once again calm and obedient after its brash escape from authority; Gaullist power supreme, intact, unchallenged, and undisturbed. The only trouble is that De Gaulle often seems to be more concerned with the accoutrements of power rather than with its substance. Since the May-June events, Gaullism has looked more than ever like a *son et lumière* production.

De Gaulle had mounted the heights before the troubles broke. In early May, Paris was about to play host to the Vietnam peace talks, a clear diplomatic victory for De Gaulle after four years of denouncing the American course in Southeast Asia. He was ready to take off on a state visit to Rumania — part of

his strategy for breaking the hold of two power blocs over Europe. When the storm broke, it was said in Paris of the President's mission to Rumania, "De Gaulle intervenes in the internal affairs of every country but France."

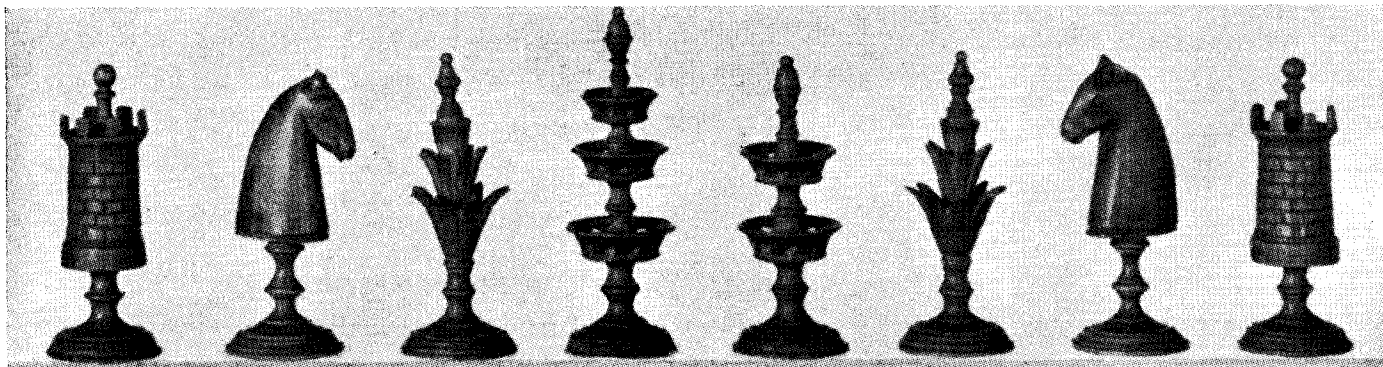
Emotional chemistry

De Gaulle's descent was rapid and dramatic, accompanied by violence and economic disaster. Not since the days of the Paris Commune in 1871 had the country witnessed such an uprising of students and labor, dominating the streets and the factories. Some spontaneous emotional chemistry achieved overnight what no trade union movement could have done: a strike of more than 10 million workers, tying up almost every factory of any size throughout the whole country.

It was, however, a revolution with a difference. In Paris, not a shot was fired during the entire turbulent four weeks, except tear-gas concussion grenades launched from rifles by the police. There were of course endless postcrisis tales of police brutality, and plenty of students were beaten up and ruthlessly handled on the streets and in the police stations. But the Republican Security Company men are not hired for brains or charm; the handling of the affair from beginning to end does not compare too unfavorably with similar operations in the United States in recent months.

In the end, while Pompidou directed the tactical battles of the street and the conference table, General de Gaulle waited and watched for the moment to stage his counter-attack. For the third time in his life — 1940, 1958, 1968 — De Gaulle showed his ability to turn national disaster into personal triumph.

The government which Maurice Couve de Murville then formed after Pompidou's dismissal turned out to be almost indistinguishable



from the Cabinet which he inherited. The new Prime Minister is a man of great intelligence and ability, with a vast and intimate knowledge of the workings of diplomacy, finance, and government. But he is first of all De Gaulle's faithful servant and would never regard himself as anything else. As a Protestant in a Catholic country, he scarcely registers at all politically.

Faceless and Gaullist

Thus, the regime which drifted into the crisis is even more faceless and Gaullist than before. The problems which the crisis exposed and which the government now faces are problems which it should have been facing five years ago — the education explosion, need for decentralization of France's Napoleonic administrative structure, concerted regional development, better population distribution, industrial expansion and productivity, the eternal farm problem, better distribution of the national budget, more refrigerators, and fewer nuclear bombs. The problems have been here all along, but Gaullism by its nature seems to reinforce conservatism and traditionalism. Until the events of May and June, economic problems were kept submerged and not allowed to disturb France's artificial calm — not even the problem of half a million unemployed.

Essentially France is an underdeveloped country. Alongside Great Britain and West Germany, which play a much bigger role in world trade, it is easy to forget that France is almost twice the size of either in area, with about 5 million fewer people. France has about 92 inhabitants per square kilometer against 240 in West Germany and 225 in Britain. Nearly half the French people live in villages and towns of fewer than 2000 inhabitants. On the other hand, even though 17 percent of France's population is engaged in farming, where incomes are low (against 10 percent farmers in West Germany and less than 4 percent in Britain), the French still have achieved a higher per capita income than either of their big European neighbors. The most recent OECD figures show a \$2060 annual average for each Frenchman, \$2010 for West Germans, and \$1910 for the British.

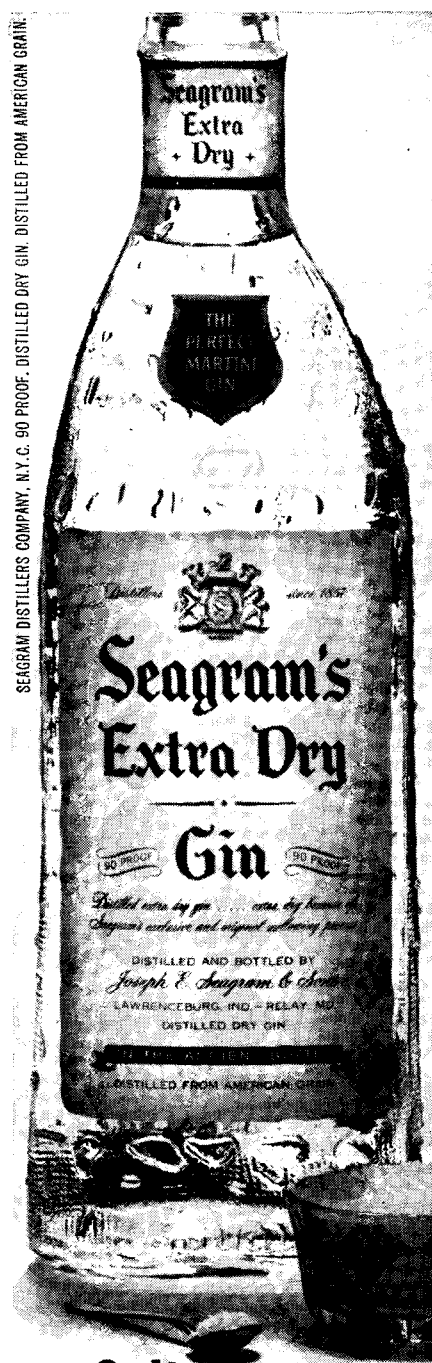
In other words, the French do well economically as far as they have

gone, but the country could expand and do enormously better. It is, after all, a land of incomparable natural richness and balance, the closest to self-sufficiency of all nations of comparable size anywhere in the world. It could support millions more in population, feed more, and produce more. In agriculture, fewer farmers with better equipment could easily increase the farm output, with higher per capita income as well. If the farm population could be reduced by 5 to 7 percent, and this manpower transferred to factories, it would mean more mouths to feed in the towns and cities plus more industrial production. But to move a nation takes more than *son et lumière*.

Paradoxically, one of the major impediments to France's achieving its full economic and social capacities is Paris itself — the overwhelming political, economic, administrative, financial, educational, and psychological centralization of everything French in the capital. Paris grows and grows — now past the 9 million mark, with 20 percent of the French population concentrated in the Greater Paris area. The next largest French city is Marseilles, and it has not yet even passed the million mark. After that comes Lyon, with fewer than 700,000 people, and then Bordeaux and Lille, with barely half a million each. There is no French area of population and economic and productive concentration such as Manchester-Liverpool or Birmingham-Coventry in Britain; the Ruhr, Hamburg, Munich, or Frankfurt districts in West Germany; Turin or Milan in Italy.

As a result, an area like Brittany, once healthy and prosperous in simpler economic times and still at least as independent and nationally prideful as, say, Quebec, watches its farms turn to grass, its fishing fleet rusting away, and its small local industries closing down for lack of business or capital. The roads are poor, and it takes six or seven hours for trucks to drive to the capital, which means that Brittany farmers cannot even compete with Dutch ones in Paris shops, now that the Common Market is beginning to have its full effect. It is an example of a region which once contributed to France's greatness and now contributes to its problems.

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France

istrative structure established by Napoleon over a century and a half ago, in which each *département* is run by a prefect appointed from Paris, local initiative becomes a long and stifling uphill struggle with the bureaucracy of the capital. In any *hôtel de ville* in the country, you can collect stories about how plans for a road, for a schoolroom, or even a monument to the local war dead must wait for decision in Paris. Mayor Gaston Defferre of Marseilles says: "Before I can appoint a new secretary to the Marseilles hospital board I have to have the signatures of three ministers in Paris."

Overblown centralization affects education no less than government administration and regional development. France has twenty-three state universities, all rigidly controlled and directed as to budgets, teaching staff, curricula, buildings, and administration by the Ministry of Education in Paris. At the top is the Sorbonne — the Promised Land for any aspiring professor in the provinces. There are no private universities in France (again a decree by Napoleon) — no Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Oxford, or Cambridge. No industrialist in France would dream of endowing a school. The French educational system has been admirable in producing an elite from its *grandes écoles*, the graduate schools where it trains its civil servants and scientists after rigorous screening from below. But this very success has also contributed to the rigidity and stuffiness of the system which produced the student explosion of May and June.

Decentralization and greater autonomy for the provincial universities seem at least to be a chief priority for the new education minister, Edgar Faure, who, as the only politician of the Fourth Republic who is serving General de Gaulle, is the most ambitious and active member of the Cabinet. He has been giving interviews and making public statements overtime in the hopes of defusing the students before the universities reopen in mid-November, with a large assist from the police and the public works department, which has emplaced a thick layer of asphalt over the cobblestone streets of the Left Bank as a deterrent against another round of barricade battles in the winter. But the educa-



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tion minister cannot build school buildings in three months, or provide libraries, lecture halls, and dormitories.

For President de Gaulle, posterisism centers almost entirely on the word "participation." In education, it has already been decreed that schools are now to organize councils of teachers, students, parents, and community leaders to discuss school problems and decide local policies within the framework laid down by the Ministry of Education. All this has produced a cynical student conjugation exercise: "I participate, you participate, he participates, we participate, they rule."

In industry, De Gaulle has decreed that participation will mean that "all should be adequately informed of the enterprise's operation and be able, through representatives freely nominated by them all, to participate in the company and its councils so as to defend their interest, viewpoints and proposals." But the French President is almost alone in his enthusiasm for the scheme. Trade union leaders sneer at it as a diversion and delusion so far as labor's true interests are concerned, and management does not want to be saddled with yet another layer of obstruction in decision-making.

Prestige vs. reform

Nevertheless, with an overwhelming majority in the National Assembly, and with the French Left at its lowest ebb in half a century, De Gaulle will certainly have his way, and there will be a participation law. There will also be new decrees which, in Couve de Murville's words, will recognize "the need for Paris to delegate wider powers to the local authorities beginning with the prefects, and the need for a certain degree of decentralization in favor of local governments."

All of this will of course keep the legislature occupied and the French bureaucracy busy turning out more paper — but will it really change much in France, is it the kind of reform which France needs? Pierre Uri, the distinguished French economist, is one who has strong doubts.

"What is at stake is a major policy reversal," he has written. "Prestige objects have retarded national growth. The tax system is worn out and its rates cannot be increased without making the inequities even worse. Overhaul of the budget,

radical reform of taxation and absolute priority for industrial growth would have to be carried out together. The main obstacle is raised by the nature of Gaullism. It has tried to have France do alone what can only be done by Europe as a whole. Now in the economic as well as the diplomatic field the time has come to tailor action to the true stature of the country."

Trouble next time

But having finally exploded a French H-bomb in the far Pacific in August, in the middle of the Czechoslovakian crisis, President de Gaulle is not about to order any such major reversal of his policies of the last ten years. Those in France and elsewhere in Europe who have felt that the Czech crisis ought to signal a new impulse toward greater integration of Western Europe — in particular, British entry into the Common Market — will find De Gaulle equally determined that his policy of "breaking up the power blocs" is correct whatever the Russians are doing to Eastern Europe, and that this is no time for new ventures in Western European integration.

Meanwhile, although police control of the Latin Quarter and would-be student demonstrators will undoubtedly be firm and ruthlessly effective this winter, the police can do nothing about rising unemployment, rising cost of living, increased budget deficit, continuing balance-of-payments deficit, and falling national currency reserves.

In this situation, the Gaullist reform measures — in particular, participation — are going to seem increasingly irrelevant to France's real problems. Whether this bursts into renewed violence and demonstrations once again is anybody's guess, but most informed observers here think that the trouble will start next time with labor, not the students. Pompidou, who remains the most important political figure in the country next to De Gaulle, may well be glad that he is sidelined and sitting out the next round.

— Don Cook

OTHER REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Don Cook is Paris correspondent for the Los Angeles TIMES. Donald R. Shanor covers Eastern Europe for the Chicago DAILY NEWS.

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the mail

À bas Justin Kaplan

SIR: Reviewing my *Stephen Crane* in the September *Atlantic*, Justin Kaplan ("Pink Badge of Courage") complains that I do not make "an imaginative leap into Crane's inner life to find out what it was like for him." However, that would fictionalize the life, as Louis Zara has done in his novel about Crane, *Dark Rider*, a book which is of no use to the biographer because fact and fiction are intertwined. Nor is there any need to make imaginative leaps into Crane's inner life since Crane himself reported what it was like for him to experience the demiworld of the city, the *Commodore* disaster, and the battlefields of Greece and Cuba.

Kaplan complains that I have "pretty consistently avoided or suppressed speculations of anything other than a purely circumstantial nature," but in the biography as history speculations are precisely what ought to be avoided.

Kaplan scoffs at that "will-o'-the-wisp of American literary scholarship, 'the definitive critical biography.'" Whereas my *Stephen Crane* fuses biography with literary criticism, Berryman's *Crane* is devoid of critical scrutiny of *The Red Badge of Courage*, and Kaplan's *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* avoids literary criticism even of *Huckleberry Finn*.

Justin Kaplan unjustly nit-picks some errors in my "factuality," errors which reviewer Kaplan — a former editor in trade publishing — knows full well are typos. The middle initial of E. W. Townsend "appears correctly the first time," says Kaplan justly; but it next appears as Edward E. Townsend. Reviewer Kaplan detects "two terrible errors" in my rendering of Ouida's real name. One of the two terrible errors is the obvious printer's error of "Lousie" for the intended Louise. Another error — almost as terrible — is the misprint of "O'Henry" instead of O. Henry. This O. Henry misprint and many other typos have already been corrected in the June

second printing of my *Stephen Crane*. How unjust of Justin to quibble about such petty typos! His claim that my book is "loaded with repetitions" indicates that he read it in galley prior to book publication, for I have researched the book solely for repetitions and can find none.

R. W. STALLMAN
Storrs, Conn.

Mr. Kaplan replies:

Mr. Stallman says "speculations are precisely what ought to be avoided." But any account of a life is bound to be speculative (*something* has got to be left out, even in "definitive" biographies of Stephen Crane). The biographer's decision that some things in a man's life are more important than others is speculative. Literary criticism is speculative. Mr. Stallman has been writing speculative biography all along.

What counts is how well speculations stand up, how much sense they make in terms of the data and a man's life-style. The alternative to the kind of book Mr. Stallman defends is not, as he suggests, fiction or fictionalized biography, and the "imaginative leap" that I missed in his book is not a matter of invention. It has to do with the connections the biographer makes between one thing and another, what he puts in and how he shapes it. It's a matter of "style," in a very broad sense. I missed in Mr. Stallman's biography some acute sense of the order of importance of various classes of data. That's why I ended up feeling that for five hundred pages or so he had marched and countermarched me through a landscape in which shrubs and mountains, sparrows and big black bears were all pretty much the same size.

He speculates — speculates — that I based my review on a reading of galley proofs because I claimed the book was "loaded with repetitions," whereas he has "researched" the finished book "and can find none."

First of all, to answer Mr. Stallman's speculation, I read and took my notes on the finished book, not proofs. Second, let me cite one of the various series of repetitions I had in mind, and that Mr. Stallman can't find. On page 33 he tells us that Crane was "a good shot"; on page 37 he again tells us that Crane was "a good shot"; and on page 38 he quotes Crane's niece — "'My uncle was a good shot.'" Even if this were a biography of Lee Harvey Oswald, you'd begin to wonder if the author knew what he was up to.

À bas Carter Harman

SIR: It may be stimulating to Carter Harman ("The Revolt of the Composers," September *Atlantic*) to catch up with ideas current for at least twenty-five years, but it is curiously myopic of the *Atlantic* to publish such a rehash.

When not dealing with the obvious, Harman's comments are revealingly inaccurate. His claim that "the first overt step in the secession of the composers from the musical establishment was taken in 1962," if it means anything, probably means "the first time the establishment blessed the idea with money." His reference to Rockefeller Foundation support as a sign of progress shows the practical basis of his revolutionary urges. Besides, the Composer's Press was already publishing widely in the forties as an outlet for just the kind of "waking up" by composers which he celebrates; their desire to hear and circulate their new works. Grant him this: he speaks of a very real problem, about which far more articulate voices than his have long been raised. He admits that popular music is "the latest thing," and then ignores, or fails to comprehend, the implications of what he just said. Largely overlooked is the pervasive effect of communications media in shaping musical tastes; to the extent that composers can be said to have tastes they must be included.

Since he is an avowed disciple of the "revolution," he cannot face the possibility that composers themselves are afflicted with a vacuous earth of anything to say, and thus ill to initiate the flow of communication which he rightfully extols. It is a flashier gesture to blame it all on the demagoguery of the merchant and the inertia of the masses.

ROYAL STANTON

Chairman, Fine Arts Division, De Anza College
Cupertino, Calif.

À bas Stanley Kauffmann

SIR: Just why the *Atlantic* would pick someone from the *New Republic* to review a novel by James Gould Cozzens (*Morning Noon and Night*) is incomprehensible. Certainly the tenor of the review could have been predicted before the book was even published. The reviews of coterie critics to Cozzens' novels are as stylized as the mating dance of the whooping crane.

Stanley Kauffmann ("Aimez-vous Brahmins?", September *Atlantic*) exposes his preconceptions when he selects for citation Dwight Macdonald's "famous blast" wherein a stentious hack pretended that *By the Possessed* was anti-Semitic.

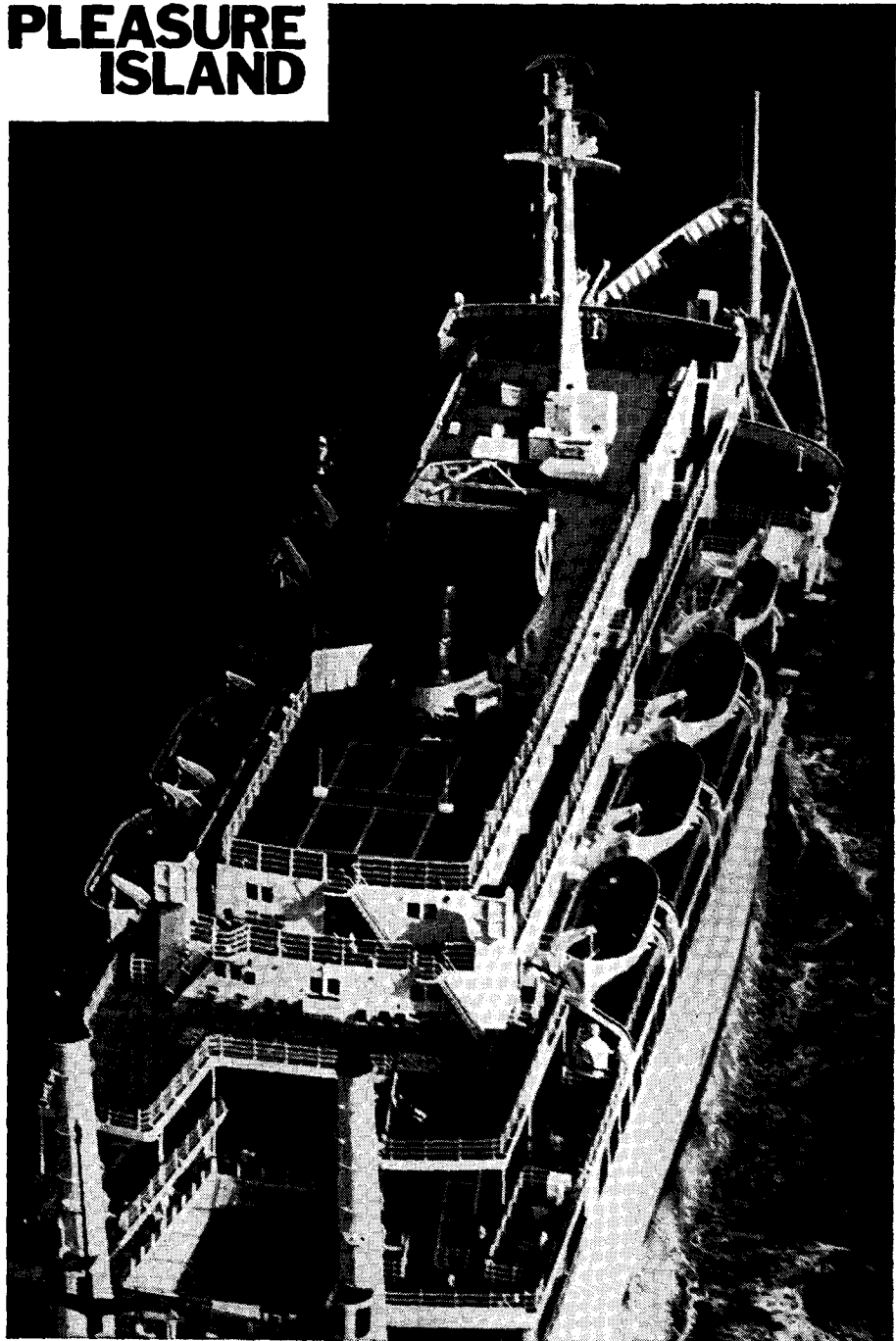
Kauffmann complains that Mr. Cozzens, "during the last twenty years," has "lived increasingly in isolation." No manifestos, no signing of petitions, no making the scene at protest rallies—just a professional devoting himself to his profession. What a bore!

Mr. Cozzens, Kauffmann then informs us, "was always a conservative—literary, social, and political." Curiously, Kauffmann does not bother to inform us that many of Mr. Cozzens' worst detractors are past or present Marxists.

Kauffmann asserts that Mr. Cozzens' new book "is the work of a man who not only hates modern changes but convinces us that he would probably have hated life at any time. . . ." This is arrant nonsense.

Whether Mr. Cozzens in private life is or is not a conservative, I do not know. Or what Kauffmann means when he uses the word sofly. The circumstance is irrelevant. The important thing is that Mr. Cozzens lays bare for us facets of the American character, the American experience, and the American scene with greater perception

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PAUL W. FERRIS
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

À bas Joan Baez

SIR: Joan Baez ("My Life Is a Crystal Teardrop," August *Atlantic*) has not a very accurate memory of the six weeks she spent at the Perkins School. She was not dismissed. I have her own letter of resignation in my file, and no complaints have been made against her.

She was quite good in her work with the small children for whom she cared, though not, of course, for twenty hours a day. She was unusual inasmuch as she did wander around the campus barefoot, and some of the more staid members of the staff urged me to rebuke her, but I felt that the coming of cold weather would take care of this without any problem. She did absent herself a certain amount to sing in the coffee shops around Harvard Square, but not as far as I know to the neglect of her duties.

It was, however, clear to us that her heart was in other things and that sooner or later she would leave us.

Her account of revulsion over the sight of a physically handicapped child is, of course, unfortunate. Excessive sensitivity is all very well in the self-centered, but not in those who serve, and in her article she has made clear that the care of children was not likely to be of great interest to her.

A school like Perkins can absorb much criticism. It is hurtful to our staff to hear our children described so crudely. Indeed, the little boy she describes so pitifully is turning out to be a fine young man, as do most of our children.

EDWARD J. WATERHOUSE
Director, Perkins School for the Blind
Watertown, Mass.

À bas McGeorge Bundy

SIR: McGeorge Bundy ("Faculty Power," September *Atlantic*) is either very naïve or uninformed concerning the workings of American "higher education." Outside the obviously *very few* "first-class" or "foremost universities," faculty power, as

Bundy presupposes it, does not exist, and those practices and methods of rule he describes as "myths" are the reality in over 90 percent American colleges and universities. The president of the university is, in most cases, not only the agent of their respective board of trustees, and not the faculty, but also the very real "Alexander of the university."

If Mr. Bundy desires to examine the role of the faculty in American higher education he should not view the "first-class" universities only, but the average and even the below-average institution. A fairly good example of the average university is Long Island University, which has been beset with confrontations for the last two years. The students via a nine-day strike, the faculty and alumni via direct votes, and the state of New York via a joint legislative investigation have all in effect voted no-confidence in its president, R. Gordon Hoxie, and the board of trustees. But the president and board still control Long Island University, and all these forces of reform could do nothing in the face of real power. In the non "first-class" universities the power does not lie with the faculty.

Ernest R. Lendler, Jr.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mr. Bundy replies:

I think the only serious difference between Mr. Lendler's view and my own is on numbers. I think there are now dozens of colleges and universities — and perhaps even hundreds — where my assessment is more nearly true than not. Mr. Lendler thinks there are very few — and perhaps none. As for Long Island University, I have no close knowledge of that situation, but I would hazard a guess that the situation there is indeed different from the one which I took as my basic model — but that even at LIU there is likely to be more and not less faculty power as time goes on.

The ATLANTIC welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.



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THE GREATEST AMERICAN POET

BY JAMES DICKEY

Three men of driving individuality and boiling talents come together here in a remarkable group portrait. One is the author, a former star athlete, fighter pilot with more than 100 missions on his record in World War II and the Korean conflict, and today recognized among America's leading poets. Second is Allan Seager of Michigan, a writer whose talent far exceeds the recognition he had earned from the public and the critics before his death in May. And the third is the subject of Seager's newly published biography, the late Theodore Roethke, whom James Dickey proposes to crown "the greatest poet this country has produced." In conjunction with Mr. Dickey's memoir-review, we publish, beginning on page 58, excerpts from Mr. Roethke's notebooks, edited by David Wagoner, poet and novelist (BABY, COME ON INSIDE). The edited notebooks are scheduled to be published by Doubleday sometime in 1969.

ONCE there were three men in the living room of an apartment in Seattle. Two of them were present in body, watching each other with the wariness of new acquaintance, and the other was there by telephone. The two in Carolyn Kizer's apartment were Theodore Roethke and I, and the voice was Allan Seager in Michigan. All three had been drinking, I the most, Roethke the next most, and Seager, apparently, the least. After a long-distance joke about people I had never heard of, Roethke said, "Allan. I want you to meet a friend of mine. He's a great admirer of yours, by the way."

I picked up the phone and said, according to conviction and opportunity, "This is Charles Berry."

"This is *who*?"

"Your son, Amos. Charles Berry, the poet."

"The *hell* it is!"

"I thought you might like to know what happened to Charles after the end of the novel. In one way or the other, he became me. My name is James Dickey."

"Well, thanks for telling me. But I had other plans for Charles. Maybe even using him in another novel. I think he did finally become a poet. But not you."

"No, no; it's a joke."

"I had it figured. But it ain't funny."

"Sorry," I said. "I meant it as a kind of tribute, I guess."

"Well, thanks, I guess."

"Joke or not, I think your book *Amos Berry* is a great novel."

"I do too, but nobody else does. It's out of print, with the rest of my stuff."

"Listen," I said, trying to get into the phone, "I doubt if I'd've tried to be a poet if it weren't for Charles Berry. There was no call for poetry in my background, any more than there was in his. But he wanted to try, and he kept on with it. So I did, too."

"How about Amos? What did you think of him?"

"I like to think he's possible. My God! A middle-aged businessman trying to kick off all of industrial society! Get rid of the whole of Western civilization and go it on his own!"

"Yeah, but he failed."

"He failed, but it was a failure that mattered. And the scenes after the rebellious poet-son meets the rebellious father who's just killed his employer and gotten away with it — well, that's a *meeting*!"

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And Amos turns out to be proud of his boy, who's doing this equally insane thing of writing poetry. Right?"

"Sure. Sure he's proud. Like many another, when the son has guts and does something strange and true to what he is. Say, is Ted Roethke still around there?"

"Yes. He's right here. Want to speak to him?"

"No; but he's another one. He's one of those sons. But his father didn't live long enough to know it."

That was my introduction to Allan Seager, a remarkable man and a writer whose works — *Equinox*, *The Inheritance*, *Amos Berry*, *Hilda Manning*, *The Old Man of the Mountain*, *The Death of Anger*, *A Frieze of Girls* — will, as Henry James said of his own, "kick off their tombstones" time after time, in our time and after. His last book and his only biography, *The Glass House* (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95), is this life of Roethke, who is in my opinion the greatest poet this country has yet produced.

DURING his life and after his death in 1963, people interested in poetry heard a great many rumors about Roethke. Most of these had to do with his eccentricities, his periodic insanity, his drinking, his outbursts of violence, his unpredictability. He came to be seen as a self-destructive American genius somewhat in the pattern of Dylan Thomas. Roethke had a terrifying half-tragic, half-low-comedy life out of which he lifted, by the strangest and most unlikely means, and by endless labors and innumerable false starts, the poetry that all of us owe it to ourselves to know and cherish. If Beethoven said, "He who truly understands my music can never know unhappiness again," Roethke's best work says with equal authority, "He who truly opens himself to my poems will never again conceive his earthly life as worthless."

The Glass House is the record — no, the story, for Seager's novelistic talents give it that kind of compellingness — of how such poetry as Roethke's came to exist. It was written by a man who battled for his whole adult life against public indifference to novels and stories he knew were good, and fought to his last conscious hour to finish this book. Some time after meeting him by telephone, which was in the spring of 1963, I came to know him better, and two summers ago spent a week with him in Tecumseh, Michigan. Most of that time we talked about the biography and about Roethke, and went over the sections he had completed. From the first few words Seager read me, I could tell that this was no mere literary biography; there was too much of a sense of personal identification between author and subject to allow for mereness. Seager said to

me, in substance, what he had written to a friend some time before this:

Beatrice Roethke, the widow of Theodore Roethke, has asked me to write the authorized life of her husband. I was in college with him and knew him fairly intimately the rest of his life. It is a book I'd like to do. Quite aside from trying to evoke the character that made the poetry, there are a good many things to say about the abrasion of the artist in America that he exemplifies. We were both born in Michigan, he in Saginaw, I in Adrian. We both came from the same social stratum. Much of his life I have acted out myself.

Though Seager did not witness the whole process of Roethke's development, not having known the



James Dickey

poet in his childhood, he did see a great deal of it, and he told me that he had seen what happened to Roethke happen "in an evolutionary way." More than once he said, "Ted started out as a phony and became genuine, like Yeats." And, "I had no idea that he'd end up as fine a poet as he did. No one knew that in the early days, Ted least of all. We all knew he *wanted* to be a great poet or a great something, but to a lot of us that didn't seem enough. I could have told you, though, that his self-destructiveness would get worse. I could have told you that awful things were going to happen to him. He was headed that way; at times he seemed eager to speed up the process."

Photograph by Christopher Dickey.

I saw Roethke only twice myself. I saw only a sad fat man who talked continually of joy, and although I liked him well enough for such a short acquaintance, came away from him each time with a distinct sense of relief. Like everyone else who knew him even faintly, I was pressed into service in the cause of his ego, which reeled and tottered pathetically at all hours and under all circumstances, and required not only props, but the *right* props. What did I think of Robert Lowell, Randall Jarrell, and "the Eastern literary gang"? What did I think of the "gutless Limey reviewers" in the *Times Literary Supplement*? I spent an afternoon with him trying to answer such questions, before giving a reading at the University of Washington. Carolyn Kizer, an old friend and former student of Roethke's, had given a party the day before the reading, and I was introduced to Roethke there. Though I had heard various things about him, ranging from the need to be honest with him to the absolute need *not* to be honest, I was hardly prepared for the way in which, as Southerners used to say, he "carried on." I was identified in his mind only as the man who had said (in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, to be exact) that he was the greatest poet then writing in English. He kept getting another drink and bringing me one and starting the conversation over from that point, leading (more or less naturally for him, I soon discovered) into a detailed and meticulously quoted list of what other poets and critics had said about him. I got the impression that my name was added to those of Auden, Stanley Kunitz, Louise Bogan, and Rolfe Humphries not because I was in any way as distinguished in Roethke's mind as they were, but because I had provided him with a kind of *climactic* comment: something he needed that these others hadn't quite managed to say, at least in print. And later, when he introduced me at the reading, he began with the comment, and talked for eight or ten minutes about himself, occasionally mentioning me as though by afterthought. I did not resent this, though I found it curious, and I bring it up now only to call attention to qualities that must have astonished and confounded others besides myself.

Why should a poet of Roethke's stature conduct himself in this childish and embarrassing way? Why all this insistence on being the best, the acknowledged best, the *written-up* best? Wasn't the poetry itself enough? And why the really appalling pettiness about other writers, like Lowell, who were not poets to him but rivals merely? There was never a moment I was with Roethke when I was not conscious of something like this going on in his mind; never a moment when he did not have the look of a man fighting for his life in some way known only to him. The strain was in the very air

around him; his broad, babyish face had an expression of constant bewilderment and betrayal, a continuing agony of doubt. He seemed to cringe and brace himself at the same time. He would



Allan Seager

glare from the corners of his eyes and turn wordlessly away. Then he would enter into a long involved story about himself. "I used to spar with Steve Hamas," he would say. I remember trying to remember who Steve Hamas was, and by the time I had faintly conjured up an American heavyweight who was knocked out by Max Schmeling, Roethke was glaring at me anxiously. "What the hell's wrong?" he said. "You think I'm a damned liar?"

I did indeed, but until he asked me, I thought he was just rambling on in the way of a man who did not intend for others to take him seriously. He *seemed* serious enough, for he developed the stories at great length, as though he had told them, to others or to himself, a good many times before. Such a situation puts a stranger in rather a tough spot. If he suspects that the story is a lie, he must either pretend to go along with it, or hopefully enter a tacit conspiracy with the speaker in assuming that the whole thing is a joke, a put-on. Unfortunately I chose the latter, and I could not have done worse for either of us. He sank, or fell, rather, into a steep and bitter silence — we were driving around Seattle at the time — and there was no more said on that or any other subject until we reached his house on John Street. I must have

been awfully slow to catch on to what he wanted of me, for in retrospect it seems quite clear that he wished me to help protect him from his sense of inadequacy, his dissatisfaction with what he was as a man.

My own disappointment, however, was not at



Theodore Roethke, July, 1963

all in the *fact* that Roethke lied, but in the obviousness and uncreativity of the manner in which he did it. Lying of an inspired, habitual, inventive kind, given a personality, a form, and a rhythm, is mainly what poetry *is*, I have always believed. All art, as Picasso is reported to have said, is a lie that makes us see the truth. There are innumerable empirical “truths” in the world — billions a day, an hour, a minute — but only a few poems that surpass and transfigure them: only a few structures of words which do not so much tell the truth as *make* it. I would have found Roethke’s lies a good deal more memorable if they had had some of the qualities of his best poems, and had not been simply the productions of the grown-up baby that he resembled physically. Since that time I have much regretted that Roethke did not write his prizefighting poems, his gangster poems and tycoon poems, committing his art to these as fully as he committed himself to them in conversation. This might have given his work the range and variety of subject matter that it so badly needed, particularly toward the end of his life, when he was beginning to repeat himself: they might have been the themes to make of him a poet of the stature of Yeats or Rilke.

Yet this is only speculation; his poems are as we have them, and many of them will be read as long as words retain the power to evoke a world and to relate the reader, through that world, to a more intense and meaningful version of his own. There is no poetry anywhere that is so valuably

conscious of the human body as Roethke’s; no poetry that can place the body in an *environment* — wind, seascape, greenhouse, forest, desert, mountainside, among animals or insects or stones — so vividly and evocatively, waking unheard of exchanges between the place and human responsiveness at its most creative. He more than any other is a poet of pure being. He is a great poet not because he tells you how it is with *him* — as, for example, the “confessional” poets endlessly do — but how it can be with you. When you read him, you realize with a great surge of astonishment and joy

that, truly, you are not yet dead.

Roethke came to possess this ability slowly. *The Glass House* is like a long letter by a friend, telling how he came to have it. The friend’s concern and occasional bewilderment about the subject are apparent, and also some of the impatience that Roethke’s self-indulgent conduct often aroused even in those closest to him. But the main thrust of his life, his emergence from Saginaw, Michigan (of all places), into the heroic role of an artist working against the terrible odds of himself for a new vision, is always clear; clearer than it ever was to Roethke, who aspired to self-transcendence but continually despaired of attaining it.

HEROIC Roethke certainly was; he struggled against more than most men are aware is possible. His guilt and panic never left him. No amount of praise could ever have been enough to reassure him or put down his sense of chagrin and bafflement over his relationship to his father, the florist Otto Roethke, who died early in Roethke’s life and so placed himself beyond reconciliation. None of his lies — of being a nationally ranked tennis player,

of having an "in" with the Detroit "Purple Gang," of having all kinds of high-powered business interests and hundreds of women in love with him — would ever have shriven him completely, but these lures and ruses and deceptions did enable him to exist, though painfully, and to write; they were the paraphernalia of the wounded artist who cannot survive without them.

These things Seager deals with incisively and sympathetically. He is wonderful on the genesis of the poetry, and his accounts of Roethke's greatest breakthrough, the achievement of what Kenneth Burke calls his "greenhouse line," are moving indeed, and show in astonishing detail the extent to which Roethke lived his poems and identified his bodily existence with them in one animistic rite after another.

On days when he was not teaching, he moped around Shingle Cottage alone, scribbling lines in his notebooks, sometimes, he told me, drinking a lot as a deliberate stimulus (later he came to see alcohol as a depressant and used to curb his manic states), popping out of his clothes, wandering around the cottage naked for a while, then dressing slowly, four or five times a day. There are some complex "birthday-suit" meanings here, the ritual of starting clean like a baby, casting one's skin like a snake, and then donning the skin again. It was not exhibitionism. No one saw. It was all a kind of magic.

He broke through to what had always been there; he discovered his childhood in a new way, and found the way to tell it, not "like it was" but as it might have been if it included all its own meanings, rhythms, and symbolic extensions. He found, in other words, the form for it: *his* form. Few writers are so obviously rooted (and in Roethke's case the word has special connotations because the poet has so magnificently put them there) in their childhood as Roethke, and Seager shows us in just what ways this was so: the authoritarian Prussian father and his specialized and exotic (especially in frozen, logged-out Saginaw) vocation of florist, the greenhouse, the "far field" behind it, the game park, the strange, irreducible life of stems and worms, the protection of fragile blooms by steam pipes, by eternal vigilance, and by getting "in there" with the plants and working with them as they not only required but seemed to want. Later there are the early efforts to write, the drinking, the first manic states, the terrible depressions, the marriage to Beatrice O'Connell (a former student of his at Bennington), the successive books, the prizes, the recognitions, the travels, the death at fifty-six.

I doubt very much if Roethke will ever have another biography as good as this one. And yet something is wrong here, even so. One senses too much of an effort to mitigate certain traits of

Roethke's, particularly in regard to his relations with women. It may be argued that a number of people's feelings and privacy are being spared, and that may be, as has been adjudged in other cases, reason enough to be reticent. And yet a whole — and very important — dimension of the subject has thereby been left out of account, and one cannot help believing that a writer of Seager's ability and fierce honesty would have found a way to deal with it if he had not been constrained. To his credit, however, he does his best to suggest what he cannot overtly say. For it is no good to assert, as some have done, that Roethke was a big lovable clumsy affectionate bear who just incidentally wrote wonderful poems. It is no good to insist that Seager show "the good times as well as the bad" in anything like equal proportions; these are not the proportions of the man's life. The driving force of him was agony, and to know him we must know all the forms it took. The names of people may be concealed, but the incidents we must know. It is far worse to leave these matters to rumor than to entrust them to a man of Seager's integrity.

Mrs. Roethke, in especial, must be blamed for this wavering of purpose, this evasiveness that was so far from Seager's nature as to seem to belong to someone else. It may be that she has come to regard herself as the sole repository of the "truth" of Roethke, which is understandable as a human — particularly a wifely — attitude, but is not pardonable in one who commissions a biography from a serious writer. Allan Seager was not a lesser man than Roethke, someone to be sacrificed to another writer's already overguarded reputation. As a human being he was altogether more admirable than his subject. He was a hard and devoted worker, and he believed deeply in this book; as he said, he had acted out much of it himself. If he hadn't spent the last years of his life on *The Glass House*, he might have been able to finish the big novel he had been working on for years. As it was — thanks again to Mrs. Roethke, who, in addition to other obstacles she placed in Seager's way, even refused him permission to quote her husband's poems — he died without knowing whether all the obstacles had been removed.

Certainly this is a dreadful misplacement of loyalty, for Roethke deserves the monument that this book could have been. He had, almost exclusively by his art, all but won out over his babydom, of which this constant overprotectiveness on the part of other people was the most pernicious part. He deserved to be treated, at last, as a man as well as a great poet. And it should be in the *exact* documentation of this triumph — this heroism — that we ought to see him stand forth with no excuses made, no whitewash needed. Seager had

all the gifts: the devotion to his subject, the personal knowledge of it, the talent and the patience and the honesty, and everything but the time and the cooperation, and above all, the recognition of his own stature as an artist with a great personal stake in the enterprise. He died of lung cancer last May.

Since I was close to the book for some time, I

am bound to be prejudiced; I am glad to be. Even allowing for prejudice, however, I can still say that this is the best biography of an American poet I have read since Philip Horton's *Hart Crane*, and that it is like no other. God knows what it would have been if Allan Seager had had his way, had been able to do the job he envisioned, even as he lay dying.

IN THE LAP OF A DREAM

(from the Notebooks of Theodore Roethke) 1948-1949

I often laughed in the middle of the night.

*

My bones whisper to my blood; my sleep deceives me.
This motion is larger than air; wider than water;
Fly, fly, spirit. A strange shape nestles in my nerves.
Whisper back to me, wit. I'm ready to be alive . . .

*

Stay with me, breath, while I cross the trestle.
Don't go away while I sleep . . .
I feel the eaters watching . . . from across the lake.
The curtain's no good. They see me even from behind the webs:
You ape's tail, it's your crossing time,
You can't always have a flat path.
Wing-dippers, they're brushing the bush of smells,
Whoo-ha, it's Old Harry, he's begun sewing my ears.
Once he held me over a tub of water.
Lap, lap the wind, and the pond wrinkled.
Is that a bird in the chimney?
I can hear a flower breathing.
There's a dead leaf scraping around the lilacs . . .
Again, that play of wings, a slow brushing.
Nobody believes me:
They're coming over the stones . . .
I lay all alone
In the lap of a dream,
Far from the waters
That were my home.
Rocks began flowing
Down my valley,
The ground cried out
My secret name.
Alas, alas, that skin-soft courage . . .
But why, then, all these backward jumps, the mooring by dead water?

I had waves and singing birds even on the bottom bough.
 Even the stinks talked.
 Shapes would sing and withdraw, purest at evening,
 In the last afterlight when I lived close . . .
 When leaves were alive, I clung tight to the side of a stone.
 It never left me, the wall of blossoms.
 My nose was never afraid. I blubbed with the eyes of a turtle . . .
 How certain the light has become,
 The dust has walked out of my house.
 How I love this wood, the summery shafts of tomorrow . . .
 The waters are breaking with light.
 I hear him high in the tree.
 The sun, the sun is coming.

*

Dear God, I want it all: the depths and the heights.

*

You can't walk away from your own shadow;
 I have observed the quiet around the opening flower,
 The numinous ring surrounding the bud-sheathes . . .
 The point is, dear father, if I don't stop soon,
 I'm going to become a sun-tanned idiot boy . . .
 I have basted the meat and eaten the bones;
 I've kept grandpa from crying into his beard;
 All I ask is a way out of slop;
 Loose me into grace, papa,
 I'm up to here and I can't stop.
 I can't scratch anymore. My lips need more than a snifter.
 Give me the pure mouth of a worm;
 I'll feed on leaves; I'm a knob waiting for the opening squeak.
 Why must I wait here, sitting on my hat?
 Who else caught the burning bush?
 I'm blistered from insights.
 Several times I've heard the slow sigh of what is,
 The moaning under the stones,
 And the flames flashing off wings, burning but not consuming.
 But then, what happened? I lapsed back into that same terrible calm,
 No more than a nose in a grave, the pits of an ugly dream.

*

Deliver me from myself: my journeys are all the same, father.
 Ends, ends, pursue me.

*

It's a day for a wild dog. Don't speak of it.
 This light leaves me behind.

*

Semblance, Semblance, I'm cursed by the half-perceived.
 Something has thickened my sight:
 A scared dog cowering in a dream.

*

Let instinct caper its crooked mile.

*

I'm just a slavering dog among these lambs:
A man immensely dead, a pair of paws.

*

My bones, beware. This flesh is settling down
And squeezes what I have . . .

*

I rasp like a sick dog; I can't find my life.

*

Through a web of a dream
My toes are alone, soft in the bog.
Nothing, touch nothing. This is the rat's change.

*

I'm lost in my name.

*

I must be more than what I see. Oh, Jesus,
Save this roaring boy riding the devil's blast.

*

My hair grows an inch — I too am a world.

*

An intense terrifying man: eating himself up with **rage**.

*

Such a one as never milked a mother.

*

You had the answers, caglet,
Before you left the principality of tears
And stinks: already scruffed with lice,
Knowing the basest life of sticks, the slops
Of air flung by what greasy rains came there.
I met a man, a ruddy deceiver. He went behind
The wind. Pilaster's me shadow, you known ghost:
Galumphing toward me; a blond and booted jack,
Half-hair, half-horn. I live and I suppose
An angel's offering. Space dropped me with a sigh:
Egg-headed, bald, a roaring bright behind,
Between a periwinkle and a crass baboon . . .

*

It's ha, it's hay,
It's jig-jig and jay,
And what do you do with the hindmost?



Roethke at home in Seattle, Washington

*

I practice at walking the void.

*

Ah, the jounce of his juice, a roundy bouncer
He was, sleeping, even alone, into more than himself.

*

A rampant triumphant fleshly mysticism . . .
Einstein, we're going up . . .
All prior negatives call. The ill partake of this nature,
The full spasm of human nature, not blankness and beauty.

*

It's all I can do, he said, to hold onto life.

*

The upward turnings of the leaves,
The firs, those heaven-stretchers . . .
My world's a pillow that retains my smell:
Hell's neither cold nor hot for the unwell:
The fields extend themselves to please the eye;
I can forgo their bleak felicity;
I would and I would not; all changes greet me . . .

*

He acquired, painfully, all the pleasures of a lunatic.

*

Such hops and leaps!
Sighs, sighs had no sequence, I lay among twigs

Roethke photographs by Mary Randlett.

A blinking hulk, a fat man sick of himself,
Waiting behind the weeds . . .

*

The feeling: you are alone in the room. If you turn around you will not be there.

*

This hero has no horse: he's live and like
An uncle: look, he's groping for the sill,
Clutching at chairs. That's not enough
To keep him steady. La, la, the light falls.
I'm here alone . . . breathing like a seal.
A sleek nose snoring by a light.
My other self has gone away.
When the owls come I'll be there . . .

*

All your ideas, put together, make a well-appointed nightmare.

*

Inhabited by visions that
Sweep out to the door,
He can scarcely hold his hat:
The winds wipe up the floor.
Looks, once nature to the eye,
Flee like startled mice;
All the things that he lived by
He must value twice . . .

*

Death blossomed in his eyes . . .

*

Hurry, hysteric, we wake, those dreams forgotten:
The pool pellucid by which we sit.

*

The weekends in ecstasy, father, I find slightly wearing.
In the end I always return to the same tanks and sheds of desolation,
The garbage cans are still there, and the walls with the ugly blood.
The mirrors are filmy. My neighbor wants to talk about human considerations . . .
I must grow thin, father. Give back my hair and I'll put some straw in it . . .

*

The wind died with the light . . .
Sweet dear, I am away: this thinning tree
Reminds me of myself: who's left and daft,
We're all mad . . .

(Arranged by David Wagoner)

ON MISUNDERSTANDING STUDENT REBELS

by Martin Duberman

The author, a playwright and biographer of James Russell Lowell, teaches history at Princeton. He is completing a study of the experimental college community at Black Mountain, North Carolina, to be published by Random House. Mr. Duberman's essay continues a discussion of "the war against the young," initiated by Richard Poirier in the October ATLANTIC. Other views in this many-sided argument will appear in our pages over the next several months.

THE Young, it is becoming clear, are regarded with considerable hatred in our country. Resentment against them cannot be explained simply as a reaction to the style of a particular generation, for in recent years the young have been attacked on such divergent grounds that the grounds themselves take on the appearance of pretext. In the 1950s we denounced students for their inertia, their indifference to public questions, their absorption in the rituals of fraternities and football, their dutiful pursuit of "achievement." In the 1960s we condemn them for the opposite qualities: for their passion, their absorption in public questions, their disgust with the trivia of college parties and athletics, their refusal to settle for mechanical processes of education.

Since the past two college generations have been denounced with equal vehemence for opposite inclinations, it seems plausible to conclude that it is not those inclinations but the very fact of their youth that makes them the target for so much murderous abuse. This conclusion may seem to contradict the fact that American society, above all others, is known for its adoration of youth. But that itself, paradoxically, is one cause of adult hostility: our youth-obsessed elders resent the

eighteen-year-old's easy possession of the good looks and high spirits they so desperately simulate.

Adult anger at the physical superiority of the young has usually been contained by the comforting assumption that eighteen-year-olds are at least the moral, intellectual, and emotional inferiors of their elders. College students have traditionally been viewed as apprentices, almost as supplicants. And until recently they accepted their role as dutiful petitioners for entry into the world of adult insight and skill.

As no one needs reminding, they no longer accept that role, though most of their elders continue the struggle to confine them to it. Today's eighteen-to-twenty-year-old considers himself an adult, by which he does not mean (as so many forty-year-olds unconsciously do) that he has ceased growing, but that he has grown up enough to make his own decisions. In every sense, even statistically, his case is a strong one.

The weight of recent physiological and psychological evidence establishes the student claim that today's eighteen-year-olds mature more rapidly than those of earlier generations. Physically, they are taller and heavier than their counterparts at the turn of the century. Boys reach puberty around

age fourteen, and girls begin to menstruate at the average age of twelve years, nine months (in both cases almost two years earlier than in 1900).

Moreover, there is much evidence that this earlier physical maturity is matched by emotional and intellectual precocity. According to Dr. C. Keith Connors, director of the Child Development Laboratory at Massachusetts General Hospital, both emotional and intellectual growth are today largely completed by age eighteen. By this Dr. Connors means that the difficult trials of adolescence are over, the basic patterns of personality have become stabilized, and the ability to reason abstractly — to form hypotheses and make deductions — has been established. This does not mean, of course, that no further maturity is possible after age eighteen. Additional information and experience do (or at least should) provide material for continuing reassessments. But that, of course, is (or should be) true of all of us.

In terms of knowledge already possessed, moreover, the graduating high school senior of today, thanks both to the media and to the stepped-up pace of academic work, is well informed on any number of topics — the new math, say, or the physical properties of the atom — of which his elders are ignorant. And as for experience, I am not at all sure that the eighteen-year-old who has had his senses activated by early sexual relations, strobe lights, pot, soul, and rock, and his political instincts honed by Vietnam, the draft, and the civil rights movement, should not be considered more vitally alive, more instinctually sound, than the typical forty-year-old who has spent his additional twenty years glued to the tube, the routinized job, the baseball and stock statistics.

THE ACADEMIC MANDARINS

It is bad enough that we have refused to extend to students the rights and responsibilities which their maturity warrants. What is perhaps worse is that many of those who hold positions of power or prestige in our universities have learned so little from the upheavals which that refusal has produced. A recent spate of books and articles by such men demonstrates anew their uneducability; they make it clear, by their continuing patronization and belittlement, that students still have an uphill fight in their struggle to be taken seriously.

One case in point, though not the most egregious, is that of George F. Kennan. When Kennan's article "Rebels Without a Program" (aptly characterized by Richard Poirier as "a new containment policy for youth") appeared in the New York Times Sunday Magazine for January 21, 1968, it drew such an unprecedented reply from students and teachers (including a letter from me) that the

Atlantic Monthly Press decided to issue the article, the replies, and a lengthy rebuttal by Kennan as a separate volume, *Democracy and the Student Left*. In that rebuttal, Kennan does acknowledge that the public questions agitating the country are indeed "so harrowing" and "harbor such apocalyptic implications that it is silly to suggest," as he originally had, that college students should go about their studies as usual.

But having acknowledged that "harrowing" problems face the country, Kennan proceeds, by a curious indirection, to minimize them. He lectures student activists on their "inability to see and enjoy the element of absurdity in human behavior" (adding, gratuitously, that he suspects their love lives, no less than their politics, are "tense, anxious, defiant and joyless"), on their "social science" rhetoric, and on their indifference to "nature as a possible compensating or sustaining factor in the face of social or political frustration." Kennan fails, however, to make clear how the merit of the issues the students raise in any way depends on the "inadequate" manner in which they raise them. I, for one, cannot see how the Vietnam War or the plight of our ghetto-dwellers might become more attractive or tolerable if viewed with an awareness of "the element of absurdity in human behavior" or described in a rhetoric free of social science jargon or escaped from by periodic trips to the wilderness.

Kennan insists that the students' obliviousness to nature, *et al*, is symptomatic of their "lack of interest in the creation of any real style and distinction of personal life generally." By which he means, as he goes on to specify, their lack of "manners," their untidiness, their disinterest in "personal hygiene," their refusal to cultivate the "amenities." It is debatable that this description is either accurate or significant, as applied to the nonpolitical, drug-oriented "hippies," but it is certainly not a valid description of campus activists, the ostensible subjects of Kennan's critique.

The main point, of course, is not that the new generation lacks "any real style," but that Kennan is unable to perceive much of its distinctiveness. Kennan is a good eighteenth-century *philosophe*, distrustful of "enthusiasm," and preoccupied with the rationalist credo of restraint and temperance in all things. Since "passion" is suspect, it follows (albeit unconsciously) that no injustice warrants fervent disapproval. What the new generation believes and Kennan apparently does not is that "moderation" can itself become a form of paralysis, even of immorality — like the moderate protest of Pope Pius XII against the extermination of Jews.

If Kennan's condescension toward the different life-style of the young were peculiar to him, it could be more readily ignored. But in fact his

attitude is the characteristic response of the older generation to the younger. Any number of other examples are possible, but I will mention only two of the more prominent: Sidney Hook and Jacques Barzun.

Hook has published two statements (that I know of) on the recent ferment at Columbia, a long article, "The Prospects of Academe," in *Encounter* for August, 1968, and a brief note in the *Psychiatry and Social Science Review*. It is difficult to choose between them in deciding the high point to date for gray-bearded arrogance. In the shorter piece Hook flatly states that the Columbia rebels "had no grievances," and that they were interested solely in "violence, obscenity and hysterical insult." In the longer article Hook characterizes the protesters as "callow and immature adolescents" whose dominant mood, like that of all adolescents, is "irrationalism." While denouncing students for their passion, this self-appointed defender of "reason" and of the university as the "citadel of reason" himself indulges in a rhetoric so inflamed ("Fanatics don't lack sincerity. . . . They drip with sincerity — and when they have power, with blood — other people's blood") that by comparison the most apocalyptic students seem models of sobriety. Hook even declares that "there are some things one should not be moderate about" — which is exactly what the student activists (and Barry Goldwater) have said. The students, of course, mean it is acceptable to be passionately against war and racism. Hook (and Goldwater) mean it is acceptable to be passionately against those who passionately protest war and racism.

THE CASE OF JACQUES BARZUN

Hook's themes — that college students are adolescents, that the best proof of their childishness is that they are "emotional" and that emotion (in others) is bad — are to be found in their most explicit form in Jacques Barzun's new book, *The American University*. In a note in the book's preface Barzun, who was dean of faculties and provost at Columbia from 1958 to 1967, explains that the manuscript was in the hands of the publisher six weeks before the student outbreak on April 23, 1968. But lest we be tempted on that account to excuse some of the positions he adopts in his book, Barzun further adds that despite the outbreak he has "found no reason to change or add to the substance of what I had written months earlier." Among the views he has found no need to modify is his statement that Grayson Kirk has always shown himself "ready and eager for progressive changes." Barzun does not pause to define "progressive," but one can't help thinking he uses the word in its original sense to describe the reforms that preceded World War I.

Certainly nothing in his attitude toward students would place him beyond the year 1915.

Barzun begins his discussion of the college population by adopting the Olympian view: they are, after all, young men, and that means "turbulence is to be expected, heightened nowadays by the presence of girls. . . ." In other words, a certain amount of inherent anger adheres to the condition of being young (it is a "condition," in Barzun's view), and anger must find its outlet. The nature of the outlet is almost a matter of indifference: if "the people of the town" do not provide a convenient target, well then, it might just as well be politics.

Still in the Olympian vein, Barzun further suggests — it is as close as he ever comes to implicating society — that "perhaps our lack of proper ceremonies for initiation into the tribe leaves the young to devise their own proof of manhood." Barzun loves dismissing the young with this kind of casual irony. Its elegant offhandedness is a useful device for keeping a proper distance between the generations. It is also useful — though of this Barzun seems unaware — for expressing the savagery which he likes to think is confined to the student population. Barzun claims the undergraduates would themselves welcome rites of initiation, for what they really want, he insists, is more, not less, discipline. When they speak of the impersonality of the university, they mean, it seems, "the looseness of its grip upon them." Kennan makes the same point in almost the same words: students are currently objecting to parietal rules, he asserts, because "the rules have relaxed too much rather than that they have been relaxed too little." According to both men, students are starved for structure, are desperate to be introduced to the rigors of logic. In Barzun's phrasing, they are looking for "order," for "intellectual habits"; they sense that this is the balance they need, for like all youngsters they are in a "fever and frenzy," "their mind is monopolized by their inner life."

To meet this "rage for order," Barzun and Kennan posit a properly antiseptic university, a place of "respite and meditation" whose "proper work," in Barzun's phrase, is "in the catacombs under the strife-torn crossroads." He fills this subterranean cemetery with properly lifeless figures; they are "somewhat hushed," they give pause, as at Chartres, to the "spiritual grandeur of their surroundings." Yet just as one begins to feel, in the rush of Christian imagery, that Barzun has spent so many years surrounded by campus Gothic as to have lost all sense of distinction between the university and the church, he stoutly declares that *his* catacombs will not be peopled by early Christians. He dislikes that breed; it was marked by the same distasteful qualities he associates with today's young radicals:

"indifference to clothes and cleanliness, a distrust and neglect of reasoning . . . a freedom in sexuality, which is really a lowering of its intensity and value . . . and — most symptomatic — a free field given to the growth of hair."

Barzun also shares with Kennan and Hook the proposition that "emotion" has no place on campus, and that since student rebels tend to be emotional, it can be safely assumed they are also unreliable. All three men equate (and thereby confuse) "emotion" with "irrationality," and all employ a vocabulary of neat opposites — "reason" versus "emotion" — that separates what our experience combines. They see education as "the cultivation and tempering of the mind" but fail to see that "enthusiasm" is one path by which that tempering proceeds. (For an understanding of the role emotion might and should play in learning, they would do well to read a remarkable new book by George B. Leonard, *Education and Ecstasy*. Though Leonard's discussion is chiefly centered on the lower grades, almost everything he says has applicability to higher education as well, especially his remark that schools as presently structured tame the "unnamed powers" of their students — their chief effect is to "limit possibilities, narrow perceptions and bring the individual's career as a learner (changer) to an end." Leonard foresees schools where the children will not emerge as mere knowledge machines but as beings who have also learned about their bodies, emotions, and senses. His is as authentically the voice of the future as Barzun's is that of the past.)

Barzun is also huffy at other "nonsense" currently being peddled about teaching, especially the idea that teacher and student should explore together, each learning from the other. This view, he asserts, has done "immense harm to both parties. The teacher has relaxed his efforts while the student has unleashed his conceit." And of what does that "conceit" consist? Barzun is quick to tell us: the conviction that they (the students) have something to contribute. "Only rarely," he declares, with a hauteur appropriate to the century from which most of his ideas spring, does a teacher "hear from a student a fact he does not know or a thought that is original and true . . . to make believe that their knowledge and his are equal is an abdication and a lie."

And so we are back, as always in Barzun's schema, to the confinement of his starting assumption: students are children and, usually, fools. His contempt for undergraduates is pervasive. They are, very simply, not to be trusted; "student reliability is at a low ebb," he warns, and especially in that of radical students, who have but one purpose: to destroy. The evidence Barzun marshals to justify his contempt is so exasperatingly trivial (as well as suspect in its accuracy) that it de-

means its compiler far more than the students. The undergraduates, he asserts, cheat a lot on exams and papers; they obtain pocket money by stealing books from the college bookstore; they keep library books out as long as they like and let fines go unpaid; they deny their roommates "the slightest considerateness"; students of both sexes live "pig-style" in their dormitories; their conversations "usually cannot follow a logical pattern," and so on.

The first thing to be said about these accusations is that Barzun has seized upon the occasional practices of a few undergraduates in order to damn a whole generation. The second is that even if these qualities did characterize a whole generation, they hardly seem heinous when compared with the sins of the fathers — when compared, that is, with racism at home and imperialism abroad.

The distressing consequence of this obsession with the peccadillos of the young is an avoidance of those genuinely important problems to which the young are calling attention. Mandarins like Barzun, Kennan, and Hook are so preoccupied with manners that they forget matter. They are so certain of the rightness of their own patterns of thought and action and so eager to denounce all deviations by the young from those patterns that they blind themselves (and others) to the serious questions this new generation has raised — questions about the nature of education, the proper functions of a university, the very quality of American life.

WHAT ACTIVISTS ARE REALLY LIKE

A dozen or so studies have been made of student activists at a variety of universities, and the findings have been conveniently summarized in a recent essay by Stanford's Nevitt Sanford. The group portrait that emerges (confirmed by Kenneth Keniston's new book, *Young Radicals*) is strikingly different from the slanderous one being peddled by Messrs. Barzun and Hook.

The activists, first of all, constitute only a small minority, though a growing one, of all college students; at Berkeley, for example, their number is put at about 15 percent. Second, there are important differences, in almost all measurable categories, between activists on the campus and other students. The activists score consistently higher on a wide variety of personality tests, including theoretical skills, aesthetic sensitivity, degree of psychological autonomy, and social maturity. They are also the better students, with significantly higher grade-point averages than the nonactivists. In trying to account for the recent emergence of student activism, Sanford points to various changes since the 1930s in family life and child training.

But he feels that student activism is primarily a response to social conditions both within the university and in the world at large. Since the latter are the more widely known determinants of student rebelliousness, I will confine my remarks to conditions in the university.

One set of grievances on the campus centers on what does — or does not — go on in the classroom. As David Riesman has written, "Colleges on the whole have been very backward as compared with industry or the Army in their curiosity about their own inner processes." Until recently they have accepted lectures, grading, and examinations as part of the Natural Order of Things and have seen no reason to question the long-standing assumptions that Teacher is the possessor and arbiter of Truth, that his function is to transmit knowledge (narrowly defined as accumulated information) to students, and that their function is to memorize it.

Any challenge to this conventional wisdom is still viewed with scorn by the vast majority of faculty and administrators — and of the student population as well. Barzun, for example, gives short shrift to any protest against grades and tests; "no person by way of being educated," he announces, "resents examinations; they are so instructive." Should a student activist or one of his allies among the younger faculty reply that exams and grades chiefly instruct students in how to please their professors, in how to compete with one another, in how to settle for orthodox questions and answers, and in how to suppress their own originality, Barzun's answer would be — hogwash. He sees the activists' demand for autonomy and for the freedom to pursue their own lines of inquiry as cant, as another example of their "mental confusion." By way of proof, Barzun triumphantly recounts a recent episode in a large Midwestern university: when students in a philosophy of education class of 300 complained that they had little say in their own education, the professor asked how many did in fact want to take responsibility for their work, and only ten hands went up. The moral, as Barzun draws it, is that students calling for self-regulation merely "ape the advertiser's soapy mind." But that is not the moral at all. Our educational system has been so successful in turning out automatons that the vast majority of its products are terrified at the thought of taking over responsibility for their own lives. The fact that only ten hands went up is itself a severe indictment of our educational practices. Instead of proving that "all is well," it proves that we are in desperate trouble — that maybe only 3.3 percent of our *citizens* are willing to make their own decisions.

Barzun similarly misses the point the undergraduate dissenters are making about the lecture

system. That point has been well put in a recent issue of the *Yale Alumni Magazine* by Alan Weiner, a graduating senior. The present system, he wrote, encourages "debilitating dependence"; each student, taking dutiful notes at lecture, produces by the end of the semester (and for exams) a "paraphrased copy" of the lecturer's text, "one copy differing from the other less in content than in penmanship." Weiner recognizes that lectures, at their best, can be useful — a good lecture can provide a lucid introduction to some particularly difficult area of study so that the student "is spared the initial paralysis of venturing alone into *terra incognita*"; it can offer a fundamental re-interpretation not yet published or widely accepted; and it can "show a brilliant man in the process of putting ideas together." But such moments in the lecture room are rare, so rare that they do not justify the maintenance of a system which far more typically inculcates sloppiness, omniscience, plagiarism, and theatricality in the lecturer, and passivity, boredom, resentment, and cynicism in the student.

And what is the answer of men like Barzun to the growing resentment of the lecture system? That the protesters do not understand the true nature of their dissatisfaction. The real trouble, Barzun declares, is that the university has "let lapse the *formality* of lecturing — its form — which was its principal merit." What is wanted by way of change, in other words, is not to dismantle the lecture system but to return it to its pristine shape, to reintroduce "formal presentation" and even "staginess and rhetorical effects," since these impart something Barzun labels "didactic energy." Given this gross misreading of student discontent, it might be well to remember in speaking hereafter of the "generation gap" that incomprehension is not confined to one side.

WHERE THE SYSTEM FAILS

Discontent with teaching practices in our universities embraces more than the lecture system. Even where small seminars or discussion groups prevail (an expensive device few universities can afford), the needs of the students are not given anything like equal consideration with the needs of teachers. As two students in the *Yale Daily News* recently put it, the present system fails to help undergraduates appropriate facts and skills "in the interest of making lives, not just living." In assuming that the university's main, almost exclusive, function is to produce and transmit information, we have given top priority to promoting those faculty members most likely to assist in the manufacture of knowledge. This means, of course, that the university has come to be staffed chiefly by

those concerned with research and writing rather than those concerned with educating the young — that is, with helping them to discover what their interests and talents are, in helping them to change. As Alfred North Whitehead said long ago, “So far as the mere imparting of information is concerned, no university has had any justification for existence since the popularisation of printing in the fifteenth century.” Yet most professors do look on the imparting of information as the sum and substance of their responsibility. They make little or no effort to show, either in their subject or in their person, how knowledge can influence conduct and inform action (which, as William Arrow-smith has pointed out, is not really surprising, since they are themselves products of the same noneducation).

Most professors are interested only in students who are themselves potential scholars; they are concerned with training future colleagues, not with helping the individual young person grow in his own directions. The lack of interest taken by most professors in most students, their refusal to reveal or engage more than a small share of their own selves, have made many of the best students cynical about knowledge and about those who purvey it. They hoped to find in their professors models on whom they might pattern their lives; instead they find narrow specialists busy with careers, with government contracts, with the augmentation of status and income. They hoped to find a curriculum which would help them to uncover and pursue their interests; instead they find one primarily tailored to the needs of the faculty specialists. They hoped to discover a mode of living which would help them to integrate their intellectual curiosity with the demands of their senses and emotions; instead they find, in Erich Fromm’s words, an education “more and more cerebral . . . [where] people are taught concepts, but are not taught or confronted with the experience which corresponds to these concepts.” They hoped to find some acknowledgment of their worth and some encouragement toward its further development; instead they find disinterest, patronization, overt dislike. They find, in short, what Nietzsche called “the advancement of learning at the expense of man.”

With considerable justice, therefore, the students, particularly the more talented and sensitive ones, reject the university and its faculty as self-serving, self-justifying, self-enclosed. They learn to seek their education — the expanding of insight and option — outside the formal academic curriculum, to seek it in talk and games with friends, in films, clothes, and cars, in Sergeant Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band, in the lyrics of Bob Dylan, in the Doors, in pot and acid. And if some of these sources prove as phony or as dangerous as the mechanical exercises

of the campus, surely much of the responsibility lies with an academic community that has encouraged, almost forced, its students to look for life-enhancement where it can.

IS THE UNIVERSITY A DEMOCRACY?

Most of the powers within the academic community will not even acknowledge the right of students to complain, let alone the cogency of those complaints. To the request that they be allowed a voice in planning the curriculum, a Jacques Barzun replies that they have done nothing to “earn” a voice. To the lament that their studies seem outmoded or irrelevant, Barzun retorts that “relevance is a relationship in the mind and not a property of things” — which apparently means that although students might want to study urban affairs, if they will instead study cockle shells *in the right way*, they will discover all there is to know about life in the ghettos. And to the students’ suggestion that they have some formal power in such matters as choosing faculty, passing on applications for admission, or helping to decide on the expansion of the physical plant, Barzun responds with hoots of derision and George Kennan with cold anger.

Both gentlemen remind the undergraduates that the university is not, and was never meant to be, a democracy. Barzun does believe that students should have the right of self-government in their own dormitories, for he acknowledges that they are “socially mature enough not to need domestic proctoring” (a curious and seemingly arbitrary departure from his usual premise that undergraduates are children). But Kennan will not go even this far in extending power to undergraduates. The university, by virtue of its position as owner of the dormitories, has no choice in Kennan’s view but “to lay down certain minimal norms for the manner in which that use can proceed. This would be true,” he insists, “even if the inhabitants were older people.” But it is not true, for Kennan’s (and my own) university, Princeton, owns a great deal of faculty housing, and in none of it are the tenants subjected to the demeaning regulations in regard to visitors, and so on, which are imposed upon the students.

With the exception of this disagreement over parietal rules, Barzun and Kennan are firmly united in their contention that the university cannot and should not be a democracy. Kennan, in this instance, is the more peremptory of the two. “Even if university trustees and administrators had a right to shift a portion of their responsibilities for university affairs to the student, which they do not,” he writes, the student would in any case “be unqualified to receive it.” The very suggestion, he

warns, is part of the current tendency of American society "to press upon the child a premature external adulthood."

Barzun rests most of his case on the grounds of impracticality. The university cannot function as a democracy, he argues, because it is "extremely difficult to get from student bodies either a significant vote, or a council or committee that is representative. . . . Add that student newspapers have long ceased to purvey anything approaching a public opinion, and it is clear that democracy is that last name a political scientist would apply to the government by outcry which has lately gained favor as an extracurricular activity." The absurdity of this argument (and its loaded terminology) is best seen when placed in another context. Is it *easy* to get a "significant" or "representative" vote from the United States Congress? Do our commercial newspapers "purvey anything approaching a public opinion"? Shall we, on those accounts, abandon both the Congress and the public press as unworkable institutions? In trying to make a case against democracy in the university, in other words, Barzun has forced himself—I assume, inadvertently—into making a case against democracy in general. The "insurmountable obstacles" which he finds to democratic institutions on the campus are likewise in the path of democracy within the larger society. Indeed, they loom less large on campus; given the limited size of a university, the opinions of its constituency could be canvassed and tabulated far more easily than in the society as a whole—that is, if the will to do so existed.

The other argument most often heard for denying students any say in university affairs is that they are "mere transients." True, but so are many professors, and so (to change the context) are members of the House of Representatives, who are elected for only two years. Besides, the *interests* of the student population do not shift as often as the population itself; Clark Kerr, in fact, detects signs that students are beginning to look upon themselves as a "class." But even if the interests of the undergraduates did continually change (and they probably should), life does, after all, belong to the living, or, in the case of the universities, a campus to its *present* constituents.

THE UNIVERSITY AS LANDLORD

In addition to student grievances over what happens in the classroom and on the campus, there is another major source of disaffection: the university's relationship to the world around it—its role as landlord of neighboring property, and, on the broader canvas, its role as the recipient of government largesse and provider of government expertise.

The upheavals of last spring at Columbia brought to focus the problem of the university's relationship to the society at large. One of two key issues during that upheaval was Columbia's pending construction of a gym in a public park used by Harlem residents. This issue by itself might be thought of minor importance (if, that is, one is not a resident of Harlem), but in fact it was the latest of a long series of encroachments by Columbia into the surrounding ghetto, an encroachment which usually involved evicting tenants with little concern for their wishes and welfare. (Even now Columbia continues its encroachment; as James Ridgeway reports in his new book, *The Closed Corporation: American Universities in Crisis*, Columbia is still secretly extending its real estate holdings in Harlem, and its "relocation office" is still forcing families out of buildings it wants to tear down.)

Various groups, including students, faculty, Harlem residents, and the city, had appealed to the Columbia administration to review its policies on the gym construction—all to no avail. It is simply false to say, as Sidney Hook has, that "instead of seeking peacefully to resolve them [grievances] through existing channels of consultation and deliberation, the SDS seeks to inflame them." Not only did student groups, including SDS, attempt to get a peaceful hearing, but they had to make those attempts against formidable obstacles, for as Amitai Etzioni, professor of sociology at Columbia, has written, "due process, even in the loose sense of established channels for expression and participation, is not institutionalized at Columbia or at most other universities."

Even after the upheavals of last spring, the suggestion that precise channels be established for student participation continues to infuriate men like Barzun. One would think that anyone who so deplores student "immaturity" would at least recognize the standard argument of psychologists that immaturity is prolonged, even heightened, by an exclusion from responsibility. But apparently, despite his rhetoric in defense of "orderly process," Barzun prefers occasional barricades to regularized communication.

He even goes so far as to deny the reality of issues like the gym construction. Universities must expand, he argues, and expansion inevitably brings conflict with the university's immediate neighbors. But shall the needs of several hundred citizens, he rhetorically asks, "prevail over the needs of . . . a national university?" Besides, the area around a university is usually a "deteriorating" one (as regards Columbia, Barzun has elsewhere referred to its surrounding neighborhood as "uninviting, abnormal, sinister, dangerous"), so it is a matter of simple "self-protection" for the university to take "steps." The "steps," as Barzun defines them,

include "bringing in the police against crime and vice, hiring special patrols, and buying real estate as fast as funds and the market permit." This might look, Barzun concedes, like "waging war on the inhabitants," but what they forget is that with the university's expansion goes "increased employment and trade." The residents of Harlem apparently do not see it that way, and they and their student allies have decided that all else failing, it becomes necessary to invoke the doctrine of "self-protection" for themselves as well. (In his long book, Barzun has almost no discussion of Columbia's relations with Harlem; when I came to a chapter entitled "Poverty in the Midst of Plenty," I thought I had finally come to a detailed review of those relations, but the chapter turned out instead to be about the financial problems of the university.)

WHY INNOVATION IS CRUCIAL

The second major issue in the Columbia dispute last spring concerned the university's affiliation with the Institute for Defense Analyses (IDA), an affiliation which in turn symbolized the university's dependence on government grants and involvement with government research. Barzun and others like to defend the university as a "center of research," and they contrast that "proper" function with the "misguided" one of the university becoming a center of "experience." But it is one thing to defend the university theoretically as a research center, and quite another to ask specifically "research in what and for what?"

The multiple and tangled relationships that have developed between our leading universities and the large corporations and the federal government raise doubts about the proper boundaries of "research." This is especially true of what James Ridgeway calls the university's "war machinery" — its complicity in everything from antisubmarine-warfare research at Columbia to counterinsurgency planning at the University of Michigan. Today more than two thirds of university research funds come from agencies of the federal government closely connected with defense matters, and about one quarter of the 200 largest industrial corporations in the country have university officials on their board of directors. It is certainly an open question these days whether the university is engaged in research in order to pursue "truth" or to acquire status, power, and profit. Columbia's own farcical involvement with

the Strickman cigarette filter is but one of many examples of the university's placing greed ahead of integrity.

There are, I should stress, no simple formulas for establishing the "right" relationship universities should form with public corporations and governments. It is *because* there are no easy answers that the matter should be subjected to open debate, with all interested parties bringing to bear their insights and perspectives. And by "all," I include students. They are rightly disturbed over the university's entanglement with war and private profit, and they ask that their concern be registered and their views considered. They are entitled to *nothing* less, for until students began to protest such matters as IDA affiliation, the universities were doing business as usual, blind to the implications of their own actions. The same is true of the university's record regarding innovation in education and the procedures of campus government — I mean real innovation, not the substitution of blue tape for red. Before student activists began forcing a variety of campus and classroom issues into the open, the university's concern was minimal.

What we are witnessing, then, is not a sporadic and superficial, but a sustained and far-reaching, attack on the university's smug and antique bearing. The student activists are not rebelling against their parents' values, but applying those values to the institutions with which they find themselves involved. They are not confused children, uncertain of their motives or aims, but determined adults who have found their education and their society seriously wanting.

I doubt if we have ever had a generation — or at least a minority of one — that has engaged itself so earnestly on the side of principled action, that valued people so dearly and possessions so little, that cared enough about our country to jeopardize their own careers within it, that wanted so desperately to lead open, honest lives and to have institutions and a society which would make such lives possible. It is a generation for which we should be immensely grateful and of which we should be immensely proud. Instead, we tell them that they are frenzied children; that we will try to be patient with them but that they should not push us too far; that they too in time will grow to understand the *real* ways of the world. To say that this condescension or blindness on the part of the older generation is a "pity" does not fit the dimensions of the case. It is a crime.

LESTER DRENTLUSS

TURNS BLACK

WITH DESIRE

by Calvin Trillin

I JUST found out today that a black man invented one of the parts absolutely essential to the air brake," Marcia Ann Gretnier said loudly. "I think it's shocking that white Americans simply weren't told about that. Don't you?"

They were gathered at the apartment of Howie Fox, an indefatigable amateur pianist, and they had to speak loudly to be heard over the noise of Howie playing his own adaptation of an Ibo war chant.

"Yes, where would we all be without the air brake?" Ardy Mandling said, nodding his head vigorously.

Standing at the edge of the group, Lester Drentluss wanted to add something, but all he could think of to say was "It's the only thing stopping us," and he was afraid that wouldn't be appropriate.

"Tell us whites that a black man wrote *Eugene O'negin*, and we're shocked out of our precious skins!" Elliot Bendel said.

Lester wondered why he could never think of anything to say when Marcia Ann Gretnier, whom he worshiped, was in the room. "How about 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny'?" he finally blurted out. Across the room, Howie Fox looked momentarily puzzled, and then shrugged and began to play "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny."

"No! No!" Lester said, when everybody turned to stare at Howie. "I meant that a black man wrote 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.' James A. Bland. He also wrote, 'Oh, Dem Golden Slippers.'"

"And also *The Amos 'n' Andy Show*?" Marcia Ann said sarcastically.

"No, I think 'In the Evening by the Moonlight' was his only other well-known work," Lester said, but by the way Marcia Ann glared at him he realized he had fumbled again.

When the subject of race had first become popular at Howie Fox's parties, around 1963, Lester was reasonably certain that if he attended the March on Washington he would be marching in step with (even if not precisely at the side of) Marcia Ann Gretnier — although, as it turned out, he missed the March on Washington, having been arrested for speeding on the New Jersey Turnpike by a vicious-looking Negro state trooper. Marcia Ann had definitely been in Washington for the March; Lester later heard her express outrage at a girl they knew named Rolly Rawlings for sending three dozen picnic lunches from the Brasserie to members of the Moss Point, Mississippi, NAACP Youth Council. "How could she bring herself to trade there after the way the French tortured an oppressed majority in Algeria?" Marcia Ann had said.

For some time after the March, Lester could be certain of Marcia Ann's presence at parties where whites gathered to be castigated by some prominent Negro for their part in four hundred years of rape and genocide, but he couldn't seem to get invited himself. "I can't understand it," he told Wendell Hammer, his friend and mentor. "I don't like to blow my own horn, but I do think I'm as guilty as anybody."

Lester could, of course, go to the public meetings that Marcia Ann was likely to attend, but he found them nerve-racking: Marcia Ann's views on race advanced so quickly that Lester never knew whether to go to a meeting prepared to applaud every speaker vehemently or to picket all of them as racists. After a while, he couldn't even count on Marcia Ann's presence at public meetings. One night, he attended a benefit concert given by Friends of the NAACP, only to discover the next morning that Marcia Ann had spent the evening denouncing the NAACP at a discotheque benefit called "An Evening of Frugging for the Student Non-Violent Co-ordinating Committee." He made it a point to attend the next SNCC benefit, but someone there told him that Marcia Ann was attending an oud recital held to raise bail for some members of the Black Vengeance Patrol.

Lester did occasionally see Marcia Ann at Howie Fox's, but he was beginning to feel that by the time he did enough research to be able to present a confident speech in support of one of Marcia Ann's positions, she was bound to be militantly committed to the opposite view. After he heard Marcia Ann rage at the de facto segregation caused by a slavish adherence to neighborhood schools, Lester made himself a lay expert on the subject — taking care to sit near a Negro, or at least a Puerto Rican, whenever he went to the library — and when he considered himself just about ready to offer a distinguished explanation of just why the concept of neighborhood schools was not really an integral

part of American educational history, he heard Marcia Ann say that only a racist would deny that people in black neighborhoods have the right to run their own schools for their own children. On the night Lester felt prepared to leap into the conversation with a speech about the success of a multiracial society in Hawaii and the findings of a renowned ecologist that the birds of the air and the beasts of the field actually *do* go around in integrated groups, Marcia Ann captivated the guests at Howie Fox's by reciting a poem entitled "Black Panthers Must Stalk with Black Panthers; Let White Buzzards



Keep to Their Flock." At one point, Lester felt pretty knowledgeable about an insurance company's project to create jobs for Negroes outside the ghettos, and at that point Marcia Ann let it be known that the only economic answer was to provide investment capital for Negroes inside Harlem. Lester immediately began looking into investment possibilities, and finally, months later, he was able to announce at Howie Fox's that he had joined a group of young white businessmen who had gathered together to back a Negro clothes designer and a Harlem dress store in a new line of maternity clothes called "Mother Jumpers."

"How does it feel to be a neocolonialist?" Marcia Ann said.

"It's impossible to keep up," Lester said to Wendell Hammer one night. "Whenever I was about to quote Martin Luther King, she was quoting Malcolm X. When I got the people in my office to sign a resolution against the poll tax, she had already persuaded her friend Marlene Golbhelder to start a Crispus Attucks Chapter of Hadassah in Larchmont. The other night, I was about to tell her about my Frederick Douglass poster when I noticed that she was wearing a button with a picture of Menelik II of Ethiopia. I don't know where to go from here."

"Why don't you invite her over for dinner?" Wendell asked.

"I don't think this is a time for joking," Lester said. "Why should she come to my house for dinner?"

"I think she'd come if you told her you were having a bunch of militant spades," Wendell said. Wendell was considered by far the most sophisticated of Lester's acquaintances in racial matters, having freed himself from white middle-class guilt to the extent of being able to refer to Negroes by what Marcia Ann had formerly referred to contemptuously as "derogatory racial appellations." Wendell had, in fact, suggested that Lester do the same if he wanted to impress Marcia Ann, but Lester couldn't bring himself to use the words — although once, desperate to be noticed, he had mumbled something about "darkies," but too softly for anybody to hear.

Lester decided to follow Wendell's advice. He turned for help to his only Negro friend, Wash Jefferson, an advertising man he had met in the Army. "I don't know what you see in that girl," Wash said, when Lester presented him with the plan. "Surely you're not impressed just because

Lester Drentluss was introduced to our pages last January. His creator is a frequent contributor to the NEW YORKER and other magazines.

she has the only natural-blond Afro haircut on East Seventy-Fourth Street?"

Lester didn't know how to explain his feeling for Marcia Ann. What could he say, except that he was willing to sit through a four-hour debate on open-housing ordinances just for the opportunity to catch a glimpse of her? There was no way to describe what he felt as he stood in the rain in front of the school-board building and watched her pass up and down with a placard saying "Go Back Where You Came From, Honkies!"

"Oh, what the hell," Wash finally said, as Lester looked more and more dejected. "I'm probably just overreacting to that time she lectured me for not knowing more about the contribution of the Negro cowboy to the development of the Southwest. I'll do it."

Within a few weeks, Wash had managed to collect dinner commitments from a biographer of Marcus Garvey, two young Negroes under indictment for criminal anarchy, a Liberian accountant who was also a poet, and the cousin of the first Negro Lincoln-Mercury dealer in New Jersey. Lester planned to have the dinner catered by a midtown soul-food restaurant. That left only the problem of how to ask Marcia Ann. At first, Lester thought he might say casually, "I'm having a few people who happen to be Negro over for dinner next week," but then he remembered that Marcia Ann despised people who said "happen to be Negro" — as well as people who said "Negro." He thought it would be better to say "black." How about, "Say, I'm having a few black cats over for dinner"? But "black cats" sounded ambiguous. He still was not sure of his approach when he went to Howie Fox's next party in hopes of being able to put his invitation to Marcia Ann.

"I'm going to ask her tonight," he said to Elliot Bendel, the first person he saw as he walked in the door.

"Ask who what?" Elliot said.

"Ask Marcia Ann to dinner with some militant colored people," Lester said.

"Haven't you heard?" Elliot said. "Marcia Ann just fired her Negro maid for being willing to work for a white. And she cut Wash Jefferson dead on the street this afternoon. She says that any Negro who has no more self-respect than to talk to a honky woman is not worth talking to."

Lester had a drink with Wash the next night. "I probably wouldn't have had the nerve to ask her anyway," Lester said.

"Forget about her," Wash said. "Let me tell you about some of the more bizarre contributions that Negro cowboys made to the development of the Southwest."

"Actually, I really don't think it's that bad for you to talk to me," Lester said. "Although naturally I would understand perfectly if you preferred not to."

"As a matter of fact, I'm so filled with self-loathing I can only stand to be around someone as guilt-ridden as you," Wash said.

Lester knew he would have trouble making the adjustment from being ashamed of having only one Negro friend to being ashamed of having a Negro friend, and he and Wash decided to continue to have a few drinks together regularly — although Lester planned to have the drinks in bars where there was no chance of being seen by anyone who knew Marcia Ann Grentner. There was no danger of being seen by Marcia Ann herself. Lester had learned from Elliot Bendel that Marcia Ann, as a gesture of further support to the black struggle, no longer entered bars that served Negroes.

MY PARTY THE RAIN

BY WILLIAM STAFFORD

Loves upturned faces, laves everybody,
 applauds tennis courts, pavements; its fingers
 ache and march through the forest numbering
 limbs, animals, Boy Scouts; it recognizes
 every face, the blind, the criminal,
 beggar or millionaire, despairing child,
 minister cloaked; it finds all the dead
 by their stones or mounds, or their deeper listening
 for the help of such rain, a census that cares
 as much as my party, neutral in politics.

It proposes your health, Governor, at the Capitol;
 licks every stone, likes the shape of our state.
 Let wind in high snow this year
 legislate its own mystery; our lower winter
 rain feathers in over miles of trees
 to explore. A cold, cellophane layer,
 silver wet, it believes what it touches,
 and goes on, persuading one thing at a time,
 fair, clear, honest, kind —
 a long session, Governor. Who knows the end?

GOLD COAST

An Atlantic "First" by James Alan McPherson



THAT spring, when I had a great deal of potential and no money at all, I took a job as a janitor. That was when I was still very young and spent money very freely, and when, almost every night, I drifted off to sleep lulled by sweet anticipation of that time when my potential would suddenly be realized and there would be capsule biographies of my life on dust jackets of many books, all proclaiming: "... He knew life on many levels. From shoeshine boy, free-lance waiter, 3rd cook, janitor, he rose to ..." I had never been a janitor before, and I did not really have to be one, and that is why I did it. But now, much later, I think it might have been because it is possible to be a janitor without becoming one, and at parties or at mixers, when asked what it was I did for a living, it was pretty good to hook my thumbs in my vest pockets and say comfortably: "Why, I am an apprentice janitor." The hippies would think it degenerate and really dig me and people in Philosophy and Law and Business would feel uncomfortable trying to make me feel better about my station while wondering how the hell I had managed to crash the party.

"What's an apprentice janitor?" they would ask.

"I haven't got my card yet," I would reply. "Right now I'm just taking lessons. There's lots of complicated stuff you have to learn before you get your own card and your own building."

"What kind of stuff?"

"Human nature, for one thing. *Race* nature, for another."

"Why race?"

"Because," I would say in a low voice, looking around lest someone else should overhear, "you have to be able to spot Jews and Negroes who are passing."

We here present the first work of a young writer of great promise. Mr. McPherson graduated from the Harvard Law School last June and is presently teaching English at the University of Iowa. He has just received an Atlantic Award to work on a volume of short stories.

"That's terrible," would surely be said then with a hint of indignation.

"It's an art," I would add masterfully.

After a good pause I would invariably be asked: "But you're a Negro yourself, how can you keep your own people out?"

At which point I would look terribly disappointed and say: "I don't keep them out. But if they get in it's my job to make their stay just as miserable as possible. Things are changing."

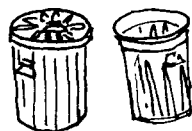
Now the speaker would just look at me in disbelief.

"It's Janitorial Objectivity," I would say to finish the thing as the speaker began to edge away. "Don't hate me," I would call after him to his considerable embarrassment. "Somebody has to do it."

It was an old building near Harvard Square. Conrad Aiken had once lived there, and in the days of the Gold Coast, before Harvard built its great houses, it had been a very fine haven for the rich; but that was a world ago, and this building was one of the few monuments of that era which had survived. The lobby had a high ceiling with thick redwood beams, and it was replete with marble floor, fancy ironwork, and an old-fashioned house telephone which no longer worked. Each apartment had a small fireplace, and even the large bathtubs and chain toilets, when I was having my touch of nature, made me wonder what prominent personage of the past had worn away all the newness. And, being there, I felt a certain affinity toward the rich.

It was a funny building, because the people who lived there made it old. Conveniently placed as it was between the Houses and Harvard Yard, I expected to find it occupied by a company of hippies, hopeful working girls, and assorted graduate students. Instead, there was a majority of old maids, dowagers, asexual middle-aged men, homosexual young men, a few married couples, and a teacher. No one was shacking up there, and walking through the quiet halls in the early evening, I

sometimes had the urge to knock on a door and expose myself just to hear someone breathe hard for once.



It was a Cambridge spring: down by the Charles happy students were making love while sad-eyed middle-aged men watched them from the bridge. It was a time of activity: Law students were busy sublimating, Business School people were making records of the money they would make, the Harvard Houses were clearing out, and in the Square bearded pot-pushers were setting up their restaurant tables in anticipation of the Summer School faithfuls. There was a change of season in the air, and to comply with its urgings, James Sullivan, the old superintendent, passed his three beaten garbage cans on to me with the charge that I should take up his daily rounds of the six floors, and with unflinching humility, gather whatever scraps the old-maid tenants had refused to husband.

I then became very rich, with my own apartment, a sensitive girl, a stereo, two speakers, one tattered chair, one fork, a job, and the urge to acquire. Having all this and youth besides made me pity Sullivan: he had been in that building thirty years and had its whole history recorded in the little folds of his mind, as his own life was recorded in the wrinkles of his face. All he had to show for his time there was a berserk dog, a wife almost as mad as the dog, three cats, bursitis, acute myopia, and a drinking problem. He was well over seventy and could hardly walk, and his weekly check of twenty-two dollars from the company that managed the building would not support anything. So, out of compromise, he was retired to superintendent of my labor.

My first day as janitor, while I skillfully lugged my three overflowing cans of garbage out of the building, he sat on his bench in the lobby, faded and old and smoking, in patched, loose blue pants. He watched me. He was a chain smoker, and I noticed right away that he very carefully dropped all of the ashes and butts on the floor and crushed them under his feet until there was a yellow and gray smear. Then he laboriously pushed the mess under the bench with his shoe, all the while eyeing me like a cat in silence as I hauled the many cans of muck out to the big disposal unit next to the building. When I had finished, he gave me two old plates to help stock my kitchen and his first piece of advice.

"Sit down, for Chrisake, and take a load off your feet," he told me.

I sat on the red bench next to him and accepted the wilted cigarette he offered me from the crushed package he kept in his sweater pocket.

"Now, I'll tell you something to help you get along in the building," he said.

I listened attentively.

"If any of these sons of bitches ever ask you to do something extra, be sure to charge them for it."

I assured him that I absolutely would.

"If they can afford to live here, they can afford to pay. The bastards."

"Undoubtedly," I assured him again.

"And another thing," he added. "Don't let any of these girls shove any cat shit under your nose. That ain't your job. You tell them to put it in a bag and take it out themselves."

I reminded him that I knew very well my station in life, and that I was not about to haul cat shit or anything of that nature. He looked at me through his thick-lensed glasses for a long time. He looked like a cat himself. "That's right," he said at last. "And if they still try to sneak it in the trash be sure to make the bastards pay. They can afford it." He crushed his seventh butt on the floor and scattered the mess some more while he lit up another. "I never hauled out no cat shit in the thirty years I been here, and you don't do it either."

"I'm going up to wash my hands," I said.

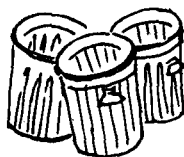
"Remember," he called after me, "don't take no shit from any of them."

I protested once more that, upon my life, I would never, never do it, not even for the prettiest girl in the building. Going up in the elevator, I felt comfortably resolved that I would never do it. There were no pretty girls in the building.

I never found out what he had done before he came there, but I do know that being a janitor in that building was as high as he ever got in life. He had watched two generations of the rich pass the building on their way to the Yard, and he had seen many governors ride white horses into that same Yard to send sons and daughters of the rich out into life to produce, to acquire, to procreate, and to send back sons and daughters so that the cycle would continue. He had watched the cycle from when he had been able to haul the cans out for himself, and now he could not, and he was bitter.

He was Irish, of course, and he took pride in Irish accomplishments when he could have none of his own. He had known Frank O'Connor when that writer had been at Harvard. He told me on many occasions how O'Connor had stopped to talk every day on his way to the Yard. He had also known James Michael Curley, and his most colorful memory of the man was a long-ago day when he and James Curley sat in a Boston bar

and one of Curley's runners had come in and said: "Hey, Jim, Sol Bernstein the Jew wants to see you." And Curley, in his deep, memorial voice, had said to James Sullivan: "Let us go forth and meet this Israelite Prince." These were his memories, and I would obediently put aside my garbage cans and laugh with him over the hundred or so colorful, insignificant little details which made up a whole lifetime of living in the basement of Harvard. And although they were of little value to me then, I knew that they were the reflections of a lifetime and the happiest moments he would ever have, being sold to me cheap, as youthful time is cheap, for as little time and interest as I wanted to spend. It was a buyer's market.



In those days I believed myself gifted with a boundless perception and attacked my daily garbage route with a gusto superenforced by the happy knowledge that behind each of the fifty or so doors in our building lived a story which could, if I chose to grace it with the magic of my pen, become immortal. I watched my tenants fanatically, noting their perversions, their visitors, and their eating habits. So intense was my search for material that I had to restrain myself from going through their refuse scrap by scrap; but at the topmost layers of muck, without too much hand soiling in the process, I set my perception to work. By late June, however, I had discovered only enough to put together a skimpy, rather naïve Henry Miller novel, the most colorful discoveries being:

1. The lady in #24 was an alumnus of Paducah College
2. The couple in #55 made love at least 500 times a week, and the wife had not yet discovered the pill
3. The old lady in #36 was still having monthly inconvenience
4. The two fatsos in #56 consumed nightly an extraordinary amount of chili
5. The fat man in #54 had two dogs that were married to each other, but he was not married to anyone at all
6. The middle-aged single man in #63 threw out an awful lot of flowers

Disturbed by the snail's progress I was making, I confessed my futility to James one day as he sat on his bench chain-smoking and smearing butts on my newly waxed lobby floor. "So you want to know about the tenants?" he said, his cat's eyes flickering over me.

I nodded.

"Well, the first thing to notice is how many Jews there are."

"I haven't noticed any Jews," I said.

He eyed me in amazement.

"Well, a few," I said quickly to prevent my treasured perception from being dulled any further.

"A few, hell," he said. "There's more Jews here than anybody."

"How can you tell?"

He gave me that undecided look again. "Where do you think all that garbage comes from?" He nodded feebly toward my bulging cans. I looked just in time to prevent a stray noodle from slipping over the brim. "That's right," he continued. "Jews are the biggest eaters in the world. They eat the best too."

I confessed then that I was of the chicken-soup generation and believed that Jews ate only enough to muster strength for their daily trips to the bank.

"Not so!" he replied emphatically. "You never heard the expression: 'Let's get to the restaurant before the Jews get there?'"

I shook my head sadly.

"You don't know that in certain restaurants they take the free onions and pickles off the tables when they see Jews coming?"

I held my head down in shame over the bounteous heap.

He trudged over to my can and began to turn back the leaves of noodles and crumpled tissues from #47 with his hand. After a few seconds of digging, he unmucked an empty pâté can. "Look at that," he said triumphantly. "Gourmet stuff, no less."

"That's from #44," I said.

"What else?" he said, all-knowingly. "In 1946 a Swedish girl moved in up there and took a Jewish girl for her roommate. Then the Swedish girl moved out and there's been a Jewish Dynasty up there ever since."

I recalled that #44 was occupied by a couple that threw out a good number of S.S. Pierce cans, Chivas Regal bottles, assorted broken records, and back issues of *Evergreen* and the *Realist*.

"You're right," I said.

"Of course," he replied, as if there were never any doubt. "I can spot them anywhere, even when they think they're passing." He leaned closer and said in a you-and-me voice: "But don't ever say anything bad about them in public. The Anti-Defamation League will get you."

Just then his wife screamed for him from the second floor, and the dog joined her and beat against the door. He got into the elevator painfully and said: "Don't ever talk about them in public. You don't know who they are, and that Defamation League will take everything you got."

Sullivan did not really dislike Jews. He was

just bitter toward anyone better off than himself. He lived with his wife on the second floor, and his apartment was very dirty because both of them were sick and old, and neither could move very well. His wife swept dirt out into the hall, and two hours after I had mopped and waxed their section of the floor, there was sure to be a layer of dirt, grease, and crushed-scattered tobacco from their door to the end of the hall. There was a smell of dogs and cats and age and death about their door, and I did not ever want to have to go in there for any reason because I feared something about it I cannot name.

Mrs. Sullivan, I found out, was from South Africa. She loved animals much more than people, and there was a great deal of pain in her face. She kept little cans of meat posted at strategic points about the building, and I often came across her in the early morning or late at night throwing scraps out of the second-floor window to stray cats. Once, when James was about to throttle a stray mouse in their apartment, she had screamed at him to give the mouse a sporting chance. Whenever she attempted to walk she had to balance herself against a wall or a rail, and she hated the building because it confined her. She also hated James and most of the tenants. On the other hand, she loved the *Johnny Carson Show*, she loved to sit outside on the front steps (because she could go no further unassisted), and she loved to talk to anyone who would stop to listen. She never spoke coherently except when she was cursing James, and then she had a vocabulary like a drunken sailor. She had great, shrill lungs, and her screams, accompanied by the rabid barks of the dog, could be heard all over the building. She was never really clean, her teeth were bad, and the first most pathetic thing in the world was to see her sitting on the steps in the morning watching the world pass, in a stained smock and a fresh summer blue hat she kept just to wear downstairs, with no place in the world to go. James told me, on the many occasions of her screaming, that she was mentally disturbed and could not help herself. The admirable thing about him was that he never lost his temper with her, no matter how rough her curses became and no matter who heard them. And the second most pathetic thing in the world was to see them slowly making their way in Harvard Square, he supporting her, through the hurrying crowds of miniskirted summer girls, J-Pressed Ivy Leaguers, beatniks, and bused Japanese tourists, decked in cameras, who would take pictures of every inch of Harvard Square except them. Once a hippie had brushed past them and called back over his shoulder: "Don't break any track records, Mr. and Mrs. Speedy Molasses."

Also on the second floor lived Miss O'Hara, a

spinster who hated Sullivan as only an old maid can hate an old man. Across from her lived a very nice, gentle celibate named Murphy, who had once served with Montgomery in North Africa and who was now spending the rest of his life cleaning his little apartment and gossiping with Miss O'Hara. It was an Irish floor.



I never found out just why Miss O'Hara hated the Sullivans with such a passion. Perhaps it was because they were so unkempt and she was so superciliously clean. Perhaps it was because Miss O'Hara had a great deal of Irish pride, and they were stereotyped Irish. Perhaps it was because she merely had no reason to like them. She was a fanatic about cleanliness and put out her little bit of garbage wrapped very neatly in yesterday's *Christian Science Monitor* and tied in a bow with a fresh piece of string. Collecting all those little neat packages, I would wonder where she got the string and imagined her at night breaking meat market locks with a hairpin and hobbling off with yards and yards of white cord concealed under the gray sweater she always wore. I could even imagine her back in her little apartment chuckling and rolling the cord into a great white ball by candlelight. Then she would stash it away in her bread box. Miss O'Hara kept her door slightly open until late at night, and I suspected that she heard everything that went on in the building. I had the feeling that I should never dare to make love with gusto for fear that she would overhear and write down all my happy-time phrases, to be maliciously recounted to me if she were ever provoked.

She had been in the building longer than Sullivan, and I suppose that her greatest ambition in life was to outlive him and then attend his wake with a knitting ball and needle. She had been trying to get him fired for twenty-five years or so, and did not know when to quit. On summer nights when I painfully mopped the second floor, she would offer me root beer, apples, or cupcakes while trying to pump me for evidence against him.

"He's just a filthy old man, Robert," she would declare in a little-old-lady whisper. "And don't think you have to clean up those dirty old butts of his. Just report him to the Company."

"Oh, I don't mind," I would tell her, gulping the root beer as fast as possible.

"Well, they're both a couple of luses, if you ask me. They haven't been sober a day in twenty-five years."

"Well, she's sick too, you know."

"Ha!" She would throw up her hands in disgust. "She's only sick when he doesn't give her the booze."

I fought to keep down a burp. "How long have you been here?"

She motioned for me to step out of the hall and into her dark apartment. "Don't tell him" — she nodded toward Sullivan's door — "but I've been here thirty-four years." She waited for me to be taken aback. Then she added: "And it was a better building before those two luses came."

She then offered me an apple, asked five times if the dog's barking bothered me, forced me to take a fudge brownie, said that the cats had wet the floor again last night, got me to dust the top of a large chest too high for her to reach, had me pick up the minute specks of dust which fell from my dustcloth, pressed another root beer on me, and then showed me her family album. As an afterthought, she had me take down a big old picture of her great-grandfather, also too high for her to reach, so that I could dust that too. Then together we picked up the dust from it which might have fallen to the floor. "He's really a filthy old man, Robert," she said in closing, "and don't be afraid to report him to the Property Manager anytime you want."

I assured her that I would do it at the slightest provocation from Sullivan, finally accepted an apple but refused the money she offered, and escaped back to my mopping. Even then she watched me, smiling, from her half-opened door.

"Why does Miss O'Hara hate you?" I asked James once.

He lifted his cigaretted hand and let the long ash fall elegantly to the floor. "That old bitch has been an albatross around my neck ever since I got here," he said. "Don't trust her, Robert. It was her kind that sat around singing hymns and watching them burn saints in this state."

In those days I had forgotten that I was first of all a black and I had a very lovely girl who was not first of all a black. It is quite possible that my ancestors rowed her ancestors across on the *Mayflower*, and she was very rich in that alone. We were both very young and optimistic then, and she believed with me in my potential and liked me partly because of it; and I was happy because she belonged to me and not to the race, which made her special. It made me special too because I did not have to wear a beard or hate or be especially hip or ultra Ivy Leagueish. I did not have to smoke pot or supply her with it, or be for any cause at all except myself. I only had to be myself, which pleased me; and I only had to produce, which pleased both of us. Like many of the artistically inclined rich, she wanted to own in

someone else what she could not own in herself. But this I did not mind, and I forgave her for it because she forgave me moods and the constant smell of garbage and a great deal of latent hostility. She only minded James Sullivan, and all the valuable time I was wasting listening to him rattle on and on. His conversations, she thought, were useless, repetitious, and promised nothing of value to me. She was accustomed to the old-rich, whose conversations meandered around a leitmotiv of how well off they were and how much they would leave behind very soon. She was not at all cold, but she had been taught how to tolerate the old-poor and perhaps toss them a greeting in passing. But nothing more.

Sullivan did not like her when I first introduced them because he saw that she was not a beatnik and could not be dismissed. It is in the nature of things that liberal people will tolerate two interracial beatniks more than they will an intelligent, serious-minded mixed couple. The former liaison is easy to dismiss as the dregs of both races, deserving of each other and the contempt of both races; but the latter poses a threat because there is no immediacy or overpowering sensuality or "you-pick-my-fleas-I'll-pick-yours" apparent on the surface of things, and people, even the most publicly liberal, cannot dismiss it so easily.

"That girl is Irish, isn't she?" he had asked one day in my apartment soon after I had introduced them.

"No," I said definitely.

"What's her name?"

"Judy Smith," I said, which was not her name at all.

"Well, I can spot it," he said. "She's got Irish blood all right."

"Everybody's got a little Irish blood," I told him.

He looked at me cattily and craftily from behind his thick lenses. "Well, she's from a good family, I suppose."

"I suppose," I said.

He paused to let some ashes fall to the rug. "They say the Colonel's Lady and Nelly O'Grady are sisters under the skin." Then he added: "Rudyard Kipling."

"That's true," I said with equal innuendo, "that's why you have to maintain a distinction by marrying the Colonel's Lady."

An understanding passed between us then, and we never spoke more on the subject.

Almost every night the cats wet the second floor while Meg Sullivan watched the *Johnny Carson Show* and the dog howled and clawed the door. During commercials Meg would curse James to get out and stop dropping ashes on the floor or to take the dog out or something else, totally

unintelligible to those of us on the fourth, fifth, and sixth floors. Even after the *Carson Show* she would still curse him to get out, until finally he would go down to the basement and put away a bottle or two of wine. There was a steady stench of cat functions in the basement, and with all the grease and dirt, discarded trunks, beer bottles, chairs, old tools, and the filthy sofa on which he sometimes slept, seeing him there made me want to cry. He drank the cheapest sherry, the wino kind, straight from the bottle; and on many nights that summer at 2:00 A.M. my phone would ring me out of bed.

"Rob? Jimmy Sullivan here. What are you doing?"

There was nothing suitable to say.

"Come on down to the basement for a drink."

"I have to be at work at 8:30." I would protest.

"Can't you have just one drink?" he would say pathetically.

I would carry down my own glass so that I would not have to drink out of the bottle. Looking at him on the sofa, I could not be mad because now I had many records for my stereo, a story that was going well, a girl who believed in me and who belonged to me and not to the race, a new set of dishes, and a tomorrow morning with younger people.

"I don't want to burden you unduly," he would always preface.

I would force myself not to look at my watch and say: "Of course not."

"My Meg is not in the best health, you know," he would say, handing the bottle to me.

"She's just old."

"The doctors say she should be in an institution."

"That's no place to be."

"I'm a sick man myself, Rob. I can't take much more. She's crazy."

"Anybody who loves animals can't be crazy."

He took another long draw from the bottle. "I won't live another year. I'll be dead in a year."

"You don't know that."

He looked at me closely, without his glasses, so that I could see the desperation in his eyes. "I just hope Meg goes before I do. I don't want them to put her in an institution after I'm gone."

At 2:00 A.M., with the cat stench in my nose and a glass of bad sherry standing still in my hand because I refuse in my mind to touch it, and all my dreams of greatness are above him and the basement and the building itself, I did not know what to say. The only way I could keep from hating myself was to start him talking about the AMA or the Medicare program or beatniks. He was pure hell on all three. To him, the Medical Profession was "morally bankrupt," Medicare was a great farce which deprived oldsters like himself

of their "rainy-day dollars," and beatniks were "dropouts from the human race." He could rage on and on in perfect phrases about all three of his major dislikes, and I had the feeling that because the sentences were so well constructed and well turned, he might have memorized them from something he had read. But then he was extremely well read, and it did not matter if he had borrowed a phrase or two from someone else. The ideas were still his own.

It would be 3:00 A.M. before I knew it, and then 3:30, and still he would go on. He hated politicians in general and liked to recount, at these times, his private catalogue of political observations. By the time he got around to Civil Rights it would be 4:00 A.M., and I could not feel responsible for him at that hour. I would begin to yawn, and at first he would just ignore it. Then I would start to edge toward the door, and he would see that he could hold me no longer, not even by declaring that he wanted to be an honorary Negro because he loved the race so much.

"I hope I haven't burdened you unduly," he would say again.

"Of course not," I would say, because it was over then, and I could leave him and the smell of the cats there, and sometimes I would go out in the cool night and walk around the Yard and be thankful that I was only an assistant janitor, and a transient one at that. Walking in the early dawn and seeing the Summer School fellows sneak out of the girls' dormitories in the Yard gave me a good feeling, and I thought that tomorrow night it would be good to make love myself so that I could be busy when he called.

"Why don't you tell that old man your job doesn't include baby-sitting with him," Jean told me many times when she came over to visit during the day and found me sleeping.

I would look at her and think to myself about social forces and the pressures massing and poised, waiting to attack us. It was still July then. It was hot, and I was working good.

"He's just an old man," I said. "Who else would listen to him?"

"You're too soft. As long as you do your work you don't have to be bothered with him."

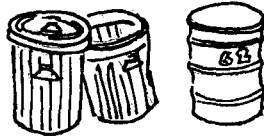
"He could be a story if I listened long enough."

"There are too many stories about old people."

"No," I said, thinking about us again, "there are just too many people who have no stories."

Sometimes he would come up and she would be there, but I would let him come in anyway, and he would stand there looking dirty and uncomfortable, offering some invented reason for having intruded. At these times something silent would pass between them, something I cannot name, which would reduce him to exactly what

he was: an old man, come out of his basement to intrude where he was not wanted. But all the time this was being communicated, there would be a surface, friendly conversation between them. And after five minutes or so of being unwelcome, he would apologize for having come, drop a few ashes on the rug, and back out the door. Downstairs we could hear his wife screaming.



We endured and aged and August was almost over. Inside the building the cats were still wetting, Meg was still screaming, the dog was getting madder, and Sullivan began to drink during the day. Outside it was hot and lush and green, and the Summer girls were wearing shorter miniskirts and no panties and the middle-aged men down by the Charles were going wild on their bridge. Everyone was restless for change, for August is the month when undone summer things must be finished or regretted all through the winter.

Being imaginative people, Jean and I played a number of original games. One of them we called "Social Forces," the object of which was to see which side could break us first. We played it with the unknown night riders who screamed obscenities from passing cars. And because that was her side I would look at her expectantly, but she would laugh and say: "No." We played it at parties with unaware blacks who attempted to enchant her with skillful dances and hip vocabularies, believing her to be community property. She would be polite and aloof, and much later, it then being my turn, she would look at me expectantly. And I would force a smile and say: "No." The last round was played while taking her home in a subway car, on a hot August night, when one side of the car was black and tense and hating and the other side was white and of the same mind. There was not enough room on either side for the two of us to sit and we would not separate; so we stood, holding on to a steel post through all the stops, feeling all of the eyes, between the two sides of the car and the two sides of the world. We aged. And getting off finally at the stop which was no longer ours, we looked at each other, again expectantly, and there was nothing left to say.

I began to avoid the old man, would not answer the door when I knew it was he who was knocking, and waited until very late at night, when he could not possibly be awake, to haul the trash down. I hated the building then; and I was really a janitor for the first time. I slept a lot and wrote very little. And I did not give a damn about Medicare, the

AMA, the building, Meg, or the crazy dog. I began to consider moving out.

In that same week, Miss O'Hara finally succeeded in badgering Murphy, the celibate Irishman, and a few other tenants into signing a complaint about the dog. No doubt Murphy signed because he was a nice fellow and women like Miss O'Hara had always dominated him. He did not really mind the dog: he did not really mind anything. She called him "Frank Dear," and I had the feeling that when he came to that place, fresh from Montgomery's Campaign, he must have had a will of his own; but she had drained it all away, year by year, so that now he would do anything just to be agreeable.

One day soon after the complaint, the little chubby Property Manager came around to tell Sullivan that the dog had to be taken away. Miss O'Hara told me the good news later, when she finally got around to my door.

"Well, that crazy dog is gone now, Robert. Those two are enough."

"Where is the dog?" I asked.

"I don't know, but Albert Rustin made them get him out. You should have seen the old drunk's face," she said. "That dirty old useless man."

"You should be at peace now," I said.

"Almost," was her reply. "The best thing is to get rid of those two old boozers along with the dog."

I congratulated Miss O'Hara and went out. I knew that the old man would be drinking and would want to talk. But very late that evening he called on the telephone and caught me in.

"Rob?" he said. "James Sullivan here. Would you come down to my apartment like a good fellow? I want to ask you something important."

I had never been in his apartment before and did not want to go then. But I went down anyway.

They had three rooms, all grimy from corner to corner. There was a peculiar odor in that place I did not ever want to smell again, and his wife was dragging herself around the room talking in mumbles. When she saw me come in the door, she said: "I can't clean it up. I just can't. Look at that window. I can't reach it. I can't keep it clean." She threw up both her hands and held her head down and to the side. "The whole place is dirty, and I can't clean it up."

"What do you want?" I said to Sullivan.

"Sit down." He motioned me to a kitchen chair. "Have you changed that bulb on the fifth floor?"

"It's done."

He was silent for a while, drinking from a bottle of sherry, and he gave me some and a dirty glass. "You're the first person who's been in here in years," he said. "We couldn't have company because of the dog."

Somewhere in my mind was a note that I should never go into his apartment. But the dog had never been the reason. "Well, he's gone now," I said, fingering the dirty glass of sherry.

He began to cry. "They took my dog away," he said. "It was all I had. How can they take a man's dog away from him?"

There was nothing I could say.

"I couldn't do nothing," he continued. After a while he added: "But I know who it was. It was that old bitch O'Hara. Don't ever trust her, Rob. She smiles in your face, but it was her kind that laughed when they burned Joan of Arc in this state."

Seeing him there, crying and making me feel unmanly because I wanted to touch him or say something warm, also made me eager to be far away and running hard.

"Everybody's got problems," I said. "I don't have a girl now."

He brightened immediately, and for a while he looked almost happy in his old cat's eyes. Then he staggered over to my chair and held out his hand. I did not touch it, and he finally pulled it back. "I know how you feel," he said. "I know just how you feel."

"Sure," I said.

"But you're a young man, you have a future. But not me. I'll be dead inside of a year."

Just then his wife dragged herself in to offer me a cigar. They were being hospitable, and I forced myself to drink a little of the sherry.

"They took my dog away today," she mumbled. "That's all I had in the world, my dog."

I looked at the old man. He was drinking from the bottle.

During the first week of September one of the middle-aged men down by the Charles got tired of looking and tried to take a necking girl away from her boyfriend. The police hauled him off to jail, and the girl pulled down her dress tearfully. A few days later another man exposed himself near the same spot. And that same week a dead body was found on the banks of the Charles.

The miniskirted brigade had moved out of the Yard, and it was quiet and green and peaceful there. In our building another Jewish couple moved into #44. They did not eat gourmet stuff, and on occasion, threw out pork-and-beans cans. But I had lost interest in perception. I now had many records for my stereo, loads of S. S. Pierce stuff, and a small bottle of Chivas Regal which I never opened. I was working good again, and I did not miss other things as much; or at least I told myself that.

The old man was coming up steadily now, at least three times a day, and I had resigned myself

to it. If I refused to let him in, he would always come back later with a missing bulb on the fifth floor. We had taken to buying cases of beer together, and when he had finished his half, which was very frequently, he would come up to polish off mine. I began to enjoy talking politics, the AMA, Medicare, beatniks, and listening to him recite from books he had read. I discovered that he was very well read in history, philosophy, literature, and law. He was extraordinarily fond of saying: "I am really a cut above being a building superintendent. Circumstances made me what I am." And even though he was drunk and dirty and it was very late at night, I believed him and liked him anyway because having him there was much better than being alone. After he had gone I could sleep, and I was not lonely in sleep; and it did not really matter how late I was at work the next morning because when I thought about it all, I discovered that nothing really matters except not being old and being alive and having potential to dream about, and not being alone.

YOU ALL KNOW THE STORY OF THE OTHER WOMAN

BY ANNE SEXTON

It's a little Walden.
She is private in her breathbed
as his body takes off and flies,
flies straight as an arrow.
But it's a bad translation.
Daylight is nobody's friend.
God comes in like a landlord
and flashes on his brassy lamp.
Now she is just so-so.
He puts his bones back on,
turning the clock back an hour.
She knows flesh, that skin balloon,
the unbound limbs, the boards,
the roof, the removable roof.
She is his selection, part time.
You know the story too! Look,
when it is over he places her,
like a phone, back on the hook.

THE IMMEDIATE THEATER

by Peter Brook

"I can take any empty space," says Peter Brook, "and call it a bare stage. A man walks across this empty space, someone else is watching him, and this is all that is needed for an act of theater to be engaged." Then there is a flash of magic or there is none, and the results range between genius and failure. The director of MARAT/SADE and other triumphs illuminates the theater scene today in this excerpt from his new book, THE EMPTY SPACE (Atheneum).

THERE is no doubt that a theater can be a very special place. It is like a magnifying glass, and also like a reducing lens. It is a small world, so it can easily be a petty one. It is different from everyday life, so it can easily be divorced from life. On the other hand, while we live less and less in villages or neighborhoods, and more and more in open-ended global communities, the theater community stays the same: the cast of a play is still the size that it has always been. The theater narrows life down. It also always asserts itself in the present. This is what can make it more real than the normal stream of consciousness. This is what can make it so disturbing.

No tribute to the latent power of the theater is as telling as that paid to it by censorship. In almost all regimes, even when the written word is free, the image free, it is still the stage that is liberated last. Instinctively, governments know that the living event could create a dangerous electricity — even if we see this happen all too seldom. But this ancient fear is a recognition of an ancient potential. The theater is the arena where a living confrontation can take place. The focus of a large group of people creates a unique intensity; owing to this, forces that operate at all times and rule each person's daily life can be isolated and perceived more clearly.

Now, I must become unashamedly personal. I must talk about the theater as I understand it, autobiographically. I will endeavor to speak of actions and conclusions from within my field of work: this is what constitutes my experience and my point of view. In turn, the reader must observe that it is inseparable from all the things on my passport — nationality, date of birth, place of birth, physical characteristics, color of eyes, signature. Also, it is inseparable from today's date. This is a picture of the author at the moment of writing: searching within a decaying and evolving theater. As I continue to work, each experience will make these conclusions inconclusive again,

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but I hope they may perhaps be of use somewhere, to someone else wrestling with his own problems in relation to another time and place.

At the beginning of rehearsals the actors are the opposite of the ideally relaxed creatures they would like to be. They bring with them a heavy baggage of tensions. So varied are these tensions that we can find some very unexpected phenomena. For instance, a young actor playing with a group of inexperienced friends may reveal a talent and a technique that put professionals to shame. Yet take the very same actor who has, as it were, proved his worth and surround him with the older actors he most respects, and often he becomes not only awkward and stiff, but even his talent goes. Put him then among actors he despises, and he will come into his own again. For talent is not static; it ebbs and flows according to many circumstances. Not all actors of the same age are at the same stage of their professional work. Some have a blend of enthusiasm and knowledge that is supported by a confidence based on previous small successes and is not undermined by fear of imminent total failure. They start rehearsals from a different position than the perhaps equally young actor who has made a slightly greater name and who is already beginning to wonder how much farther he can go — has he really got anywhere yet, what is his status, what does the future hold? The actor who believes he may one day play Hamlet has endless energy: the one who sees that the outside world is not convinced he will ever play a lead is already tying himself into painful knots of introspection with a consequent need for self-assertion.

In the group that gathers for a first rehearsal, whether a scratch cast or a permanent company, an infinite number of personal questions and worries hang unspoken in the air. Of course, these are all enhanced by the presence of the director: if he were in a God-sent state of total relaxation he could greatly help, but more of the time he too is tense

and involved with the problems of his production, and here too the need publicly to deliver the goods is fuel to his own vanity and his self-absorption.

The first rehearsal is always to a degree the blind leading the blind. On the first day a director may sometimes make a formal speech explaining the basic ideas behind the coming work. Or else he may show models or costume sketches, or books or photographs, or he may make jokes, or else get the actors to read the play. Having drinks or playing a game together or marching around the theater or building a wall, all work in the same way: no one is in a state to absorb what is said — the purpose of anything you do on the first day is to get you through to the second one. The second day is already different; a process is now at work, and after twenty-four hours every single factor and relationship has subtly changed. Everything you do in rehearsal affects this process: playing games together is a process that has certain results, like a greater feeling of confidence, friendliness, and informality. One can play games at auditions just to bring about an easier atmosphere. The goal is never in the game alone — in the short time available for rehearsing a play, social ease is not enough. A harrowing collective experience, like the improvisations on madness we had to do for the *Marat/Sade*, brings about another result — the actors having shared difficulties are open to one another and to the play in a different way.

A DIRECTOR learns that the growth of rehearsals is a developing process; he sees that there is a right time for everything, and his art is the art of recognizing these moments. He learns that he has no power to transmit certain ideas in the early days. He will come to recognize the look on the face of an apparently relaxed but innerly anxious actor who cannot follow what he is being told. He will then discover that all he needs is to wait, not push too hard. In the third week all will have changed, and a word or a nod will make instant communication. And the director will see that he too does not stay still. However much homework he does, he cannot fully understand a play by himself. Whatever ideas he brings on the first day must evolve continually, thanks to the process he is going through with the actors, so that in the third week he will find that he is understanding everything differently. The actors' sensibilities turn searchlights on to his own — and he will either know more, or at least see more vividly that he has so far discovered nothing valid.

In fact, the director who comes to the first rehearsal with his script prepared with the moves and so on noted down is a deadly theater man.

When Sir Barry Jackson asked me to direct *Love's Labor's Lost* at Stratford in 1945, it was my first big production and I had already done enough work in smaller theaters to know that actors, and above all stage managers, had the greatest contempt for anyone who, as they always put it, "did not know what he wanted." So the night before the first rehearsal I sat agonized in front of a model of the set, aware that further hesitation would soon be fatal, fingering folded pieces of cardboard — forty pieces representing the forty actors to whom the following morning I would have to give orders, definite and clear. Again and again, I staged the very first entry of the Court, recognizing that this was when all would be lost or won, numbering the figures, drawing charts, maneuvering the scraps of cardboard to and fro, on and off the set, trying them in big batches, then in small, from the side, from the back, over grass mounds, down steps, knocking them all over with my sleeve, cursing and starting again. As I did so, I noted the moves, and with no one to notice my indecision, crossed them out, then made fresh notes. The next morning I arrived at rehearsal, a fat promptbook under my arm, and the stage management brought me a table, reacting to my volume, I observed, with respect.

I divided the cast into groups, gave them numbers, and sent them to their starting places; then, reading out my orders in a loud confident way, I let loose the first stage of the mass entrance. As the actors began to move I knew it was no good. These were not remotely like my cardboard figures, these large human beings thrusting themselves forward, some too fast with lively steps I had not foreseen, bringing them suddenly on top of me — not stopping, but wanting to go on, staring me in the face, or else lingering, pausing, even turning back with elegant affectations that took me by surprise. We had only done the first stage of the movement, letter A on my chart, but already no one was rightly placed and movement B could not follow. My heart sank, and despite all my preparation, I felt quite lost. Was I to start again, drilling these actors so that they conformed to my notes? One inner voice prompted me to do so, but another pointed out that my pattern was much less interesting than this new pattern that was unfolding in front of me, rich in energy, full of personal variations, shaped by individual enthusiasms and lazinesses, promising such different rhythms, opening so many unexpected possibilities. It was a moment of panic. I think, looking back, that my whole future work hung in the balance. I stopped, and walked away from my book, in among the actors, and I have never looked at a written plan since. I recognized once and for all the presumption and the folly of thinking that an inanimate model can stand for a man.

Of course, all work involves thinking: this means

comparing, brooding, making mistakes, going back, hesitating, starting again. The painter naturally does this, so does the writer, but in secret. The theater director has to expose his uncertainties to his cast, but in reward he has a medium which evolves as it responds: a sculptor says that the choice of material continually amends his creation: the living material of actors is talking, feeling, and exploring all the time — rehearsing is a visible thinking-aloud.

Let me quote a strange paradox. There is only one person as effective as a very good director — and that is a rotten one. It sometimes happens that a director is so bad, so completely without direction, so incapable of imposing his will, that his lack of ability becomes a positive virtue. It drives the actors to despair. Gradually his incompetence makes a gulf that yawns in front of the cast, and as the first night approaches, insecurity gives way to terror, which becomes a force. It has happened that in the last moments a company found a strength and a unity as though by magic, and they gave a first-night performance for which the director got high praise. Equally, when a director is fired, the new man taking over often has an easy job: I once entirely restaged someone else's production in the course of one night, and got unfair credit for the result. Despair had so prepared the ground that a touch from one finger was all that was required.

However, when the director is plausible enough, stern enough, articulate enough to get the actors' partial trust, then the result can misfire easiest of all. Even if the actor ends by disagreeing with some of what he is told, he still passes some of the load on to the director, feeling that "he may be right," or at least that the director is vaguely "responsible" and will somehow "save the day." This spares the actor the final personal responsibility and prevents the conditions for the spontaneous combustion of a company coming into being. It is the modest director, the honorable unassuming one, often the nicest man, who should be trusted least.

What I am saying can very easily be misunderstood — and directors who do not wish to be despots are sometimes tempted to the fatal course of doing nothing, cultivating nonintervention in the belief that this is the only way of respecting the actor. This is a wretched fallacy; without leadership a group cannot reach a coherent result within a given time. A director is not free of responsibility, he is totally responsible; but he is not free of the process either, he is part of it. Every now and then an actor turns up who proclaims that directors are unnecessary: actors could do it by themselves. This may be true. But what actors? For actors to develop something alone, they would need to be creatures so highly developed that they would hardly need rehearsal either; they would read the script, and in a

wink the invisible substance of the play would appear fully articulated among them. This is unreal: a director is there to help a group evolve toward this ideal situation. The director is there to attack and yield, provoke and withdraw, until the indefinable stuff begins to flow. The anti-director wants the director out of the way from the first rehearsal; any director disappears, a little later, on the first night. Sooner or later the actor must appear and the ensemble take command. The director must sense where the actor wants to go and what it is he avoids, what blocks he raises to his own intentions. No director injects a performance. At best a director enables an actor to reveal his own performance, that he might otherwise have clouded for himself.

ACTING begins with a tiny inner movement so slight that it is almost completely invisible. We see this when we compare film and stage acting: a good stage actor can act in films, not necessarily vice versa. What happens? I make a proposition to an actor's imagination such as, "She is leaving you." At this moment deep in him a subtle movement occurs. Not only in actors — the movement occurs in anyone, but in most nonactors the movement is too slight to manifest itself in any way: the actor is a more sensitive instrument, and in him the tremor is detected; in the cinema the great magnifier, the lens, describes this to the film that notes it down, so for the cinema the first flicker is all. In early theater rehearsals, the impulse may get no further than a flicker — even if the actor wishes to amplify it, all sorts of extraneous psychic psychological tensions can intervene; then the current is short-circuited, earthed. For this flicker to pass into the whole organism, a total relaxation must be there, either God-given or brought about by work. This, in short, is what rehearsals are all about. In this way acting is mediumistic — the idea suddenly envelops the whole in an act of possession — in Grotowski's terminology the actors are "penetrated" — penetrated by themselves. In very young actors, the obstacles are sometimes very elastic, penetration can happen with surprising ease, and they can give subtle and complex incarnations that are the despair of those who have evolved their skill over years. Yet later, with success and experience, the same young actors build up their barriers to themselves. Children can often act with extraordinary natural technique. People from real life are marvelous on screen. But with adult professionals there has to be a two-way process, and the stirring from within has to be aided by the stimulus from outside. Sometimes study and thought can help an actor to eliminate the preconceptions that blind him to deeper meanings, but

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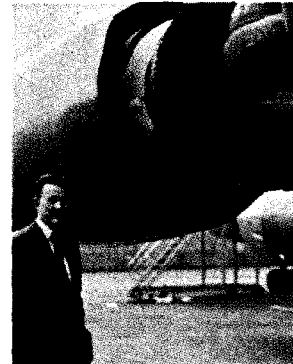
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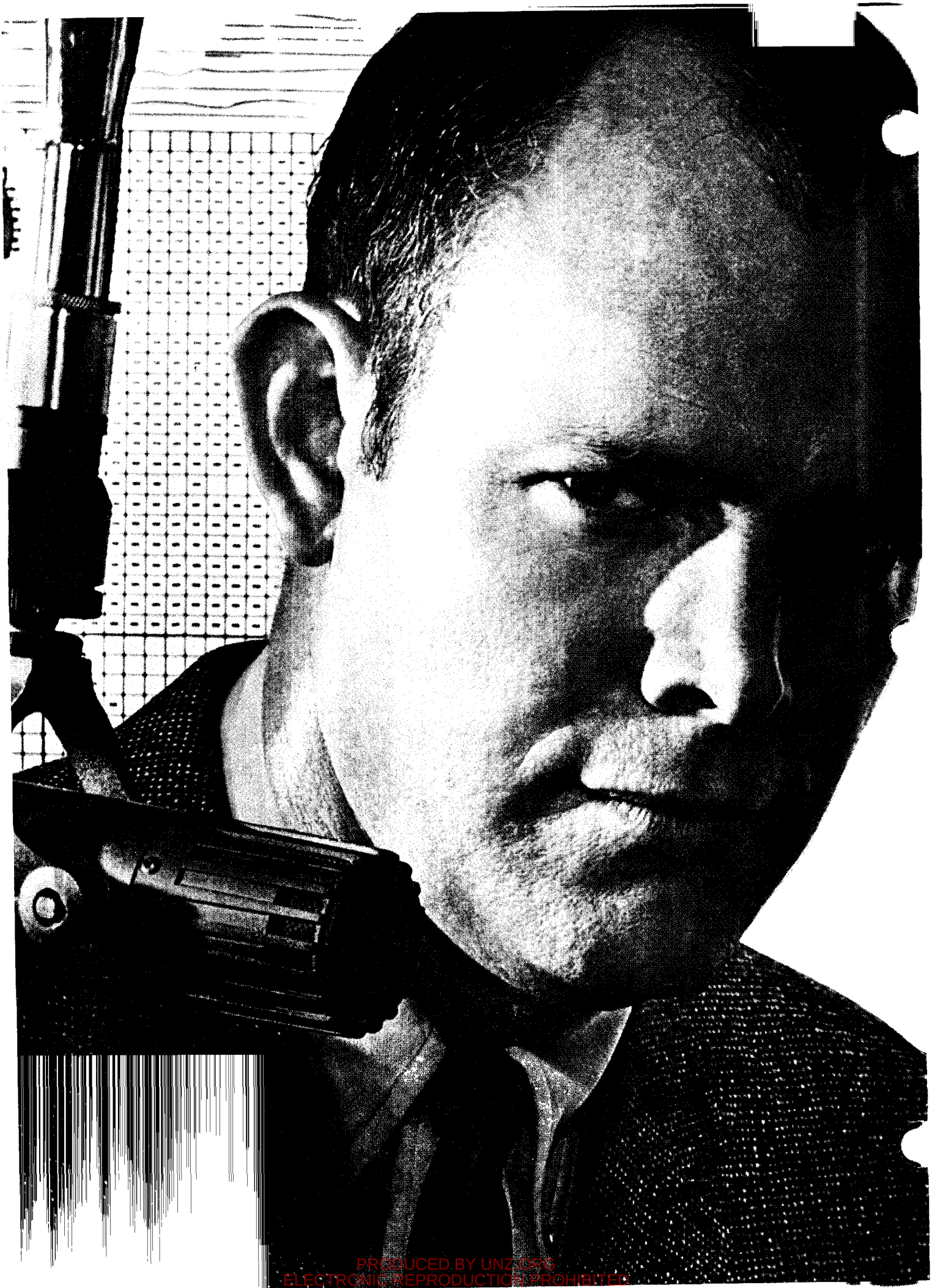
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This speech scientist wants to use the sound of the human voice to help protect confidential information.

“Using computers to store, retrieve and process a staggering number of facts promises to help attack some of the nation’s most critical problems—such as mass education, health care and the slums,” says IBM’s Dr. Rex Dixon. “Some of this information will be confidential. My job is to help find how to keep it that way.”

While such security is only one aspect of the larger problem of individual privacy, it is an important one. Computer manufacturers obviously cannot dictate what is stored in a computer or who has access to it. But they can and are devising more ways to protect confidential information.

Speech scientist Dixon thinks the distinctive acoustical patterns of different human voices could form the basis for one such safeguard. “A voice-recognition device, built into a computer, could be a new way to keep out intruders. Anybody requesting confidential information would have to talk into a microphone, connected to the computer. An unauthorized voice, not recognized by the device, would stand little chance of gaining access to the information.”

This approach is still experimental. But, hopefully, voice recognition will join some of the other computer safeguards—ranging from special locks to digital codes—already in use, designed to keep confidential information confidential.

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Since its beginning less than twenty years ago, the data processing industry has been constantly developing new methods of handling information. In continuing these innovations, people like Rex Dixon are helping those who must tackle the public problems of the day.



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

sometimes it is the reverse. To reach an understanding of a difficult role, an actor must go to the limits of his personality and intelligence; but sometimes great actors go further still if they rehearse the words and at the same time listen acutely to the echoes that arise in them.

John Gielgud is a magician — his form of theater is one that is known to reach above the ordinary, the common, the banal. His tongue, his vocal chords, his feeling for rhythm compose an instrument that he has consciously developed all through his career in a running analogy with his life. His natural inner aristocracy, his outer social and personal beliefs have given him a hierarchy of values, an intense discrimination between base and precious, and a conviction that the sifting, the weeding, the selecting, the dividing, the refining, and the transmuting are activities that never end. His art has always been more vocal than physical: at some early stage in his career he decided that for himself the body was a less supple instrument than the head. He thus jettisoned part of an actor's possible equipment but made true alchemy with the rest. It is not just speech, not melodies, but the continual movement between the word-forming mechanism and his understanding that has made his art so rare, so touching, and especially so aware. With Gielgud, we are conscious both of what is expressed and of the skill of the creator: that a craft can be so deft adds to our admiration. The experience of working with him has been among my most special and my greatest joys.

Paul Scofield talks to his audience in another way. While in Gielgud the instrument stands halfway between the music and the hearer, and so demands a player trained and skilled, in Scofield, instrument and player are one — an instrument of flesh and blood that opens itself to the unknown. Scofield, when I first knew him as a very young actor, had a strange characteristic: verse hampered him, but he would make unforgettable verse out of lines of prose. It was as though the act of speaking a word sent through him vibrations that echoed back meanings far more complex than his rational thinking could find: he would pronounce a word like "night," and then he would be compelled to pause; listening with all his being to the amazing impulses stirring in some mysterious inner chamber, he would experience the wonder of discovery at the moment when it happened. Those breaks, those sallies in depth, give his acting its absolutely personal structure of rhythms, its own instinctive meanings: to rehearse a part, he lets his whole nature — a milliard of supersensitive scanners — pass to and fro across the words. In performance the same process makes everything that he has apparently fixed come back again each night the same and absolutely different.

I use two well-known names as illustrations, but the phenomenon is there all the time in rehearsal, and continually reopens the problem of innocence and experience, of spontaneity and knowledge. There are also things young actors and unknown actors can do that have passed beyond the reach of fine actors with experience and skill.

There have been times in theater history when the actor's work has been based on certain accepted gestures and expressions: there have been frozen systems of attitudes which we reject today. It is perhaps less obvious that the opposite pole, the Method Actor's freedom in choosing anything whatsoever from the gestures of everyday life, is equally restricted, for in basing his gestures on his observation or on his own spontaneity the actor is not drawing on any deep creativity. He is reaching inside himself for an alphabet that is also fossilized, for the language of signs from life that he knows is the language not of invention but of his conditioning. His observations of behavior are often observations of projections of himself. What he thinks to be spontaneous is filtered and monitored many times over.

THOSE who work in improvisation have the chance to see with frightening clarity how rapidly the boundaries of so-called freedom are reached. Our exercises in public with the Theater of Cruelty quickly led the actors to the point where they were nightly ringing variations on their own clichés — like Marcel Marceau's character who breaks out of one prison to find himself within another. We experimented, for instance, with an actor opening a door and finding something unexpected. He had to react to the unexpected sometimes in gesture, sometimes in sound, sometimes with paint. He was encouraged to express the first gesture, cry, or splash that came to him. At first, all this showed was the actor's stock of similes. The open mouth of surprise, the step back in horror: where did these so-called spontaneities come from? Clearly the true and instantaneous inner reaction was checked, and like lightning the memory substituted some imitation of a form once seen. Dabbing the paint was even more revealing: the hairbreadth of terror before the blankness, and then the reassuring ready-made idea coming to the rescue. This deadly theater lurks inside us all.

The aim of improvisation in training actors in rehearsal, and the aim of exercises, is always the same: it is to get away from deadly theater. It is not just a matter of splashing about in self-indulgent euphoria as outsiders often suspect; for improvisation aims at bringing the actor again and again to his own barriers, to the points where in place of newfound truth he normally substitutes a lie. An



actor playing a big scene falsely appears false to the audience because, instant for instant, in his progression from one attitude of the character to another, he is substituting false details for real ones: tiny transitional phony emotions through imitation attitudes. But this cannot be grappled with while rehearsing big scenes — too much is going on, it is far too complicated. The purpose of an exercise is to reduce and return: to narrow the area down and down until the birth of a lie is revealed and caught. If the actor can find and see this moment, he can perhaps open himself to a deeper, more creative impulse.

Similarly when two actors play together. What we know most is external ensemble playing: much of the teamwork of which the English theater is so proud is based on politeness, courtesy, reasonableness, give-and-take, your turn, after you, and so on, a facsimile which works whenever the actors are in the same range of style — that is, older actors play beautifully together, and so do very young ones; but when they are mixed up, for all their care and mutual respect, the result is often a mess. For a production I did of Genêt's *The Balcony* in Paris it was necessary to mix actors of very different backgrounds — classically trained, film-trained, ballet-trained, and simple amateur. Here, long evenings of very obscene brothel improvisations served only one purpose: they enabled this hybrid group of people to come together and begin to find a way of responding directly to one another.

Some exercises open the actors to one another in a quite different way: for example, several actors may play completely different scenes side by side, never speaking at the same moment, so that each has to pay close attention to the whole in

Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

order to know just what moments depend on him, or else developing a collective sense of responsibility for the quality of an improvisation, and switching to new situations as soon as the shared invention flags. Many exercises set out first to free the actor, so he may be allowed to discover by himself what only exists in himself; next, to force him to accept blindly external directions, so that by cocking a sensitive enough ear he could hear in himself movements he would never have detected any other way. For instance, a valuable exercise is dividing a Shakespeare soliloquy into three voices, like a canon, and then having the three actors recite at breakneck speed over and over again. At first, the technical difficulty absorbs all the actors' attention; then gradually as they master the difficulties, they are asked to bring out the meaning of the words, without varying the inflexible form. Because of the speed and the mechanical rhythm this seems impossible: the actor is prevented from using any of his normal expressive equipment. Then suddenly he bursts a barrier and experiences how much freedom there can be within the tightest discipline.

Another variant is to take the two lines "To be or not to be, That is the question" and give them to ten actors, one word each. The actors stand in a closed circle and endeavor to play the words one after the other, trying to produce a living phrase. This is so difficult that it instantly reveals even to the most unconvinced actor how closed and insensitive he is to his neighbor. When after long work the sentence suddenly flows, a thrilling freedom is experienced by everyone. They see in a flash the possibility of group playing, and the obstacles to it. This exercise can be developed by substituting

other verbs for “be,” with the same effect of affirmation and denial; and eventually it is possible to put sounds or gestures in place of one or all of the words and still maintain a living dramatic flow between the ten participants.

The purpose of such exercises is to lead actors to the point where if one actor does something unexpected but true, the others can take this up and respond on the same level. This is ensemble playing: in acting terms it means ensemble creation, an awesome thought. It is no use thinking that exercises belong to school and only apply to a certain period of the actor’s development. An actor, like any artist, is like a garden, and it is no help to pull out the weeds just once, for all time. The weeds always grow, this is quite natural, and they must be cleaned away, which is natural and necessary too.

RHEARSALS don’t lead progressively to a first night. This is something very hard for some actors to understand, especially those who pride themselves most on their skill. For mediocre actors the process of character-building is as follows: they have an acute moment of artistic anguish, at the very start — “What will happen this time?” — “I know I’ve played many successful parts before but, this time, will inspiration come?” This actor comes in terror to the first rehearsal, but gradually his standard practices fill the vacuum of his fear: as he “discovers” a way of doing each section, he battens it down, relieved that once again he has been spared the final catastrophe. So on the first night his nerves are of a special sort; they are those of the marksman who knows he can hit the target but is afraid he won’t get a bull’s-eye again when his friends are watching.

The really creative actor reaches a different and far worse terror on the first night. All through rehearsals he has been exploring aspects of a character which he senses always to be partial, to be less than the truth, so he is compelled, by the honesty of his search, endlessly to shed and start again. A creative actor will be most ready to discard the hardened shells of his work at the last rehearsal because here, with the first night approaching, a brilliant searchlight is cast on his creation, and he sees its pitiful inadequacy. The creative actor also longs to cling on to all he’s found; he too wants at all costs to avoid the trauma of appearing in front of an audience naked and unprepared — still, this is exactly what he must do. He must destroy and abandon his results even if what he picks up seems almost the same. This is easier for French actors than for English ones, because temperamentally they are more open to the idea that nothing is any good. And this is the only way that a part, instead of

being built, can be born. The role that has been *built* is the same every night, except that it slowly erodes. For the part that is born to be the same, it must always be reborn, which makes it always different. Of course, particularly in a long run, the effort of daily re-creation becomes unbearable and unthinkable, and this is where the experienced creative artist is compelled to fall back on a second level called technique to carry him through.

I did a play with that perfectionist Alfred Lunt. In the first act, he had a scene sitting on a bench. In rehearsal, he suggested, as a piece of natural business, taking off his shoe and rubbing his foot. Then he added shaking the shoe to empty it before putting it back on again. One day when we were on tour in Boston, I walked past his dressing room. The door was ajar. He was preparing for the performance, but I could see that he was looking out for me. He beckoned excitedly. I went into the dressing room; he closed the door, asked me to sit down. “There’s something I want to try tonight,” he said. “But only if you agree. I went for a walk on Boston Common this afternoon and found these.” He held out his palm. It contained two tiny pebbles. “That scene where I shake out my shoe,” he continued, “it’s always worried me that nothing falls out. So I thought I’d try putting the pebbles in. Then when I shake it, you’d see them drop — and you’d hear the sound. What do you think?” I said it was an excellent idea, and his face lit up. He looked delightedly at the two little stones, back at me, then suddenly his expression changed. He studied the stones again for a long anxious moment. “You don’t think it would be better with one?”

In rehearsal, form and content have to be examined sometimes together, sometimes separately. Sometimes an exploration of the form can suddenly open us up to the meaning that dictated the form, sometimes a close study of content gives us a fresh sound of rhythm. The director must look for where the actor is messing up his own right urges, and here he must help the actor to see and overcome his own obstacles. All this is a dialogue and a dance between director and player. A dance is an accurate metaphor, a waltz between director, player, and text. Progression is circular, and deciding who’s the leader depends on where you stand. The director will find that all the time new means are needed: he will discover that any rehearsal technique has its use, that no technique is all-embracing. He will follow the natural principle of rotation of crops: he will see that explanation, logic, improvisation, inspiration are methods that rapidly run dry, and he will move from one to the other. He will know that thought, emotion, and body can’t be separated, but he will see that a pretended separation must often take place. Some actors do not respond to explanation, while others do. This differs in each

situation, and one day it is unexpectedly the non-intellectual actor who responds to a word from the director, while the intellectual understands all from a gesture.

In early rehearsals, improvisation, exchange of associations and memories, reading of written material, reading of period documents, looking at films and at paintings can all serve to stimulate the material relevant to the theme of a play inside each individual. None of these methods means much in itself — each is a stimulus. In the *Marat/Sade*, as kinetic images of insanity rose up and possessed the actor and as he yielded to them in improvisation, the others observed and criticized. So a true form was gradually detached from the standardized clichés that are part of an actor's equipment for mad scenes. Then as he produced an imitation of madness that convinced his fellows by its seeming reality, he had to come up against a new problem. He may have used an image from observation, from life, but the play is about madness as it was in 1808 — before drugs, before treatment, when a different social attitude to the madman made him behave differently, and so on. For this, the actor had no outside model; he looked at faces in Goya not as models to imitate but as prods to encourage his confidence in following the stronger and more worrying of his inner impulses. He had to allow himself to serve these voices completely; and in parting from outside models, he was taking greater risks. He had to cultivate an act of possession. As he did so, he faced a new difficulty, his responsibility to the play. All the shaking, juddering and roaring, all the sincerity in the world can still get the play nowhere. He has lines to speak — if he invents a character incapable of speaking them he will be doing his job badly. So the actor has to face two opposite requirements. The temptation is to compromise, to tone down the impulses of the character to suit the stage needs. But his real task lies in the opposite direction. Make the character vivid — and functional. How? It is just there that the need for intelligence arises.

There is a place for discussion, for research, for the study of history and documents as there is a place for roaring and howling and rolling on the floor. Also, there is a place for relaxation, informality, chumminess, but also there is a time for silence and discipline and intense concentration. Before his first rehearsal with our actors, Grotowski asked for the floor to be swept and for all clothes and personal belongings to be taken out of the room. Then he sat behind a desk, speaking to the actors from a distance, allowing neither smoking nor conversation. This tense climate made certain experiences possible. If one reads Stanislavsky's books, one sees that some of the things said were purely to evoke a seriousness from an actor at a time when

the majority of theaters were slipshod. Yet at times, nothing is more liberating than informality and the chucking away of all holy, high-minded ways. Sometimes all the attention must be given to one actor; at other times the collective process demands a halt to the individual's work. Not every facet can be explored. To discuss every possible way with everyone can be just too slow, and so it can be destructive to the whole. Here the director has to have a sense of time: it is for him to feel the rhythm of the process and observe its divisions. There is a time for discussing the broad lines of a play; there is a time for forgetting them, for discovering what can only be found through joy, extravagance, irresponsibility. There is a time when no one must worry himself about the results of his efforts. I hate letting people watch rehearsals because I believe that the work is privileged, thus private: there must be no concern about whether one is being foolish or making mistakes. Also a rehearsal may be incomprehensible — often excesses can be left or encouraged even to the amazement and dismay of the company until the moment is ripe to call a halt. But even in rehearsal there is a time when one needs outside people watching, when what always seem to be hostile faces can create a good new tension and the tension a new focus: the work must all the time set new demands. There is another point the director must sense. He must sense the time when a group of actors intoxicated by their own talent and the excitement of the work lose sight of the play. Suddenly one morning the work must change: the result must become all important. Jokes and embroideries are then ruthlessly pared away and all the attention put on the function of the evening, on the narrating, the presenting, the technique, the audibility, the communicating to the audience. So it is foolish for a director to take a doctrinaire view; either talking technical language or avoiding it because it is inartistic. It is woefully easy for a director to get stuck in a method. There comes a moment when talk about speed, precision, diction is all that counts. "Speed up," "get on with it," "it's boring," "vary the pace," "for Christ's sake" is then the language, yet a week before, such old-timer talk could have stultified all creativity.

The closer the actor approaches the task of performing, the more requirements he is asked to separate, understand, and fulfill simultaneously. He must bring into being an unconscious state of which he is completely in charge. The result is a whole, indivisible — but emotion is continually illuminated by intuitive intelligence, so that the spectator, though wooed, assaulted, alienated, and forced to reassess, ends by experiencing something equally indivisible. Catharsis can never have been simply an emotional purge: it must have been an appeal to the whole man.

Now the moment of performance, when it comes, is reached through two passageways — the foyer and the stage door. Are these, in symbolic terms, links or are they to be seen as symbols of separation? If the stage is related to life, if the auditorium is related to life, then the openings must be free and open passageways must allow an easy transition from outside life to meeting place. But if the theater is essentially artificial, then the stage door reminds the actor that he is now entering a special place that demands costume, makeup, disguise, change of identity — and the audience also dresses up, so as to come out of the everyday world along a red carpet into a place of privilege. Both of these are true, and both must be carefully compared, because they carry quite different possibilities with them and relate to quite different social circumstances. The only thing that all forms of theater have in common is the need for an audience. This is more than a truism: in the theater the audience completes the steps of creation. In the other arts, it is possible for the artist to use as his principle the idea that he works for himself. However great his sense of social responsibility, he will say that his best guide is his own instinct, and if he is satisfied when standing alone with his completed work, the chances are that other people will be satisfied too. In the theater this is modified by the fact that the last lonely look at the completed object is not possible; until an audience is present the object is not complete. No author, no director, even in a megalomaniac dream, would want a private performance, just for himself. No megalomaniac actor would want to play for himself, for his mirror. So for the author or the director to work for his own taste and his own judgment, he must work approximately for himself in rehearsal and only truly for himself when he is hemmed in by a dense bank of audience. I think any director will agree that his own view of his own work changes completely when he is sitting surrounded by people.

The director tries to preserve a vision of the whole, but he rehearses in fragments, and even when he sees a run-through, it is unavoidably with foreknowledge of all the play's intentions. When an audience is present, compelling him to react as an audience, this foreknowledge is filtered away, and for the first time he finds himself receiving the impressions given by the play in their proper time sequence, one after another. Not surprisingly he finds that everything appears different.

For this reason any experimenter is concerned with all aspects of his relationships with an audience. He tries by placing the audience in different positions to bring about new possibilities. An apron stage, an arena, a fully lit house, a cramped barn or room — already these condition different events. But the difference may be superficial: a more pro-

found difference can arise when the actor can play on a changing inner relationship with the spectator. If the actor can catch the spectator's interest, thus lower his defenses, and then coax the spectator to an unexpected position or an awareness of a clash of opposing beliefs, of absolute contradictions, then the audience becomes more active. This activity does not demand manifestations — the audience that answers back may seem active, but this may be quite superficial: true activity can be invisible, but also indivisible.

TODAY, the question of the audience seems to be the most important and difficult one to face. We find that the usual theater audience is ordinarily not a very lively one, certainly not a particularly loyal one, so we set off in search of a "new" audience. This is surely understandable, and yet at the same time rather artificial. On the whole it is true that the younger an audience, the more swift and free its reactions. It is true that on the whole what alienates young people from the theater is what is bad in theater anyway, so in changing our forms to woo the young we would seem to be killing two birds with one stone. An observation that can easily be checked at football matches and dog races is that a popular audience is far more vivid in its responses than a middle-class one. So again it would seem to make sense to woo the popular audience through a popular idiom.

But this logic easily breaks down. The popular audience exists, and yet it is something of a will-o'-the-wisp. When Brecht was alive, it was the intellectuals of West Berlin who flocked to his theater in the East. Joan Littlewood's support came from London's West End, and she never found a working-class audience from her own district large enough to carry her through difficult times. The Royal Shakespeare Theater sends groups out to factories and youth clubs, following Continental patterns, to sell the notion of theater to those sections of society who have perhaps never set foot in a theater and are perhaps convinced that theater is not for them. These commandos aim at evoking interest, breaking down barriers, making friends. This is splendid, stimulating work. But behind it lurks an issue perhaps too dangerous to touch — what truly are they selling? We are implying to a working man that theater is part of Culture — that is to say, part of the big new hamper of goods now available to everyone. Behind all attempts to reach new audiences there is a secret patronage — "you too can come to the party" — and like all patronage, it conceals a lie. The lie is the implication that the gift is worth receiving. Do we truly believe in its worth? When people whose

age or class has kept them away from theaters are lured into them, is it enough to give them "the best"? The Soviet Theater attempts to give "the best." National Theaters offer "the best." At the Metropolitan Opera in New York in a brand-new building the best of Europe's singers under the baton of the best Mozart conductor, and organized by the best producer, play a *Magic Flute*. Apart from the music and the acting, on a recent occasion the cup of culture was really filled to the brim because a splendid series of paintings by Chagall were also displayed scene by scene at the same time. According to the addictive view of culture, it would be impossible to go further — the young man privileged to take his girl to the *Magic Flute* reaches the pinnacle of what his community can offer in terms of the civilized life. The ticket is "hot," but what is the evening worth? In a sense, all forms of audience wooing flirt dangerously with this same proposition — come and share in the good life, which is good because it has to be good, because it contains the best.

This can never really change so long as culture or any art is simply an appendage on living, separable from it, and, once separated, obviously unnecessary. Such art then is only maintained by the artist, for whom, temperamentally, it is necessary, for it is his life. In the theater we always return to the same point: it is not enough for writers and actors to experience this compulsive necessity, audiences must share it, too. So in this sense it is not just a question of wooing an audience. It is an even harder matter of creating works that evoke in audiences an undeniable hunger and thirst.

This is how I understand a necessary theater; one in which there is only a practical difference between actor and audience, not a fundamental one.

As I write, I do not know whether it is only on a tiny scale, in tiny communities, that drama can be renewed. Or whether it is possible on a large scale, in a big playhouse in a capital city. Can we find, in terms of present need, what Glyndebourne and Bayreuth achieved in quite other circumstances, with quite different ideals? That is to say, can we produce homogeneous work that shapes its audience before it has even passed through its doors? Glyndebourne and Bayreuth were in tune with their society and the classes to whom they catered. Today, it is hard to see how a vital theater and a necessary one can be other than out of tune with society — not seeking to celebrate the accepted values, but to challenge them. Yet the artist is not there to indict, or to lecture, or to harangue, and least of all to teach, as a moralizing evangelist. He

challenges the audience truly when he is the spike in the side of an audience that is determined to challenge itself. He celebrates with an audience most truly when he is the mouthpiece of an audience that has a ground of joy.

Were new phenomena to come into being in front of an audience, and were the audience open to them, a powerful confrontation would occur. Were this to occur, the scattered nature of social thinking would gather around certain bass notes; certain deep aims would be refelt, renewed, reasserted. In this way the divisions between positive and negative experience, between optimism and pessimism, would become meaningless.

At a time when all sands are shifting, the search is automatically a search for form. The destruction of old forms, the experimenting with new ones: new words, new relationships, new places, new buildings: they all belong to the same process, and any individual production is just a separate shot at an unseen target. It is foolish today to expect any single production, group, style, or line of work to reveal what we're looking for. The theater can only advance crabwise in a world whose moving forward is as often sideways as backward. This is why for a very long time there cannot possibly be a world style for a world theater — as there was in the theaters and opera houses of the nineteenth century.

But all is not movement, all is not destruction, all is not restlessness, all is not fashion. There are pillars of affirmation. Those are the moments of achievement which do occur, suddenly, anywhere: the performances, the occasions when collectively a total experience, a total theater of play and spectator, makes nonsense of any divisions. At these rare moments, the theater of joy, of catharsis, of celebration, the theater of exploration, the theater of shared meaning, the living theater are one. But once gone, the moment is gone, and it cannot be recaptured slavishly by imitation — the deadly creeps back, the search begins again.

The theater has one special characteristic. It is always possible to start again. In life this is a myth; we ourselves can never go back on anything. New leaves never turn, clocks never go back, we can never have a second chance. In the theater the slate is wiped clean all the time.

In everyday life, "if" is a fiction, in the theater "if" is an experiment.

In everyday life, "if" is an evasion, in the theater "if" is the truth.

When we are persuaded to believe in this truth, then the theater and life are one.

This is a high aim.

To play needs much work. But when we experience the work as play, then it is not work anymore.

A play is play.

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The white-jacketed steward leans toward you. "Brandy, sir?" he asks softly. You nod. He pours. His movements are calm, precise, deferential without being patronizing. He vanishes—then reappears at your side just when you begin looking for a light. *He seems to anticipate my every need, you think. He's so...self-assured. Yet he leaves me feeling in charge. It's nice.*

It's also the mark of a professional. A way of doing things, an attitude, an art if you will that is centuries old. Perhaps it isn't inborn, but it certainly cannot be taught in eight weeks at airline school. A BOAC Chief Steward apprentices for at least thirteen years; a second steward, for six. You might say they were doing what comes naturally.

We British were selling first class tickets, and rendering first class service, when lords and their ladies traveled in

horse-drawn carriages that careened precariously down dusty roads at ten miles an hour. The "stewards" of that era kept the food hamper tightly shut, the seats dusted, and their eyes out for highwaymen.

Today, they can serve seven-course meals on fine bone china in air-conditioned cabins streaking across the sky at ten miles a minute. Uncork a well-chilled champagne 30,000 feet above the earth. And, when called upon, provide firsthand knowledge of London's discotheques.

But they still dip into the past when it comes to dealing with you. They sense when you'd rather grope for ideas than reach for petit fours. When you'd welcome a few hours of rest more than another cocktail. And their English accents aren't put on.

The next time you fly to Britain, the Islands, Europe, Africa, the Middle East, the Orient, or Australia, we invite you to do so in the forward section of a BOAC jetliner. We think you'll agree that it's in a class by itself. ➤ **BOAC**

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TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

THE WOODCUTTER'S UPRIGHT SON

A
Story
by
Brigid
Brophy

Having grown up among them, the woodcutter's son was not sentimental about the deer. When accidents befell them in the forest, he rescued if he could, and if not, wasted no time in regret. He did not disguise from himself that they were, on the whole, sensitive animals rather than intelligent ones. But neither did he disguise from himself that each was an individual personality. The terms on which he mixed with them were those of personal acquaintance, and with a few, personal friendship.

His only attempt to be hypocritical with himself was made in his early childhood, and even so it was not the deer but humans he was attempting to prettify. For at first he declined to believe that the hunters who once a year came in hosts to the forest actually killed the deer. He watched his father, the taciturn old woodcutter, help the hunters drag the corpses into their shooting brakes. But until he was about eight the woodcutter's son managed to believe that the arrival of the hunters and the high casualty rate among the deer were merely coincidental facts, and that the townsmen who temporarily invaded the forest came merely to collect accidental corpses in the same way that he himself, ever since he could remember, had collected sets of antlers and sometimes even skulls which he came upon in the forest.

When he was eight, however, he was already handy enough and sturdy enough to be bidden help his father during the hunting season. At dawn he had to stand in the clearing around the wood-

cutter's cabin, greet the drivers of the first vans to arrive, and beckon them into parking places. At sunset he had to help his father haul the heavy bodies along the forest paths and hump them up into the appropriate van. The boy could no longer avoid noticing that the wounds were gunshot wounds and admitting to himself that shot does not fly in forests by accident.

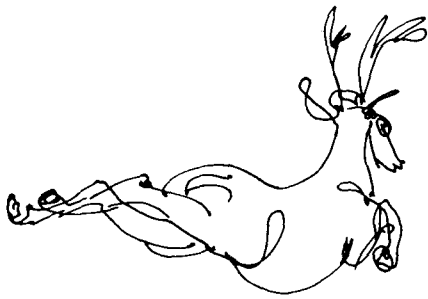
As he grew stronger and his father feebler, he had to undertake more and more of the work. When he was thirteen he found himself dragging the corpse of a deer which had been his particular friend. Bright red, watery blood stood like rain-drops in the nostrils of a nose which had often nuzzled his hand.

About the same time the boy realized that his father took — though the son never witnessed the act of taking — large tips from the hunters in return for his son's labor and the use of the cabin as a hunting lodge. Without being told, he understood that his father's earnings from cutting wood were tiny and that the hunting season was his only big chance.

The boy came to spend quite half the year in acute but unexpressed dread of the approaching

Miss Brophy is a talented British novelist and essayist, noted for her perceptiveness and slightly irreverent wit. THE BURGLAR, published last spring, was her first attempt at drama, after a series of successful books, including the prizewinning novel HACKENFELLER'S APE.

season. When the season was over, he would run for relief and bitter solace into the deepest thickets, where he would find such deer as survived huddled in terror. He would try to comfort himself by resolutely considering only the fortunate fact that this or that individual had been spared. The deer, having always known him, let him move among them like one of themselves. They even seemed to take a certain calm from his sad caresses. He supposed that they must smell the blood of their species on his hands. Yet as a result of their stupidity or



innocence they never, for all their timid startings at every noise on the breeze, flinched from him, even when he had to kill deer whom the hunters had left mortally wounded.

He grew up, becoming twice as tall and heavy as his father. Even so, he never discussed the hunting season with his father. The old man's grumpiness held a forbidding authority, which, his son noticed, even the hunters respected. They hated the old man but paid him largely. They found the son, with his more willing manners and more educated, fluent speech, charming — and gave him nothing but orders.

Sometimes the son wondered if the old man had retreated into grumpiness because he was fleeing a bad conscience.

Suddenly the old man was seized with a pain around the heart and died. It happened just after the close of the hunting season, which made the son wonder whether his father's heart had in fact been finally broken by the massacre. He found himself mourning more deeply than he had expected.

When he came back from the funeral in the town, he changed out of his smart suit and made at once for the depths of the forest, unthinkingly wanting to be among deer. They seemed to respond in the same unthinking way to his grief, rubbing up against him like snowdrifts or, in brushing past, delivering him a velour slap from their sides. Tak-

ing comfort from them, he remembered an accident he had read about in a newspaper years earlier and perhaps stored in his head for this moment. Weaving thoughts around it, he began to elaborate his plans, which he would have a whole year to bring to perfection, for the next hunting season.

That season opened to an exhilarating frosty morning. While the sky was still the color of a duck's egg, the woodcutter's son was up and out, stamping his feet and blowing vaporously into his hands in the clearing, his head as alert as a deer's to the first sound of a car engine.

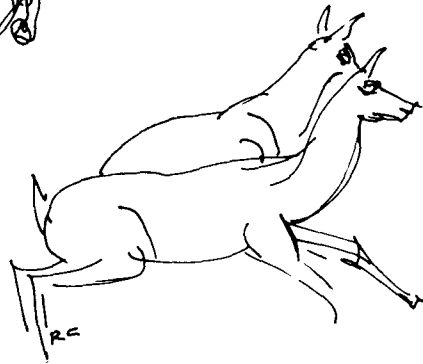
When it came, he ran out along the path, papery ice on thin bubbles crackling beneath his boots, to accost the first hunter.

The driving-seat window was rolled down and puffs of congealed breath exchanged as the woodcutter's son delivered uncharacteristically hearty greetings and gave the news of his father's death with inappropriate cheerfulness, explaining that he had taken over the business. After last year's record bag, he told the hunter, there would be a run of hunters on the forest and competition for the quarry would be strong. Moreover, he said, the deer, warned by experience, had grown cunning. They would not be shot without the help of a ruse, which he would disclose ex-

clusively to a favored hunter. Then he waited winningly beside the car door. A bank note was passed to him through the window. Hastily, he bade the hunter drive his car into the undergrowth and conceal it, while he himself fetched the necessary apparatus from the cabin.

He came running back carrying a set of antlers, one of those it had been his childhood's work to collect. Explaining rapidly that the deer were now so suspicious that the only way to come within shooting range of them was to pass oneself off as one of them, he bound the antlers to the hunter's head with strings it had been his last year's work to devise and construct. Warning the hunter that he could not expect to get a full view of the now alerted deer but must shoot — low, of course — the instant he saw a pair of antlers moving among the bushes, and promising him, as the only possessor of this subterfuge, a splendid day's sport, the woodcutter's son bundled the first comer off into the depths of the forest and hurried up the path to meet the next comer, to whom he gave exactly the same explanation and promise and a further set of antlers.

The morning rose high. Hunters poured into



the forest. The woodcutter's son, waylaying each into secret colloquy, issued his entire collection of antlers. Each of the hunters tipped him. Yet he suspected they did not give him such large amounts as they had been in the habit of giving his father.

The forest began to be noisy with shots. Soon the bangs were joined by cries of pain, shouts of anger, altercations, and groans. A walking casualty limped furiously up to the cabin door and began to abuse the woodcutter's son. Compassionately helping him up the steps and into a rocking chair, the woodcutter's son explained that the hunter had misunderstood his instructions and had better, unless he wanted to be laughed at for his stupidity and ignorance of forestcraft, make no mention of them. He unstrapped the antlers which the hunter was still wearing and hooked them back into their place on his cabin's wall. Then, after doing his best for the man's wound, he walked the three miles to the nearest phone and summoned an ambulance.

Parties of wounded hunters were already, when he got back to the cabin, carrying in the bodies of dead hunters. Four or five corpses were stretched, under what blankets the woodcutter's cabin could provide, in the clearing. The clanging of relays of ambulances was added to the groaning that filled the forest.

The woodcutter's son worked untiringly all day. Not only did he help the ambulance parties at loading and comforting. He made forays alone in search of the dead and wounded, hurrying along the tracks only he thoroughly knew and usually contriving to arrive first at the place of a fatality, where he would unstrap the antlers from the hunter's head and discard them in the undergrowth, so as to make the corpse lighter for the stretcher-bearers to bring in.

By sunset the size of the disaster was patent. Even of the wounded, many had died in the cabin or in the ambulances. And great numbers of the hunters had been killed outright where they stood. Their fellow marksmen, calculating downward from the glimpsed tip of an antler, had often put a bullet accurately through the center of the forehead.

The woodcutter's son wore his smart suit again to go into the town for the inquest. He comported himself modestly and winningly in the witness-box and was commended for the help he had given the casualties.

In the lobby of the court, and again at the inn where he stopped on his way home, he made sure of the result. The carnage had already given the forest a superstitiously ill repute. No hunter would set foot in it again. The innkeeper regretted the takings he would lose.

Returned to the cabin, the woodcutter's son changed his clothes and hurried out, in the dusk, to the deer. From a distance he could discern the shadowed forms; there were no gaps; no deer had been killed.

As he approached, a sentinel deer at the edge of the group threw up its nose, sniffed, and wheeled away. The whole group took nervous alarm. Breaking into a silly trot, they all hurried deep into the forest, where they were hidden by the night.

The next day the woodcutter's son went into the town again. He bought himself an entirely new set of clothing — which used up nearly all the money he had taken in tips on the day of the carnage — and then bought large quantities of soap, disinfectant, deodorant, and aerosol sprays of every type and scent.

He went home and thoroughly cleansed both himself and the cabin.

Yet when he approached the deer again, they ran away again. He tried all year. He tried three years later, when he expected a new generation to have forgotten the smell of human blood on him. But the signal of caution had been transmitted throughout the group.

He missed his friendship with the deer, but unsentimentally. He stayed on in the forest, living on the small wages of woodcutting. For sheer lack of anyone to talk to, he grew as taciturn, but not as grumpy, as his father had been. He never for a moment repented. On summer evenings it gave him deep content to watch the deer from the distance and rejoice in their safety.

BREAD

BY JEANNETTE NICHOLS

Walking two miles home to get the second set
of keys because I've locked the first set in the car
I listen to the air sneak a smoke behind the bread factory
and the smell comes down fat as desire's muscle is fat
and I walk faster because it's ten degrees and late and
I've got to get those keys and walk back
back through the smell of bread and maybe a figure
following me thinking I'm going home when I'm
really going to unlock my stupidity from its parking place
give it the goosed gas and then drive home through
the thick sweet air with the windows closed.

NO MORE VIETNAMS?

The War and the Future of American Foreign Policy

Ever since the Establishment invented “bipartisan foreign policy,” Americans have been deprived of any meaningful debate of international issues at campaign time. “Irresponsibility” is the charge to be feared. So often a victim of history’s tricks, Adlai Stevenson suffered the unfair accusation in 1956 for a stand on nuclear testing which later came to be embraced by a wide consensus of Americans and was embodied in the treaty with the Soviet Union. In 1960 and 1964 the “missile gap,” policy toward Cuba, the question of a “wider war” in Vietnam were not candidly debated.

This presidential election year, it seemed, was to be different. The foreign policy establishment, described by Bill Moyers in the July *Atlantic* as a “custodial bureaucracy” that “has acquired its own religion with its own priesthood, canons, and rites,” was going to have to account for itself. At least it was time to discuss Vietnam without the old pious caveats against irresponsibility drowning out the critics — or so it appeared.

The debate promised to be more than a journey into inquisition. It was going to bring the country to grips with a proposition that was beginning to grow in many — though not by any means all — American minds, the suspicion that the United States had come to the end of a foreign policy era. Were we approaching a major change in the active worldwide involvement that began during the Second World War?

American failures in Vietnam, the retirement of Lyndon Johnson as President, and the rout of the Administration forces in the spring primaries were seen both as causes and evidence of an American swing away from interventionism, economic, political, and military. There was even talk of “no more Vietnams” pledges in party platforms. Some very basic issues, unquestioned buttresses of a generation of American foreign policy, were about to be scrutinized by the building inspectors and, it was hoped, by some architects with fresh ideas.

Then came August. Old styles of power prevailed in Miami Beach and Chicago; no questing spirits were welcome at either convention. And on the road from Moscow to Prague, the Soviet forces that marched in to bring down Czech independence almost as certainly ended what opportunity remained for real public debate of foreign policy in America this year.

In the following pages and in a second installment in the December issue, the *Atlantic* offers a valid substitute for the debate that was not heard in the election campaign. It took place in June, when those who were asking what had gone wrong with American foreign policy still had the floor. The Adlai Stevenson Institute of International Affairs, founded in Ambassador Stevenson's memory in Chicago in 1967, convened a conference with the working title "Vietnam: Lessons and Mislessons." Participants were "carefully selected to insure a full range of exposure of differing points of view," writes William R. Polk, director of the Stevenson Institute.

The theory, practice, and history of American intervention abroad became the focus of the often fierce debate, with Vietnam as the reference point. What has Vietnam proved to us? What does and doesn't "work" abroad? What ought American "aid" be designed to accomplish? Is it even realistic to insist on "no more Vietnams"? Is there an American penchant for interventionism stronger than any voice of the electorate, greater than any will to kick the habit? How much can a bureaucracy learn from its mistakes? Where does the Vietnam experience leave us in our relations with the Soviet Union and China, and in our commitments to interests in the rest of Asia, Europe, the Middle East, Latin America?

The two-day conference in Chicago was barely under way when Robert Kennedy was shot, stilling the one voice that might have made inevitable a serious re-examination of policy this year. The Chicago discussions went on, however, producing in microcosm the kind of accounting the voters seemed to demand of the Administration's Vietnam policy through the primary votes, the sort of critiques and defenses that are needed to make clear the thinking that led us into Vietnam, and the prospects for getting out. More important to the future, especially in the light of Russian intervention in Eastern Europe, the discussion examines prospects for a foreign policy that serves America in its inevitable, if transitory, world role while minimizing for it the risk of more Vietnams.

Richard M. Pfeffer, a fellow of the Stevenson Institute, organized the conference and edited the book which grows out of it: *No More Vietnams? The War and the Future of American Foreign Policy*, to be published later this year by Harper & Row. Historian and political scientist Sidney Hyman also contributed to the editing of the proceedings.

The *Atlantic* has excerpted from sections of the book. In this issue, Adam Yarmolinsky discusses limited war and flexible military response from the point of view of one who helped reshape American foreign policy along such lines from 1961 to 1965. Theodore Draper responds to Professor

Yarmolinsky, and other participants in turn question both men's positions. Then, Stanley Hoffmann challenges the way America uses its power, and Ithiel de Sola Pool offers a defense. In the December *Atlantic*, Samuel P. Huntington, Eqbal Ahmad, Edwin Reischauer, and James C. Thomson lead off debates on prospects for American policy after Vietnam.

I

Thomson (whose "How Could Vietnam Happen?" appeared in the April, 1968, *Atlantic*) told the conference, as he told *Atlantic* readers this spring, that "a first and central ingredient in these years of Vietnam decisions does involve history. The ingredient was *the legacy of the 1950s* — by which I mean the so-called 'loss of China,' the Korean War, and the Far East policy of Secretary of State Dulles. . . . The increased commitment to Vietnam was also fueled by a new breed of military strategists and academic social scientists . . . who had developed theories of counter guerrilla warfare and were eager to see them put to the test. To some, 'counterinsurgency' seemed a new panacea for coping with the world's instability." Professor Yarmolinsky picks up the discussion.

Adam Yarmolinsky: Why did otherwise intelligent and humane persons persist in error where Vietnam was concerned?

No facile analogy (however often repeated) to the commitments assumed under the Eisenhower Administration is particularly illuminating. U.S. intervention in South Vietnam clearly changed not only in degree but in quality at least once and probably more than once during the Kennedy-Johnson Administration. Two observations, however, about the Eisenhower Administration's experiences with respect to Vietnam may be relevant here.

First, the Eisenhower Administration was extraordinarily lucky. Its one critical decision on escalation in Vietnam — the decision not to intervene at Dienbienphu — was presented as a major step, not to be disguised as anything less. The representations of the Joint Chiefs as to the likelihood that nuclear weapons might be required were enough by themselves to alert all concerned to the gravity of the choice. Even a true believer in massive retaliation was given pause.

But, by the same token, the Eisenhower Administration in a sense contributed one of the key elements that went into the makeup of the later decisions to go up rather than down. That was the fundamentalist anti-Communism exemplified by John Foster Dulles, an anti-Communism that remained as an emotional and political factor long

after it had been succeeded by a more sophisticated analysis of relationships within and beyond the Communist world.

It must be recognized that a somewhat similar attitude continued to find expression in the views of Dean Rusk, and that the Foreign Service bureaucracy provides an extraordinary — some might say oppressive — degree of continuity in American foreign policy. While the propositions of an earlier age are now stated in somewhat more sophisticated terms, there is still a large element in official American thinking about foreign policy that assumes an American monopoly on virtue and wisdom in a wicked world.

The decision to undertake even the limited amount of military assistance provided to the Diem regime immediately after the Geneva Accords was based on three factors. In descending order of importance, they were, first, anti-Communist solidarity; second, concern over the domination of Southeast Asia by the Chinese Communists and their friends; and third, concern over any shift in the locus of the iron or bamboo curtains accomplished by force.

The significant fact about these three concerns is that between Eisenhower and Kennedy their relative priorities were completely reversed. This reversal suggests the more general shift in concern from a preoccupation with ideology to a preoccupation with influence.

In addition, a series of events early in the Kennedy Administration had an important impact on Vietnam intervention issues. As Jim Thomson has said, the Bay of Pigs, the Kennedy-Khrushchev confrontation in Vienna, and the decision not to intervene in the civil war in Laos, each argued in its way for some countermove to demonstrate American firmness in the face of Soviet or Soviet-backed probes, whether verbal or physical. In some situations, timing becomes all important, and if Vietnam was the wrong place to increase our military commitment, it looked like the right time.

Another factor undoubtedly contributing to the early escalatory decision in Vietnam was, in a negative sense at least, an Eisenhower and particularly a Foster Dulles legacy. The Kennedy Administration early rejected the doctrine of massive retaliation, and with considerable relief. The realization that nuclear weapons could not be brandished as an all-purpose threat made the use of force at the non-nuclear level seem somehow less frightening. There was even a kind of euphoria about the newly expanded Special Forces, who were being trained, it was said, as much in the arts of peace as in the arts of war, and who might reduce the use of force from the level of megaton monstrosity to the level of individual human effort.

The enthusiasm for counterinsurgency as a new

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technique was a part of the same pattern. What it lacked in specificity, it made up for in energy. A new Administration is likely to be optimistic about new ways of doing things, even of fighting wars, and Vietnam turned out to be a testing ground for these new kinds of forces and techniques. Because they were felt to be both more effective and less dangerous than conventional (or indeed nuclear) military means, it took longer to discover the limits on their effectiveness and the dangers of their use. And because there was still a strong element of paternalism in American foreign policy, the desirability of finding means for forceful intervention was not seriously questioned.

Again, several factors need to be sorted out in this latter phase of decision-making. The primary focus of these decisions seems to have been on shoring up the (or a) Saigon regime, rather than on blunting the force (or determination) of Hanoi. When all the arguments advanced in favor of initiating the bombing of the North are critically analyzed, the most persuasive one turns out to have been its effect on crumbling morale in the South. There was no enthusiasm at the level of political decision about any of the new escalatory moves. But there was at least less disinclination to examine these alternatives than to examine the alternatives on the down side of the scale. Accounts of the period make it clear that there was unanimous agreement within the government that the only course of action no longer available was to continue at the

same level of force. But one senses that there was more concern with minimizing necessary escalation than with maximizing feasible de-escalation.

The pause in the decisional process because of the intervention of a presidential election was also a factor to be reckoned with. The pacific promises of the campaign, however deeply felt, were probably a less significant determinant of policy than the effect of the practical moratorium on decision-making induced by the campaign itself. Decisions that are postponed end up being accelerated by the accumulated pressure of events. The impact of regularly scheduled elections on the conduct of foreign affairs, as in Korea, Suez, and Cuba, is a subject deserving of separate study.

After 1965, one enters the Aeschylean stage of United States intervention in Vietnam. The character of the problem changes significantly. It is perhaps more aptly described as a manifestation of *hubris* than as the evolution of rational, if misguided, policy. To reverse our course — as we seem to be doing at long last — called for a change of heart at least as much as a change of mind. It is on the earlier stages, then, that one might focus in order to try to draw lessons for the future conduct of American foreign policy.

Theodore Draper: One of the points made by Professor Yarmolinsky about our progressive involvement in Vietnam is that the decisions of 1961 and 1962 were not of the same order as those of 1964 and 1965. He rejects the notion, as do I, that the later decisions were predetermined by the earlier ones. In fact, he seems to think that the difference was so great that the later ones were not even the result of a “rational evolution” but rather were a manifestation of “*hubris*,” which comes close to saying that they were “irrational.” As a result, Professor Yarmolinsky says, we can learn more from the earlier stages than from the later ones, and he therefore thinks it is best or more rewarding to focus on the earlier ones.

If all this is true, the trouble we got into is either too hard or too easy for us to get out of. *Hubris* is something you have or you haven't. If you have it, Professor Yarmolinsky implies, your policy no longer evolves rationally, and it does not lend itself, therefore, to rational analysis or treatment. On the other hand, you may pay such a heavy price for your *hubris* that the shock of retribution will knock it out of you. Once it goes away, you will get back on the rational path and the worst part of the problem will be gone.

Isn't this a too easy way out? First, I rather doubt that there was less *hubris* in 1961 than in 1965 or, even farther back, in 1954 than in 1965. American *hubris*, if that is the right word for what we are talking about, strikes me as having been a fairly

permanent condition since the end of the last war. It may have gotten us into more serious trouble in February, 1965, than in, say, April, 1961, but the reason for the difference may be perfectly amenable to rational analysis and treatment.

I do not wish to go into the question whether President Kennedy would have done in 1965 the

The doctrine of “limited war” . . . must be held partially responsible for pulling us in.

same thing that President Johnson did. We can only speculate, and though I see no reason for not speculating on the basis of whatever evidence we have, this is probably not the place for it. Still, the issue arises because, as has so often been pointed out, so many of the key men in both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations were the same. Were they suddenly overcome with *hubris* in 1965? My own view would be that there *was* a rational evolution of policy in 1964–1965, and that, in fact, the rationale of policy was quite the same throughout this decade. That President Johnson's decisions were not predetermined by President Kennedy's decisions does not mean that the same theoretical premises could not lend themselves, rationally, to different practical conclusions in different circumstances.

You will note that I have just introduced a somewhat different factor: “theoretical premises.” I have done so in order to get to my main point. The Vietnam War has brought on a crisis not only of policy but of the theory behind the policy. The theory behind the policy was the result of a perfectly rational, if misguided, evolution, and I think it lends itself to what I hope will be a perfectly rational, if necessarily brief, critique.

Professor Yarmolinsky points out what at first glance may appear to be a paradox. “Massive retaliation,” that monstrous doctrine of the 1950s, saved us from large-scale intervention in Vietnam in 1954. But its successor, variously known as “limited war,” “graduated response,” or “flexible response,” did not save us from increasingly large-scale intervention in Vietnam since 1961 and especially since 1965. In fact, the doctrine of “limited war” as it was worked out in the latter half of the 1950s outside the government and taken over by the government in the 1960s must be held partially responsible for pulling us in.

That something was wrong with the theory was impressed on me by reading the book *Arms and Influence*, by one of the most brilliant and respected

of the new power theorists, Professor Thomas C. Schelling. In this book, published in 1966, Professor Schelling devoted several pages to the "reprisal" action in the Gulf of Tonkin in August, 1964. He hailed it as a triumph of "appropriate" response and as a classic example of how to wage a "limited war," a "restrained war." This view was, of course, not limited to Professor Schelling, and I cite his book because he is an eminent figure in the field and because there can be no doubt about his enthusiasm for the Tonkin Gulf type of operation. Yet I think few would today dispute that this action set off the entire cycle of events which led the United States to sink deeper and deeper into the Vietnam morass. In Professor Schelling's book, however, there is only praise and celebration of the event. Something must be wrong if one of the outstanding theorists of "limited war" could not see, at least a year and possibly two later, where the Tonkin Gulf action would or could lead us.

What was wrong?

Professor Thomson, in his recent article in the *Atlantic*, told of the kind of thinking that went into the Tonkin Gulf operation. In the late autumn of 1964, the "air-strike planners," as he calls them, thought that the North Vietnamese would "come crawling to us for peace talks" after six weeks of bombing. Someone asked at one of the meetings: And what if they don't? The answer was that another four weeks of bombing would do the trick.

This, in essence, has been the source of American bafflement and frustration in Vietnam. For three years, the United States has applied increasing force to end the war on its own terms. According to the doctrine of "limited war," the Vietnamese Communists should have realized at some point that the price was too high, and therefore, "come crawling to us." If the policy based on the theory has failed, it is time to re-examine the theory.

The theorists of "limited war" saw clearly what was wrong with the doctrine of "massive retaliation," which proved to be little more than a massive hoax. They saw that we were, in fact, not fighting the great apocalyptic war against Soviet Russia or Communist China, and that we needed both a military establishment and a strategic doctrine of greater flexibility and gradation for the difficulties we were getting into. The trouble with "massive retaliation," they recognized, was that it was most relevant to one type of war only — between the "superpowers." It was not so clear to the "limited war" theorists that their recipes of "graduated response" might be self-defeating in a war between a very great power and a very small one.

When a great power confronts a great power, military victory may or may not be "meaningful,"

depending on one's attitude toward war in general. But when a very great power, possessing weapons of indescribable destruction, confronts a very small power, what does military victory mean? What is gained if the United States proves that it is militarily stronger than the Dominican Republic or even North Vietnam? To make such a conflict meaningful, the great power has to demonstrate how little force it needs to use, not how much force it can use. Paradoxically, a great power can obtain a meaningful victory over a small power only by using a small part of its strength or at least using much less than it is capable of using. But, then, it loses some or all of its advantages as a great power; it voluntarily abstains from using its most destructive weapons or from using its more conventional weapons most destructively.

This dilemma can be overcome only by assuming that there is a relatively modest level of destruction which will not be "acceptable," as the phrase goes, to the small power. In fact, we seem to assume that a small power cannot or will not take as much punishment as a large power. But this is precisely where great-power thinking goes wrong. Great powers tend to think of "limited wars" in terms of themselves. They think of the "limit" as what it would be, in relative terms, if they were taking the punishment or in relation to the total force they are capable of using. But neither of these senses may seem very limited to a small power. A great power may use only a very limited portion of its power but it will be enough to make a small power feel that it must fight an unlimited war or not fight at all.¹

This is especially true if the small power — or rather, its people, in sufficient numbers — is willing to die for a cause. Death is not limited, and if enough people are willing to die, they are not going to fight a "limited war." This is the imponderable that cannot be accounted for in any theory of

¹ This may be demonstrated by one of the reasons given to demonstrate how moderate the United States has been in Vietnam. Professor Robert Scalapino of the University of California at Berkeley recently argues that "while we certainly have bombed North Vietnam extensively, we have it within our power, and you know this, to eradicate North Vietnam from the map. The fact that we have risked American lives over months and months in an effort to avoid that kind of total mass destruction of this country, is one indication that Goliath has placed certain limitations upon his power" (*The New Leader*, February 26, 1968, p. 14). Presumably this act of self-denial on the part of the United States should have persuaded North Vietnam to place certain limitations upon its power. Thus "limited war" is defined, in this view, as anything short of eradicating North Vietnam "from the map." There may be some horrible kind of logic to this from the viewpoint of total American power of destruction, but it totally ignored what effect this self-imposed "limitation" would have on North Vietnam. A "limitation" defined as short of what it would take to eradicate North Vietnam from the map would be well within the limits of what would force North Vietnam to fight an unlimited war.

"limited war." It takes two to fight a "limited war," and if one refuses to play that game, the other has to go from limit to upper limit despite its better judgment that at some limit the game is no longer worth the candle.

In the case of the Vietnam War, victory might have been meaningful as long as it was basically conducted by two small powers — namely, South and North Vietnam — or as a civil war in South Vietnam. Until 1965, it was a war by proxies, which is the only way a great power today may engage in a war without either pitting great power against great power or great power against small power. As soon as the United States took over the main function of the war in 1965, it condemned itself to fighting either an unlimited war from the outset, and horrifying the world and its own people, or fighting a "limited war" which it could not win without exceeding the limits that would make the other side fight an unlimited war. This is the contradiction which the theorists of "limited war" never thought through.

I am persuaded that one reason, and not the least important, for our "progressive involvement" in Vietnam has been the theory of "limited war" as expounded for the past ten or a dozen years. The crucial defect of this theory has been the divorce of power and politics. It is no accident, as some people like to say, that the power theorists, limited and unlimited, have had least to say about the three interventions that have done the most damage to the United States in this decade — those in Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and Vietnam — and what they have mostly had to say might better have been left unsaid. These interventions posed a problem in which power and politics were inextricably tangled up, and politics has never been the strong point of power theorists. Another way of saying the same thing perhaps is that wars pure and simple and revolutions impure and anything but simple are not the same things, and revolutionary war could not be encompassed by a doctrine of "limited war."

The policy has failed, and so has the theory. We need a new policy, and before we get it, we may have to work out a new theory. The new theory would not take as its point of departure the difference between limited and unlimited wars, both primarily military in character. It would be based on the relationship between politics and power, and thus limit the use of power to what can be usefully achieved politically.

John McDermott: In Congress a rather different but fairly systematic critique of the theory of limited war has been developed by certain right-wing members which goes something like this: the theory of limited war involves, in a sense, tele-

graphing in advance the increment and the successor to that increment, so that a potential enemy will be aware at any given stage of the price he will pay for not going along in the direction we desire. This telegraphing, congressmen argue, has been a major factor in the success of the North Vietnamese in devising and adjusting their defenses to American attacks and in withstanding American escalation. For example, early in 1965 air defense of Hanoi was not formidable. However, within a year after bombing began, air defenses were such as to make raids on Hanoi a very expensive proposition.

The kinds of ideas that seem likely to replace the early theory of limited war in political discussions within the Congress seem quite dangerous. For example, the theory based on one reading of the case of the Dominican intervention suggests that overwhelming force applied early in a somewhat unpredictable way is a successful alternative to the kind of failures limited war, illustrated in Vietnam, has involved.

The value of the old limited-war theories and theories of international relations was that they were in a sense predictable. You did not make huge, rather unpredictable and incalculable jumps in escalation of force. The jumps were small enough so that an adversary could judge them, could see their limit immediately, and therefore could calculate and make a rational response to it.

What is of interest in the alternative — illustrated by our Dominican intervention — is that in a great-power context it introduces unpredictability into the other side's assessment of what we are doing and, therefore, into the other side's response. For example, if in early 1965 instead of a slow buildup of the Vietnam escalation we suddenly had injected a million American troops and the U.S. Air Force had begun launching really very, very heavy attacks against North Vietnam, then the North Vietnamese, Russians, and Chinese might well have been very anxious and edgy as to what this might portend.

Theodore Draper: There are two points about my previous comment I should like to clarify.

First, the concept of limited war created a kind of strategic climate which, in one way or another, permeated policy-making circles. Massive retaliation tended to make policy-makers conscious of *how much* force they would have to use. Limited war tended to make them conscious of *how little* they might have to use, and if a little is not enough, it could always be increased. Escalation by what here has been called incrementalism was inherent in waging limited war.

This brings me to my second point — that any sane, decent person will prefer limited to unlimited

war. The problem, however, is why the war in Vietnam has evidently gone beyond the limits of what is acceptable to many people in the United States. We started out with the assumption that there was some level of destruction that would not be acceptable to North Vietnam; we are ending up questioning what limits are acceptable to us to prevent a Communist "take-over." The reason for the change is essentially that North Vietnam has been fighting an unlimited war. Instead of our limited war dictating their limited war, their unlimited war has forced us to consider whether we wish to fight what to us is a limited war.

In the context of theories of limited war, I should now like to pick up Mr. McDermott's reference to the Dominican revolt and the Dominican inter-

We could easily have had another Vietnam in the Dominican Republic in 1965.

vention. His reference troubles me very much, especially if, as he suggests, we may go from the Vietnam failure to the so-called Dominican success as the precedent for another policy.

Mr. McDermott mentioned that this "success" involved flooding the Dominican Republic with American troops. It may appear that this approach led to success. But we could easily have had another Vietnam in the Dominican Republic in 1965, and if we did not, it was not due to us. We owed our good luck there to our opponent, to the man whom we decided to cheat out of victory.

I have spent a good deal of time trying to figure out what happened there, and I think I can tell you this with confidence — Juan Bosch told his followers that it was unthinkable to fight American troops. On this point he would not budge, and he had enough influence so that on those occasions, and there were several, when fighting could have broken out, he held back his followers. Since then, however, he has changed his attitude toward the United States, and if the 1965 revolt happened now, we would have a Vietnam in the Dominican Republic. This was the essential reason for our success there, not the flooding of troops, and, as I say, we will not be that lucky again.

Adam Yarmolinsky: I thought Mr. Draper was going to make the point I wanted to make about the Dominican Republic, but instead, he made a different one, one with which I would take issue, except I am not sure it is very germane to the discussion.

I do not regard what we did in the Dominican Republic as a repudiation of the doctrine of limited war. I think it was politically unjustified. But it seems to me the military decisions were in the mainstream of decisions about the use of limited force. After all, what we did was to interpose forces between two warring camps, and in a remarkably effective way.

One of the few things we did right in the Dominican Republic was to follow this procedure. I don't see this as any change in tactics.

Daniel Ellsberg: I do not really agree that it was the theory of limited war that encouraged Americans to favor our Vietnam decision in 1965. I think it was something else, some attitudes and some expectations associated with the American way of war.

Specifically, there has been in the United States since the Second World War a widespread belief in the efficacy and acceptability of aerial bombing, and in particular, of bombing of a strategic nature, aimed at the will of the opponent via his industrial and population resources. This belief played a critical, if not decisive, role in getting us into Vietnam, in reassuring us, in giving us confidence to stay in, and then in stimulating escalation, while keeping us reassured as to ultimate success.

In 1965, the group of men most in favor of an enlarged intervention, including the sending of ground troops, was headed by Maxwell Taylor and Walt Rostow. These two pointed, as early as 1961, to the essential problem of stopping infiltration. They took the point of view, rightly or wrongly, that the problem in the South would be insoluble until we were able to stop infiltration from the North, not as it was then but as it could become.

It was clearly stated by them that we must go in with the recognition, especially if we were successful in the early stages, that we could anticipate a high level of infiltration, which somehow would have to be stopped. These people, both privately and publicly, indicated there was only one effective way to stop infiltration — that, of course, was through bombing. Their recommendation for expanded U.S. involvement in Vietnam rested on the implicit assumptions that bombing would be used against the North when — as was likely — it became necessary, and that it would be effective. Kennedy may or may not have accepted this reasoning or conclusion; the record is not clear. However, given the attitudes within the defense bureaucracy and the larger American public, it would have been difficult, even for the President, explicitly to reject this "solution" in advance. Really no other proposal was ever seriously made for dealing with that essential problem.

In 1965 — when we felt ourselves in trouble in a

number of ways, especially with regard to the need to demonstrate our commitment — Johnson was not prepared immediately to send troops, but one thing that came easy to an American President was a demonstration by bombing.

Recently, the former ambassador to the United States from Vietnam has expressed a plea that, despite his deep pessimism about the prospects today in Vietnam, we should not precipitously withdraw. He said he was against our immediate withdrawal even though he believed life under the Communists would be better than the continuation of this war, which since 1965 — not since 1961 or 1964, but since the bombings of 1965 in South Vietnam and since we came in there with our troops — has begun to demolish his society, to turn it into a vast zoo, a vast refugee camp. Despite this belief, the ambassador could not be for ending the war at the cost of a quick Communist victory because he felt that would encourage the North Vietnamese in their most aggressive aspects. In that case he foresaw that within five years the Vietnamese would be doing things in Thailand which would cause us then to destroy Vietnam totally.

The calling in of Americans and our subsequent bombing in North and South Vietnam have not brought success; hence the bombing in the South has gone on long enough to disrupt the society of South Vietnam probably permanently. In general, if local governments who call for American aid are in other respects acting effectively, then any bombing we may do need not last very long and the resulting damage will not be permanent. But if these governments face a strong enemy who can frustrate them and the United States and prolong the war, then the damage done by American bombs can be irrevocable.

We are talking here about lessons for us to learn about ourselves, and lessons for *others* — including

If you invite us in to do your hard fighting for you, then you get bombing.

those who might ask our aid in the future — to learn about us, from our experience in Vietnam and elsewhere.

The lesson which can be drawn here is one the rest of the world, I am sure, has drawn more quickly than Americans have: that, to paraphrase H. Rap Brown, bombing is as American as cherry pie. If you invite us in to do your hard fighting for you, then you get bombing along with our troops.

Many of us in Vietnam believed that we were

there because we should win, and that we could win, though not by the methods we had been using. “Of course, we are against bombing.” I can hear myself, with others, saying this hundreds and hundreds of times.

I protected myself, I am afraid, from perceiving what should have been easily foreseeable — especially easy were I not American and terribly reluctant to realize it — namely, that if you bring in Americans like me, as part of a heavy U.S. *combat* involvement, you are going to get both strategic and widespread tactical bombing along with them, no matter how critical these particular individuals may be of it.

If you ask what will happen in Thailand if we go in militarily and face prolonged opposition, the answer is bombing.

If you ask what would have happened if the Dominican Republic had chosen to oppose us, the answer is that the Dominican Republic probably would have been heavily bombed.

Indeed, a most ominous lesson is there to be drawn by the people of nations whose leaders might call for United States military support: that such a plea — if the national leader knew that the conflict would be long and the United States military commitment great — could amount to an act of treachery against his society.

Samuel Huntington: I would like to take an entirely different approach to understanding the 1960s and our Vietnam involvement.

For reasons I gave earlier, it seems unlikely that a situation like that which developed in Vietnam will develop elsewhere in the immediate future. For other reasons, it seems even more unlikely that any situation or crisis in the future will produce a response similar to that which the United States made in Vietnam.

“I do not think the American people would be in favor of another one like that,” said Engine Charlie Wilson in 1953, referring to what social scientists at that time were describing as “the most unpopular war in American history.” In comparison with the clean-cut, all-out struggle of World War II, Korea was indeed a nasty, protracted, frustrating, dirty little war. Now, in comparison with Vietnam, Korea looks like a neat, conventional, sensible sort of war which, above all else, was fought along a regular battlefield whose progress up and down the map made it easy to judge who was winning and who losing. The frustration of Korea was that the soldiers could win it militarily, but the Administration politically would not let them. The frustration of Vietnam is that the soldiers cannot win it militarily, and the Administration cannot win it politically. The one produced an intense reaction on the right, the

other an even more bitter opposition on the left. If the increases in frustration represented by the progression from World War II to Korea to Vietnam should be extended to a fourth major military involvement, the constitutional structure of the Republic could well be shaken. In any event, the almost unanimous current resolve of "No more Vietnams" appears to have good roots not only in the war itself but also in a more fundamental shift in the American approach to foreign affairs.

While U.S. involvement in Vietnam was one aspect of the broader post-war pattern of U.S. expansion I previously referred to, the trauma resulting from the war was the product of a fundamental shift in attitudes toward the costs and benefits of American expansion. The type of involvement which in the 1950s could be viewed as desirable and necessary became in the 1960s a highly dubious venture. By 1967, of course, the costs to the United States — in money and troop commitments — of the Vietnamese War exceeded those of the Korean War.

Opposition to the war, however, focused less on these material costs than on the moral and ideological issues. In comparison with the Korean War, the Vietnamese War has been a relatively limited and undestructive conflict. In one year of fighting, almost every major city in North and South Korea was virtually leveled to the ground. Up to mid-1968 the only major Vietnamese city which has received anything like this treatment was Huế. In Korea, somewhere between two and three million civilians were killed directly or indirectly by the war. The civilian suffering in Vietnam, however bad it may be, has been little by comparison. Senator Edward M. Kennedy estimates the civilian casualties in South Vietnam at about 100,000 a year, only some of which were fatalities. At that current rate, the Vietnamese War could thus go on for twenty years before the total civilian casualties (killed and wounded) in South Vietnam equaled the minimum estimate of civilians killed in Korea.

American outrage at the war thus reflected less the war than it did the impact of TV and, more basically, a fundamental change in American attitudes — official and informed — toward American involvement in international affairs. It is, of course, easy to say with hindsight that this change was predictable. It was also in fact, however, predicted. The shift in opinion on foreign policy in the mid-1960s appears to be simply the latest manifestation of a regular alternation of American attitudes

"No more Vietnams" appears to have good roots not only in the war itself but also in a more fundamental shift in the American approach to foreign affairs.

toward foreign affairs between introversion and extroversion. Using a variety of indicators, including naval expenditures, annexations, armed expeditions, diplomatic pressures, and attention devoted to foreign affairs in presidential messages and party platforms, Frank L. Klingberg has charted these alternations in mood since the Revolutionary War.¹ Beginning in 1776 American attitudes toward international affairs have gone through eight alternating phases of introversion and extroversion as follows:

Introversion	Extroversion
1776-1798	1798-1824
1824-1844	1844-1871
1871-1891	1891-1919
1919-1940	1940-

The periods of introversion thus averaged twenty-one years, those of extroversion twenty-seven years. Writing in 1951, Klingberg confidently rejected the possibility of the United States's then adopting the "Gibraltar" politics advocated by Hoover and Taft and predicted that the United States was "probably capable of great world leadership for another decade or more." Extroversion still had sixteen years to run. Klingberg also suggested, however, that further in the future it was logical "to expect America to retreat, to some extent at least from so much world involvement, and perhaps to do so sometime in the 1960's." He was, if anything, a little too unsure of his own theory, for sixteen years later, the swing of introversion came along right on schedule. The prescience of his forecast is, indeed, quite striking. In discussing the beginning of America's "fifth historical cycle" in the 1960s he said that "it is quite possible that the major problem of the coming period will carry heavy moral implications — as in the case of the issue of slavery following the Revolutionary period (1776-1824). The aspirations of the people of Asia and Africa could well furnish the chief issue, along with special repercussions from America's own racial problem." For those of us who are skeptical of statistical analyses, cyclical theories, and historical determinism, Klingberg's forecast

¹ "The Historical Alternation of Moods in American Foreign Policy," *World Politics* IV (January, 1952).

in 1951 of what would happen in 1966–1967 is somewhat unsettling.

Perhaps the symbolic turning point from extroversion to introversion occurred in July, 1967, when the Administration dispatched three C-130 transports and 150 U.S. servicemen to support the Mobutu government in the Congo against an uprising of white mercenaries. The reaction in Congress was immediate, intensive, and widespread, encompassing Vietnamese hawks as well as doves. Fulbright and Russell, Morse and Stennis, all attacked this action, warning that “never again” did they want us to take any action which might lead to another Vietnam type of involvement. Given this reaction to the dispatch of three transports, it seems reasonable to conclude that it will probably not be until sometime after 1984, when the Klingberg cycle has gone full circle, that the United States will again become involved in a military intervention of Vietnamese proportions.

Daniel Ellsberg: Professor Huntington says the Vietnam War has led to an unprecedented revulsion in the minds of the American public, essentially because of a cyclical change in American attitudes, which, if true, above all would imply we are in for some twenty years of similar reaction against any sort of involvement, followed by some twenty years of acceptance of any sort of involvement.

This implication is made more specific by saying that the same sort of war waged earlier, with the same consequences, would not have evoked this reaction. I believe this is wrong. If we had taken the same action in Indochina in 1954 or in 1961 that we did in 1965, we would have become involved that much sooner in the same kind of war, with the same prospects, and in turn, would have gotten very much the same reaction in the middle of the Klingberg cycle. Therefore, the notion of a cyclical change in American attitudes as the main explanation for the response is wrong. The revulsion is largely a response to *this* war, including, among other things, the manner we got into it, the manner we have explained it, the manner we are conducting it, and perhaps above all, our evident lack of lasting progress or prospects of success.

Speaking personally, and frankly, I must say that Professor Huntington’s analysis — insofar as it reveals his perceptions of the war and of the public’s reaction to it — distresses me very much. However, I don’t want to dwell on my reaction to his description of the Vietnam War, which I had the good fortune to witness, at times fairly close up, as a relatively “limited and undestructive” war. What I wish to explore here is the empirical question, when our government should anticipate widespread public reactions against such an involvement.

Huntington’s dismissal of the point that it could be the war itself that led to revulsion is based on a comparison with Korea, in which he suggests that the relevant differences in the wars themselves should have led to greater acceptance of the Vietnam War than of the Korean War. Therefore, he concludes, the cause of the actual lesser acceptance could not be our acts in Vietnam.

But what is the relevant difference he considers? When we look closely, it is very simple — it is body count. In other words, the analysis here of the moral issue all comes down to the single dimension of body count. I would suggest that this is as inadequate a predictor of the public’s feeling of moral revulsion as it is a predictor of progress in the war.

For one thing, the question of the perceived stakes at issue in the war is relevant. Specifically, the Vietnam War simply is not regarded as a war of self-defense, whereas Korea virtually was: especially early in the war, which was when most of the civilian casualties were inflicted. In the summer of 1950, we had a vision of Western Europe being at stake, with satellite armies poised to profit from the example of successful aggression in Korea. This had, I suggest, great bearing on the acceptability of the infliction of damage on people who themselves were not threatening us.

Moreover, the specific operations in Korea that were causing the casualties were regarded as effective and even essential there. These same operations, such as bombing that is not in close support, Sir Robert Thompson tells us — and I feel sure he is correct — have little impact on VC strength, yet at the same time by their social and psychological effects within Vietnam strongly favor the longer-run political prospects of the VC. Therefore, regretably, we have noncombatant casualties being inflicted in Vietnam and massive refugee movements imposed by processes which qualified experts tell us are unnecessary, ineffective, and even counterproductive.

Above all else, you have the factor of perceived failure and the very low likelihood of real success in the future. Moral, as well as practical, issues will surely arise at the point when this is perceived, for everybody for whom they did not arise earlier. Here, of course, is the enormous difference from Korea.

It is simply not acceptable, in the eyes of many people, to kill as many people as we are doing in Vietnam, or even a much smaller number, when the process of violence offers as little promise of success in any terms as it does there, and especially when the stakes for the United States are no larger than they seem there. To put it simply, a great many people in the country believe that you have to have very good reasons for killing innocent

people; and the reasons they now perceive for sustaining the kind of operations we are pursuing in Vietnam just do not appear to be good enough. There may be a trend in attitudes here, especially among youth; yet there would have been no lack of such people, making the same judgment, if they had been confronted with the same war ten years ago.

Theodore Draper: I would like to pursue this point. When we went into Vietnam and for a long period thereafter, the justification for the intervention had very little to do with problems of social or political reform that have occupied some of us here. The justification was that we were faced with an aggression from the North which was an extension of Communist power and/or Russian power. In other words, the aggression made the war into a quasi-great power war, and as long as the war could be interpreted as such, we were fighting not only Vietnamese but Chinese and Russians — and the latter were the real enemies.

This reasoning was once persuasive to a good many Americans and a good many people outside America. Now the reason the war has lost much of its persuasiveness is that its original justification in terms of the great power conflict has been eroded.

There is in the air a pervasive conviction or feeling that an era has come to an end. We are not so sure about the kind of era we are going into. But, somehow, there have taken place the retrenchment of American power, the retreat of Russian power, and the introversion of Chinese power. This threefold process has laid the basis of the era we are going into. As a result, we launched an action in one period but carried it out in another period, and that is where the persuasiveness of this war disappeared.

II

Stanley Hoffmann: The broader implications of our Vietnam experience can all be summarized in one formula: *from incorrect premises about a local situation and about our abilities, a bad policy is likely to follow.* Our policy in Vietnam has been exemplary in the sense of providing a complete catalogue of all the mistakes that can result from false premises.

We must learn to distinguish much more carefully between types of interventions. Each one — and each combination — has its own advantages and drawbacks, and precisely because no great power can ever abstain from intervention altogether, it is important to understand what these assets and liabilities are. On the continuum that goes from nonintervention (which, as Talleyrand remarked, is also a kind of intervention), via aid,

to military expeditions, we need marks and signs. Thus, intervention can be distinguished according to:

- (1) Scope
- (2) Type (military, economic, and so on)
- (3) Whether it is overt or covert
- (4) Whether it consists in deliveries (for instance, of advice, arms, or goods) or in denials (for instance, a suspension of aid). And one can see that it may be more advisable to support democratic legitimacy abroad by depriving unpopular or illegitimate tyrannies of our military aid than by giving such aid either to democratic insurgents or even to democratic governments whose resources could better be used in other ways.
- (5) Whether the purpose of intervention is essentially negative (to avert a threat, to prevent a crisis) or essentially positive.
- (6) Whether the measure is part of a strategy of competition with one's major rivals, or part of a strategy of cooperation — an important distinction, for we may be compelled in certain cases to intervene in reply to intervention by our major rivals, whereas we would not have done so unchallenged.
- (7) Whether the focus of intervention is the control of internal behavior in a foreign nation or its external conduct.

Our main experience is in the latter area: We are primarily used to contests in which "winning" means imposing our strategy on an adversary in open battle. As for affecting internal affairs, we have a great deal of experience in the realm of economic aid; we also have some experience with waging successful, swift, and superficial coups. We have much less experience with the kind of intervention in which we found ourselves ensnared on behalf of the Saigon regimes: an asymmetrical fight against a foe who obstinately refused to play our game, while being inventive and flexible enough to adapt his tactics to our presence; against a foe who succeeded in keeping the initiative even while we thought that our forays, on the ground and in the air, meant that it was ours — and in a territory and over stakes that made "winning" the gradual by-product of military control, social change, administrative and political reform, institutional creation and organization.

We must learn in particular to distinguish between two kinds of interventions: on the one hand, marginal ones (which does not mean unimportant; they can be decisive) that allow a threatened society to deal with its problems in a way that strengthens its cohesion but does not jeopardize its autonomy and self-respect, and on the other, interventions that are so *massive* that they are counterproductive, either because they weaken the assisted partner (by spreading corruption, disrupting his administration or his economy), or because that partner lacks

the institutional ability and social cohesion without which our intervention will be in vain.

There is no substitute for area expertise, historical knowledge, and the kind of informed judgment that allows one to separate a hopeless case from a

. . . most striking in Vietnam is our way of turning that intricate contest . . . into a test of our resolve, competence, and moral and material superiority.

merely difficult one. There is, in this respect, at least one clear message from Vietnam: when a regime that is oppressive, or ineffective, or both is faced, not with an ordinary insurgency, but with a movement that is both superbly organized and capable of mounting, in the areas it holds, an effective government and a social revolution, the chances of reversing the trend are very poor. It would be as foolish to mistake every rebellion for a genuine social movement as it is to mistake every political leader for an authentic force. The key issues are those of the roots, the organization, the appeals. We must learn to distinguish movements that are broad, effective, and legitimate from pseudo-movements. Once again, the ability to discriminate is a prerequisite of policy. This ability requires in turn a social science more interested in asking the key questions of historical sociology than in collecting swamps of data.

A second imperative is to re-examine critically the limits of our power. This does not mean indulging either in an orgy of self-doubt or in a repudiation of an ungrateful outside world that resists our good intentions. It means assessing several factors more realistically.

First, we must more realistically assess the limits in the present international system of the kind of power that we have in greatest amounts: military and economic. The new conditions of the use of force, the rise and strength of the nation-state, the heterogeneity of the system all reduce considerably the *direct* ability of any major power to shape the world according to its wishes. There is an excess of the power to *deny* over the power to *achieve gains*. In other words, our greatest impact comes through creating conditions in which the forces on which we count — the defenders of the status quo or the champions of moderate reform — can work. Our forms of help — military deterrence and various kinds of assistance — cannot succeed in denying all enemy gains, for they are neither capable of preventing him from exploiting at our expense

(and through similar techniques of assistance, ranging from military to diplomatic) regional interstate disputes (as in the Middle East), nor capable of transforming an internal situation as hopeless as Vietnam. Moreover, when our deter-

rence and assistance succeed in consolidating non-Communist regimes, there is no guarantee that these regimes will use their own power in ways that will please us, as we found out in various parts of the world.

Second, we must more realistically assess the specific limitations that our history, our style, and our institutions impose on our effectiveness. It is imperative that we know ourselves better. To be sure, one could argue that our massive resort to technological power in Vietnam results precisely from our exploitation of what we know to be our greatest asset. But this has to be weighed not only against our ignorance of local realities that vitiated this asset but also against our neglect of some serious psychological weaknesses of our own: an overbearing self-confident approach to complex problems; a tendency to reduce them to mere issues of management, without questioning the realism of the ends and therefore the adequacy of the means; an optimism that makes us believe that a superficial, often verbal, community of values with foreign elites entitles us to be their guides and enables us to solve their problems; an activism that conflicts with the needs for prudence and patience, and often reduces our associates to the position of subordinates and makes them resentful of our protection and of their dependence; an underestimation of the way in which other people's history and customs condition their reactions to present issues; a lack of understanding of social revolutions, of the kinds of violent movements that develop when there are no procedures for peaceful change and that often are not led by the kinds of elites with whom Americans are comfortable. This lack of understanding results from our own inexperience with such revolution, and makes us reserve our sympathies to non-Communist, purely nationalist, elites.

What has been most striking in Vietnam is our way of turning that intricate contest (in which, by our own admission, we are not fully in control even of our side) into a test of our resolve, competence, and moral and material superiority. This is an old, and not a disgraceful feature. But precisely because of its importance in our makeup, it should make us careful about getting involved. At least we should be careful to get only in confrontations that are so

essential as to justify this heavy investment of our pride, if not only in confrontations we can win, so as to avoid the self-lacerations of defeat (this would not be a very realistic imperative).

A third imperative, following from the first two, is precisely to redefine more carefully our national interest in the international competition. We must then learn to establish a hierarchy of interests. We must be guided by the following considerations.

One, not every part of the world is of the same importance to us. An area's importance depends largely on two sets of factors — the intrinsic importance of the country or region for us, due either to resources, population, political influence, or (as in the case of Israel or South Korea) abundance and intimacy of ties with us; and also its importance to our main adversaries.

Two, even in countries or areas that are important to us, we may have a hierarchy of concerns. Whereas one could argue that in all such instances we have an interest in preserving them from outside aggression, the scope of our interests beyond this must vary from case to case. In particular, a prudent foreign policy must beware of turning into a major stake the internal control of a highly unstable polity that we are badly equipped to preserve and reform. A prudent foreign policy must avoid total identification between the United States and any foreign government, both for the latter's sake and for our own, for we know that our capacity to control does not grow along with our involvement. The closer the identification, the smaller our freedom of maneuver and the greater the risk of our becoming the blackmailed victims of our ally, yet also the higher the likelihood of his losing his national legitimacy. We must learn to remember that even when the domestic milieu becomes the battlefield of international politics, it is foreign policy that we wage. To remind ourselves of the foreignness of foreigners is to realize not only that we have, quite properly, less control over them than over the men and goods of our national polity, but also that what may be in their national interest (such as certain kinds of "political development") is not necessarily either in our interest or a proper concern of our foreign policy. This is not "neo-isolationism"; it is the art of distinguishing the essential from the irrelevant. It is blind activism, or overinvolvement, not the ordering of one's interests, which breeds an isolationist reaction.

In Vietnam, although a Viet Cong victory was important to Peking as a test of its doctrine, such a victory was never tantamount to Peking control. Therefore, the area itself should not have been deemed essential to us to begin with. Moreover, the nature of the threat there was such as to justify a deliberate effort on our part to *minimize* the

importance of domestic control, and to concentrate our efforts on the external aspects.

There is one final lesson from Vietnam that ought to be remembered when the issue of intervention arises again. In international affairs, the normative requirements of political order and the normative requirements of ethics do not always coincide: not all moderate international systems, not all world empires have been based on or have dispensed justice. But it is both the moral duty and the political interest of statesmen to avoid policies that compound political and moral error, political inefficiency and ethical ugliness. In Vietnam, our political and our moral roads, paved with good intentions, have led to hell.

Ithiel de Sola Pool: What Stanley Hoffmann has offered us is for the most part a declaration of political faith. Each of us will agree with some parts and disagree with others. But the main factual content of the argument is a single prediction stated as a fact. The prediction is of the failure of the American effort in Vietnam. He has frequently used the word failure to describe the American situation there, supplemented by uses of such synonyms as fiasco, disaster, and tragedy.

Perhaps I misinterpret Professor Hoffmann. Perhaps by failure he means something other than military defeat. Perhaps he means only that we have not achieved our goals easily and quickly, as we hoped and expected. Perhaps he means that we are paying an inordinate price for our goals. In that sense we certainly have failed, and more in the United States than in Vietnam.

The agonizing political lesson that racks this country is a failure of our political system. It has thrown into some question the stability of government in the United States, the capacity of our political system to govern effectively, the basic commitment of the American people as payers of the costs of our national goals. These are the things of which we usually accuse the Vietnamese.

But let us not exaggerate the gloomy performance of our political system, disappointing as it may be. There is no evidence that either the government or the majority of the public are ready to withdraw abruptly in disarray from Vietnam. The passionate critics would like to believe that the curtailment of bombing and the beginning of the Paris talks represent a reversal of Administration policy and a decision to accept defeat. Since they did not believe the President earlier when he said he wanted negotiations and a political settlement, they are forced now to perceive him as reversing his course. I cannot read the mind of the President. But as a supporter of the Administration's basic policy, I feel the negotiations are a culmination we have long desired. I feel no sense of any major

shift in policy. To negotiate at this point despite the continuation of the war is a logical course in pursuit of our goal of a political settlement that will assure a non-Communist South Vietnam.

Effective intervention — and I predict there will be a number of effective interventions in foreign crises in America's future — requires exactly the combination of moral stance and political understanding that Professor Hoffmann has identified.

The immediate problem for American policy in Vietnam is to reduce a nation's suffering: how to check killing, terror, and oppression that arise from many sources. Given the double and triple binds of the historical heritage, there is no easy answer even to that immediate problem. Certainly there is no easy answer to the long-term problem of how far, where, and when America should commit itself in the future to involvement in securing international peace and stability. It is the duty of scholars to look objectively and soberly at the various contradictory aspects of reality, not to produce rhetoric in which broad generalizations conform to people's abhorrence of dissonance by portraying the bad as all bad and the good as all good. Vietnam can look that way *only* from 12,000 miles away.

The recognition of the complexity of reality brings me to a point which Stanley Hoffmann makes superbly and forcefully. It is a powerful plea for the importance of knowledge as a basis for action. The high point of his remarks is an attack upon the platitudinous application of broad slogans of policy without knowing the actual facts of the situation. As he says, "From incorrect premises about a local situation . . . bad policy is likely to follow." "There is no substitute for area exper-

There has been too much ignorant wisecracking in the press about the figures being collected on the progress of pacification.

tise, historical knowledge." Unfortunately, at the time our basic Vietnam policies were set, "our understanding of South Vietnamese society was poor, the expertise at our disposal limited. In such circumstances, we tended to distort our analysis by reducing South Vietnamese uniqueness to elements that seemed familiar and reassuring — to features that we had met and managed elsewhere." The true Vietnam experts that this country had in 1965 could be counted on one's fingers. Moreover, as James Thomson points out, these experts

were not called in by the makers of policy, and the more critical the decision the less so.

Hoffmann's powerful plea for local knowledge instead of platitudes is unfortunately faulted by an irrational distaste on his part for numbers. Many of the things we need to know are matters of amount. How many of the Vietnamese people sympathize with the Viet Cong or with the government? Where is major corruption to be found? What is the rate of inflation? What are the rents that are truly paid? Many of Hoffmann's statements are quantitative. He describes, for example, villagers "torn between identification with the Viet Cong which they respect but fear and identification with a regime for which they have no respect." Some peasants certainly feel that way, but how many? Are they 20 percent, 40 percent, or 60 percent? Are they found everywhere or mostly in some regions? The answers to such questions cannot be dismissed as "swamps of data." Fortunately, the United States government is not a totally know-nothing organization. Late, but better than never, it has started putting itself in the position to answer questions like that.

There has been too much ignorant wisecracking in the press about the figures being collected on the progress of pacification. The usual remark (Hoffmann has a more vivid one) talks about running the war with computers. As every high school graduate knows, any measurement has a margin of error. I happen to have a pretty good notion of the margin of uncertainty in these particular figures and of how much effort is being made to reduce it. I also know how much better our knowledge is now than it was before we had these admittedly approximate figures. But that is only part of the point. The important point is that the collection of data, far from mechanizing the war effort, is humanizing it.

Before the Hamlet Evaluation System was instituted, the typical American District Adviser had very little contact with the hamlets in this area. He advised the District Chief and had no pressing requirement to get deeply involved with what was on the minds of the villagers. Today he must fill out a monthly report which he can do readily only by getting to the hamlets and talking there. The results have been extraordinary, not in producing magic numbers, but in giving the Adviser a sense of his problem.

This is simply one example of the vital importance of applied social science for making the actions of our government in foreign areas more rational and humane than they have been. Right now the anti-intellectuals, and Senator Fulbright astonishingly enough with them, are trying to deny policy-makers the capability to learn what they need to know if they are to avoid the disease of overgeneralized reaction that Stanley Hoffmann

so well identifies. Without social science area knowledge to correct their instinctive clichés, our military officers are likely to march us into futile battles and our foreign policy makers into repeated crises, like the Redcoats who marched according to their rule book against the embattled farmers of New England.

That has been the lesson of every recent intervention crisis. We marched into the Bay of Pigs

A democracy cannot choose war as an instrument of policy.

because those area experts who did know were not consulted. In the Dominican intervention we succeeded, and successes are seldom questioned. Nonetheless, the fact of the matter in retrospect is that we did not know at the time who was on what side. Both our civilian and our military authorities needed good political analysis more than they needed anything else.

Our need for better social science knowledge can perhaps be identified as the first lesson of Vietnam. The second concerns the conduct of war by a democracy. Mankind, regrettably, has not yet reached the point of rejecting war totally. But a democracy in the present era cannot deliberately choose war as an instrument of national policy. The people in a democracy will not fight willingly for long unless they believe that combat is forced upon them by an aggressive enemy. Pearl Harbor and the North Korean invasion of the South were signal events to which the American public could and did respond. There has been no such event in Vietnam. The lesson looks clear for revolutionists or aggressors seeking to impose their will on a foreign country: the lesson is to act covertly and gradually. It would be naïve to think that the experience of Vietnam precludes an American military response to future overt dramatic aggressions against our allies. Our response, however, may well be timid if the provocation is not obvious.

To the American government, the lesson is that it must find effective ways of responding to limited disruptions by means short of war. We have learned, for example, that divisions of troops are not very effective against undergrounds, and we will have to learn how to use police and intelligence operations.

Our worst mistake in Vietnam clearly was to initiate the bombing of the North. Before that started, it was my view that the United States as a democracy could not stand the moral protest that would arise if we rained death from the skies upon an area where there was no war. After the bombing

started, I decided I had been in error. For a while there seemed to be no outcry of protest, but time brought it on. Now I would return to my original view with an important modification: namely, time. Public reactions do not come immediately. Many actions that public opinion would otherwise make impossible are possible if they are short-term. I believe we can fairly say that unless it is severely provoked or unless the war succeeds fast, a democracy cannot choose war as an instrument of policy. Any other sort of war will destroy the cohesion of the democratic community that wages it.

A third lesson in Vietnam is more specifically American. It is that the politics of this country will continue to be polarized between an isolationist impulse to avoid involvement in other people's problems and an internationalist impulse to promote our own values in the world. We are likely to oscillate dangerously between these extremes. Professor Huntington's remarks identify this oscillation as a lawful cycle, like the business cycle of old. I wonder, however, whether we have not reached the end of such a regular cycle. Time alone will tell whether major exogenous events will push the pendulum dizzily one way or the other.

Right now it is fashionable to say that the American public will accept no more Vietnams. Perhaps that is a partial truth for the moment, but it would take only another catastrophe that occurred because we sat on our hands and avoided intervention to push the pendulum back the other way. Whatever the last catastrophe was shapes the direction of the public's indignation at the incumbent Administration. Just as the fall of Czechoslovakia oriented us toward the Marshall Plan and NATO, and as the fall of China shaped our response to Korea, and as Cuba conditioned us to act in the Dominican Republic, so a passive acceptance after Vietnam of some Communist take-over elsewhere, or even there, would be the prelude to a revived activism in American policy.

In the long run, it seems to me sure that the isolationism that has been so rampant in the McCarthy campaign and in the anti-Vietnam protest is a transient thing. It is transient for two reasons. The first reason is that American money and armed power have been a major stabilizing force in the world. If we cease using them, it is fairly predictable that the result will be a catastrophe somewhere and with that will come the revival of the internationalist impulse. The second reason is surer though more remote. It is nuclear proliferation. Treaty or no treaty, there are many in this room who will live to see several underdeveloped countries with the means to launch nuclear war. The United States, I predict, will not stay passive in the face of such a threat. When we come to realize that we can live in safety only in a world

in which the political systems of all states are democratic and pacifically oriented, the immediate lessons of Vietnam — whether of success or of failure or a combination of the two — will recede into a dimly remembered image.

In the nuclear age the world has become a small place. In various ways we will all become more alike, and more like America as we know it today. People everywhere want some aspects of American culture, such as automobiles, TV sets, refrigerators, and Coca-Cola. Vietnam illustrates this trend too. Other aspects of our value system such as participant politics, civil liberties, social mobility, pragmatism, and a pacific orientation are also spreading, but less readily and universally. Were it not for the nuclear threat, the world might well remain heterogeneous in these respects. However, in the era of technological change, on the edge of which we now stand, American policy-makers will not be able to view with indifference aggressive dictatorships with nuclear arms, no matter how small or remote they may be. Vietnam, therefore, is not likely to be the last case in which this nation finds itself trying to cope with dangerous armed ideologies in countries far from our area of normal concern and at the potential cost of much American sacrifice. The lesson we must learn is how to cope with such situations by better means than contests of firepower.

Richard Pfeffer: Professor Pool's professed faith in social science moves me to return to a point Professor Hoffmann touched on a number of times. It is not simply that civilians must bear a large portion of the blame for this war; more particularly, it is social scientists who must bear a large portion of the onus.

I find a striking lack of recognition of the real limitations and deficiencies of social science in Professor Pool's remarks, and more generally, even in a work so critical of American social scientists as the one edited by Irving Horowitz on Project Camelot.¹ Almost everyone contributing to that book, with few exceptions, still maintains a kind of *hubris* about the capacity of social scientists both to understand and manipulate.

Stanley Hoffmann: What strikes me most in reflecting on the Vietnam experience (and temporarily I will gladly withdraw the word "failure" if it annoys Professor Pool) is that it is, at least to me, a symptom of a kind of generalized intellectual failure, and here I will use the word.

We have two kinds of explanations around this table — conceptual ones and organizational ones.

¹ *The Rise and Fall of Project Camelot: Studies in the Relationship Between Social Science and Practical Politics.* Irving Lewis Horowitz, editor, MIT Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1967.

I would not minimize the role of bureaucratic momentum or inertia, but one can exaggerate this element, and thereby conceal from one's own eyes the intellectual failure itself.

When all of the institutions, agencies, and organizations end up making the same kind of mistake, then it must be for reasons going a bit beyond bureaucratic organization. It is perfectly true that success for each agency became the fulfillment of its own norms, but what is interesting is to try to understand why those norms were set up. Here one has to go back to elements of intellectual history or of American political style.

It seems, for instance, that there has first of all been a failure to understand the change in the nature of the international system. In our approach to international affairs we have had very much an expectation of symmetry, an expectation that the adversary would play according to our rules. And, we have voiced discontent when he did not.

I have one last point in reply to Professor Pool. He objected to the word "failure." The only question I would ask him is, how much more evidence do you need? In particular, many of the things which you mentioned, such as the election of village officers, are strictly quite irrelevant. What would be relevant would be evidence that pacification is now undertaken by the villagers themselves with forces of their own — that these people are successful in protecting their own areas against the Viet Cong. I see no evidence of this. As for believing that we still can accomplish this today, I would say, well, unfortunately there is a war going on which makes this very difficult, and what makes it even more difficult is that the kind of war we are running is quite counter-productive.

Ithiel de Sola Pool: This discussion reminds me in some way of arguments about *laissez-faire* in the history of economic thought. Like the proponents of *laissez-faire* arguing against planning, some of those here who criticize the American role in the world make the underlying assumption that the nature of the state and its bureaucracy is such that rationality cannot be expected of it — that no matter what the government does, it is going to be wrong, and therefore, the best thing to do is to abandon its international functions.

As in the economic field, there is a great deal of sense to this argument. But most of us have recognized that in fact large-scale governmental economic policy is going to be with us, and while we may want to reduce it in some ways, we do have to face the problem of maximizing public rationality whenever governmental economic action proves necessary. The same thing applies to



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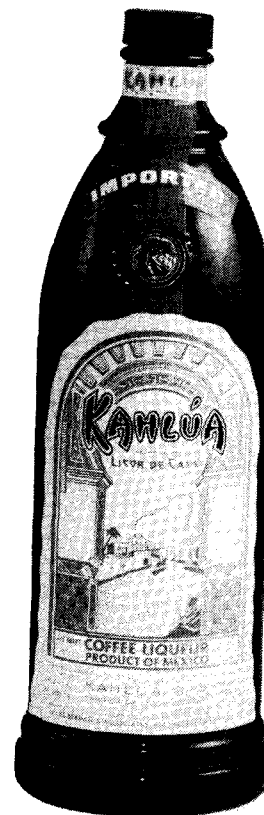
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the role of the U.S. government as a stabilizing force in international affairs. Since policy will often be less than perfectly wise, we would like to avoid unnecessary involvement, but unless we accept the necessity of some governmental involvement abroad we will have a chaotic and dangerous world. We must learn to be as wise as possible in these involvements.

I question the notion of a basic incapacity of government to learn. There are examples of governmental learning in the economic field. Our government has learned how to maintain a stable economy. Albert Wohlstetter gave a very good example of learning in the political field when he pointed to the improvements during the past eight years in our management and control of strategic nuclear weapons. We have also learned to function overseas relatively effectively in such fields as public health and in certain aspects of agricultural change.

In relation to major issues, such as the nuclear one and the economic one, however, it is unfortunately true that we tend to learn only when we become desperate. It takes a great depression or a war or something of that kind to make us learn. Hopefully, if we can get out of the present mood of self-flagellation about our performance in Vietnam and begin to get more concrete and specific in the lessons we learn, then Vietnam may prove to be another event that leads us to that kind of creative desperation.

What is it that we must learn from the Vietnam experience? We must be specific about the problem of how to influence political outcomes in an environment where conventional military means are ineffective or are excluded to us. Here I would like to reinforce the point Mr. Ellsberg previously made in relation to bombing. In general, we have to find ways of coping with international problems that minimize the use of force. That, of course, means that we have to be skilled in the use of other instruments of influence available to us. The instruments we must use better are largely money, propaganda, political organization, and intelligence.

The notion that we will be able simply to watch the world go by without feeling massively threatened by some of the things that happen seems rather shortsighted. We need to learn to cope with genuine threats, and neither acquiesce to them nor respond with inappropriate military devices.

Stanley Hoffmann: First of all, let me say that if any effort at drawing critical lessons from Vietnam is going to be denounced as self-flagellation, then I do not see much hope for American policy.

I was interested in Professor Pool's argument. It made me wonder whether the distinction between domestic politics and international affairs

has been clearly understood. A government has a certain amount of control over the elements of the national economy, but it has much less control over what happens abroad. It seems to me this is one area (among others) in which national borders make quite a lot of difference. I am struck by how little attention we have paid to this particular phenomenon: our devaluation of borders, of the national fact. What has struck me most in our Vietnam experience is the constant and permanent overestimation of chances of success. We have always adopted the most optimistic reading of the

We still know very little about what we can manipulate.

realities. I am afraid that we may be doing just the same in the future if we switch from massive military intervention, which we are beginning to recognize as counterproductive, to massive intervention for political development — which is good old American activism all over again.

In that area, as in international relations in general, the more we understand political processes, the more — not less — uncertain we should get about possibilities of control. The fact is that we still know very little about what we can manipulate. This is especially true when one is dealing with foreign governments.

As I indicated earlier, it seems to me that as Americans (whether we are political scientists or statesmen) dealing with problems of social cohesion and political organization abroad, we approach them with one hand tied behind our back (because we are not colonial masters) and with the other hand full of the wrong tools: tools that have worked only for us.

We should ask ourselves what it is we ought to feel threatened by. I, for one, may feel threatened by nuclear proliferation in some cases, but not necessarily in all. However, I do not think the American national interest is threatened by all the millions of domestic disorders which are going to take place all over the world.

We have been talking about the alienness of China and Southeast Asia as an excuse for not intervening in the future. But, in thinking of American policy toward France in World War II and since, I cannot feel very much more optimistic about the possibilities of intervention in more "familiar" areas either. One certainly ought not to lapse into isolationism, but we should redefine very seriously the kind of things we ought to feel threatened by and the kind of things we really can do to cope with these threats.

BOOK NOTES FROM LIMBO

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

WHO now reads Bolingbroke?" — Burke's candle-snuffing query has become, with change of name, a standard nomination blank for oblivion. And in our rigid, Establishment-run literary age of sheep and goats among writers, and, among critics, of sheep of another kind, the inquiry can be made sooner and be made oftener than it once was; indeed, just among American novelists, or even just among their best known novels, there is a large roster of candidates. And it's not only who now reads, among the antiquated, *Richard Carvel* or *The Grandissimes*, or, among the discredited, *Java Head* or *Jurgen*, but among once-well-spoken-of novels that today's fashionable and formidable critics never give a thought to — *The Time of Man* or *They Stooped to Folly*, *The Venetian Glass Nephew* or *Miss Lulu Bett*; indeed, to many very well educated people the question here would be not who reads such books but who on earth wrote them? Yet one can go to far better known novels which had a fine press in their day and a fine sale, and which still go on selling, often as paperbacks, that are seldom encountered in the higher criticism and almost never re-examined. Out of curiosity I took, as they came to mind, four such books that I had once read with varying degrees of pleasure and had not read for a great many years — Booth Tarkington's *Alice Adams*, Willa Cather's *A Lost Lady*, Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*. In doing so,

I intended no solemn investigation, no literary historian's careful balancing of the books, but merely to see what changing fashions and a radically changed world had done, or failed to do, with a few books that achieved recognition not terribly long ago.

Booth Tarkington cannot but be a happy adolescent memory for people of a certain age, but he is today a writer with no place in even the most broadly conceived literary world. Nor is this too hard to account for. His very first success, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, was a period romance written with a later period's romanticism; his big successes — *Penrod*, *Penrod and Sam*, *Seventeen* — were at the often hilarious expense of middle-class boyhood and adolescence. Yet, early and late, Tarkington was concerned with a species of American realism, and the eye and ear for cartoon-sized truth that went into *Penrod* and Willy Baxter, strengthened by his solid knowledge of urban Midwestern life, could make his concern rewarding. But of all Tarkington's efforts, *Alice Adams* alone seemed successful enough, at a level high enough, to outlast its time. Published in 1921, it arrived about halfway through the period when the Midwest, preceding the South by a decade or more, dominated the literary world. Besides Tarkington, it included among others Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay,

Carl Sandburg, and Zona Gale. Indianapolis, as symbol and city, seems clearly the locale for Tarkington's story of a girl from a down-at-heel family, prodded into rising in the world by her socially ambitious mother and her own stagy dreams, and, when courted by a very eligible young man, substituting opulent fibs for the grimy facts. Chronicling it, Tarkington gave fairly meager house room to comedy, and sighed rather than smiled over his satire. Alice with her naïvely clever pretenses, Alice trying to swagger while teetering on the outmost edge of things, Alice attempting wild unmakeable bids instead of putting her cards on the table, does herself in; but in some degree the cards are stacked against her, and help to ruin, rather dishonorably, the family as well. Overcompensating for many previous happy endings, Tarkington at a certain point heaps upon the Adamses such woes as suggest one of the more calamity-ridden chapters of *Candide*. But Tarkington's softened conclusion is Candidean too: a sobered Alice enters business school, prepared at last to cultivate her garden patch.

What *Alice Adams* represents might be called the double-edged drama of unimportance, not just because much of it is touching or painful for *being* unimportant, but because, minute in itself, it spreads sociologically wide, and, superficial in itself, it cuts humanly deep. The enemy in such social buffetings is less snobbery than self-interest: "They leave Alice out of their dinners, and dances," her mother remarks, "simply because she can't give any dinners and dances to leave them out of." There are touches of both Becky Sharp and Emma Bovary in Alice's realistic connivings and her romantic daydreams; but much more immediate is America's deceptive, hence often disastrous, democratic pledge of a roseate future, a storybook fate. The hero in Sherwood Anderson's *I'm a Fool* tells much the same lies that Alice does; except for a reversed type of heroine, the situation in Tennessee Williams' *Glass Menagerie* is remarkably like Tarkington's.

As a novel, *Alice Adams* can be cumbersome in its prose, repetitious and i-dotting in its presentation. But it is never very damagingly so; much of the dialogue is admirable, and Alice's father seems notably real. Tarkington excels at particular scenes, not least the two which once were famous: Alice, a wallflower at her one big dance, ostentatiously playacting that she but awaits a temporarily absent dance partner; and the "dinner party" for Alice's suitor, which, sufficiently doomed by its blunders and pretensions, is cursed with a steaming hot night, a sweltering dining room, and a house-pervaded odor of brussels sprouts. Here again neither trivial concerns nor comic overtones quite deaden the painful actuality. Indeed, the book's

painfulness is more impressive than pathos would be; nor is the book altogether uncontemporary. What it revolves around would today be labeled status; what at a homely level dominates it is currently known as angst.

In Establishment circles Willa Cather stands far higher than Tarkington and seems, indeed, not precisely dismissed but, one might say, tabled — her books marked, as though they were her private papers, "Not to be examined until 1976" (when she would have been half as old as her country). There is today not just more urgent but more congenial business, for affirmation bulks large in Willa Cather's earlier novels and escapism in her later ones. Nor does *A Lost Lady* lack readers today, however much in the face of today's concerns it may lack relevance. If the book has its minor weaknesses, they were always there: a prose overscented in places, a past-tense wistfulness overstressed, a possibly indirect handling of key scenes; the flaws of an evocative, and handsomely evoked, period world — of pioneer land developers and railroaders between the Mississippi and the Rockies — in decline, and of a heroine, all "fragility and grace" and a contriver of beckoning and bright occasions but weak in fiber and succumbing to coarseness. And there is nothing unbelievable or actually suppressed or ultimately prettified about the story — nothing really very different, at least in its lyricism, its lostness, its end of an era, its passing of an order from, say, *The Cherry Orchard* (Ivy Peters, indeed, is a far worse Lopakhin). The analogy is a limited one: *A Lost Lady* is much smaller scaled, much less socially symptomatic, with more tears in it and less teeth. But in truth the book forty years ago quite lacked importance and even significance; what it had and has is a certain distinction. There is not very much that needs to be said about it: it is one of those books that induce response rather than reflectiveness, appreciation sooner than analysis, but that yet contribute something more substantial than a mood or an emotion. And however much she might be in later books, Miss Cather here is not really escapist, though very plainly elegiac. Her touch is too sure for her to be merely sentimental, as her tears — she was steeped in Virgil — bring his celebrated and humane ones to mind.

Of the four books, the most immediate best seller, though it might have seemed the most unlikely one, was *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. It had qualities, rather, that appeal to a civilized, if perhaps slightly too sherry-sipping, public — the well-turned phrase, the well-wrought description, ironic touches, scholarly allusions, literary ancestry: what an Anatole France might have written with

gleams of mysticism instead of mischief in his eye. It was a book for sprightly, even-tempered discussion: in 1714 — and in the very first sentence — a Peruvian bridge collapses, sending five people to their deaths in a gulf below, with the story thereafter recounting their five lives. Two of these were a Madame de Sévigné-ish lady later immortalized by the letters she wrote to her self-centered daughter, and the maid she was traveling with; a third was a twin deeply attached to his brother and undone by his brother's death; the others were a worldly, scholarly rascal and the small son of an actress he helped make famous. The sophisticated story and the often stylish storytelling could hardly, by themselves, have beguiled a huge reading public, and some of the explanation very likely lay in what might be called the theme. "Why did it happen," asks Wilder's Brother Juniper, "to those five?" Such a question, prompted by so easily visualized yet shockingly dramatic an accident, cannot but arouse curiosity concerning the answer. It possesses, in fact, a real mystery-story element — not a whodunit, for we are given to understand that God or Providence did, but a why-should-they: in other words, rather than the usual criminological gambit, a philosophical gimmick. Offered such a piquant enigma, such housebroken mysticism, a very large public might well delight for once in a highbrow game. The book, moreover, had the further merit of being extremely short, and the bridge of being most unperplexingly symbolic. "There is a land of the living," runs the final sentence, "and a land of the dead, and the bridge is love, the only survival, the only meaning."

To assign reasons, beyond the pull of fashion, for the book's great popular success is in some respects to appraise its intrinsic value. Perhaps the big point about *The Bridge* is that in any real philosophic sense it has no point; neither as symbolizing the power of love nor as explicating the ways of God is the accident valid; the collapse of the bridge merely provides the scaffolding of the story. And, whether fortuitous or foreordained, the deaths of the five victims and their *raison de ne pas être* point much more to the book's creator than to the world's. The appeal of *The Bridge* lies in nothing structural but something decorative, not in what has meaning but in a tradition-lined, culture-mellowed sensibility. Its novelty derived from its indebtedness; it was not old hat, it was new — with borrowed plumes. Too thin and too literary to approach being literature, and unable to emerge as either high comedy or speculative drama, *The Bridge* falls well below what in the same genre Wilder's *The Cabala* achieved — a fine gleam

Mr. Kronenberger, literary critic and essayist, appears in the ATLANTIC on a regular basis.

of mischief in at least one eye, a fine command of high comedy in much of the book.

Ersine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* — as the shameless front and back covers of the paperback edition attest — goes smooching on; indeed, its boasted eight million readers proclaim how spectacularly Caldwell hit pay dirt. That, thanks also to *Tobacco Road*, he became a kind of laureate of sex and squalor is too bad; for, however given to unrationed sex and in places to unrealized objectives, *God's Little Acre* has still its comic vigor, its blend of the human, subhuman, and heroic called lustiness, its vivid folk characterizations, and — rare in the fiction of the 1930s — its dramatized rather than editorialized feeling for the exploited.

At one extreme stands Ty Ty, the Walden family's monomaniac sire and sage, digging "scientifically" for gold on his Georgia farm, but never digging, indeed forever shifting, the acre whose yield would have to be given to the church. At the other extreme stands his son-in-law Will Thompson, the leader of striking mill workers who, in an austere powerful scene, is murdered by company guards. Grouped between the two, shiftless and sullen, easygoing and passionate, jealous and generous, are sons and suitors, are the daughters of the house and Griselda, the beautiful daughter-in-law, the femme-fatale cause of one of Ty Ty's sons being killed by another. The murdered rich city-son seems to me largely cardboard, and, however maddened by Griselda's beauty, seems used in turn as a *diabolus ex machina*. The dialogue varies in saltiness and convincingness; the comic and realistic do not always dovetail, though together they provide a folkish whole; passages involving what today would be termed the mystique of primitive love and sex are rather glumpy, and sex itself almost as frequent and regular as breathing. Yet in the sexual landscape of 1968, Caldwell's bawdry — comic when a gluttonous rural recreation, not so comic when a dangerous family free-for-all — seems a little old-fashioned and ever so faintly biblical. And even if the story, while projecting diversity rather than unity of mood, provides monotony rather than variety of motivation, it yet takes on a certain life of its own and, in its darker pages, a certain dimension.

None of these test novels emerges as anything like a major work, none can be indignantly cited as the victim of criminal critical neglect; indeed, the significant inference may be how many other neglected novels of roughly the same period possess much the same merit. Yet if none of these books is in any way a landmark or a monument, all four have two things that much well-regarded current fiction, whatever its greater relevance or its own

particular virtues, lacks: they have merit as novels, they give pleasure as reading matter. (Still, what is relevance? Recently, students of mine found Odets' *Awake and Sing* rather "interesting" — but just as a very decided period piece; and they may well have been right.)

For these and many comparable novels, neglect is in any age inevitable, there being far too much else to outshine or overshadow them; and today's issues, crises, compulsions, fostering indifference toward the past generally, cannot but increase the neglect. It is further much increased at the very citadel and center of literary appraisal. Nowadays the class of readers who, so to speak, read superior books are much less explorative and self-determining than formerly, when they were drawn from book to book through curiosity rather than counsel, infection rather than instruction. Nowadays too many such people read for a purpose, too few for cultivated pleasure. For today literature, even just American literature, is a vast academic industry, with, as compared to a generation ago, innumerable more people going to college, and perhaps ten times as many to graduate school, so that reading for serious pleasure sadly trails reading for term papers, for theses, for research, for publication, for tenure; so that preferring to explore on one's own or to order à la carte can be not just discouraged but disastrous. Yet it's not only that the curriculum is so table d'hôte, it's that it is uniformly so, it's that English departments throughout the country seem part of a vast restaurant chain. Moreover, the fewness of the authors listed, which might suggest more reading leisure, in practice dooms it: too often the Melvilles and Jameses, the Faulkners and Frosts, must be read in full, must be read in depth, besides which graduate students and professors must read everything written about them, must read all kinds of dissertations and publish-or-perish material, couched in an unrhythmic, not to say unreadable, prose, encrusted with jargon and weedy with vogue words, and with any page appearing without footnotes as unseemly as a French lady appearing in public without gloves.

Perhaps bulking as large as the immured reading-for-a-purpose of those with their livings at stake is the perturbed reading of those who see at stake their lives; theirs the huge literature urgently connected today with the world about them, with all the arguments and analogies, the symptoms and strategies, the malignancies and therapies concerning violence and Vietnam, slum poverty and overpopulation, delinquency and drugs, conflicts of race and clashes of isms, all this abundant and alarming enough to account for ours being the most unhistorical-minded of generations.

Among those much less committed and those

much less *au courant*, largely middle-aged, middle-class, middlebrow, the people who indeed never do anything for what is new or bold in writing but who frequently keep unfashionable books alive — as, at their most serviceable, they once did with Dickens and George Eliot, and with Frost as well as Tennyson — there is always a greater life-span for novels like *A Lost Lady* and *Alice Adams* and *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. They are never in the shop window, nor do they belong there, but they are somewhere at the back of the shop; this a reasonable fate, not a hard one. A little curiously, and it only occurred to me while writing this, none of the four books I hit upon is in the least autobiographical in its story, though three of them are in their setting. Unlike today when, with its anxiety and alienation, the sociological and the subjective tend to unite in fiction, the treatment in novels like these four is primarily detached and rarely self-entangled; and if, compared with today, the theme or problem seems less probed and illuminated, even a *God's Little Acre* has qualities that make it still accessible, identifiable, and not flagrantly irrelevant. That there is nothing difficult about any of these four novels perhaps argues that there is nothing deep as well; yet, however vital and central are today's major works, can we with certainty contend how deep they are in an age rampant with swirling waters and quite bereft of still ones?

IN THE DOCK

BY PETER DAVISON

Tried by the day, I stand condemned at night.
The evidence of years of fraud and shame
Waits until darkness to be brought to light.
Crime hangs from every letter of my name.

Each day conceals its treachery and blight
In places no defendant could disclaim:
Beneath the shirt, the mattress, out of sight
Behind the portrait smiling from its frame.

Night comes to sentence me. My second sight
Fixes me steadily within its aim
And squeezes slowly. With a shriek of fright
I fall forever from the cliffs of blame.

Watching my body vanish, I awake
To hear the sounds I never thought to make.

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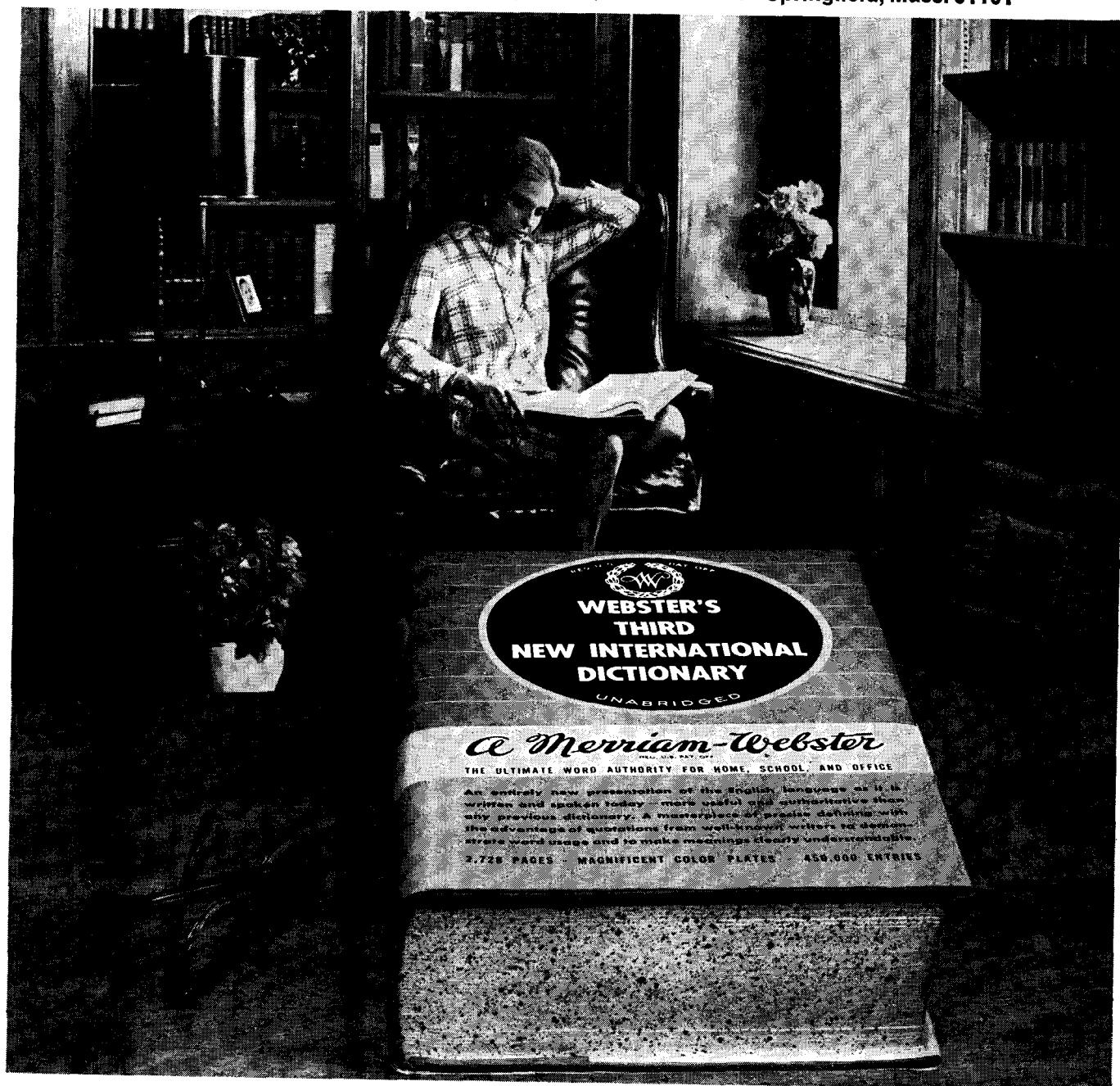
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Arts and Letters

An Orwell Conspectus by Peter Stansky

Long-awaited and indispensable, this generous collection brings together a large number of Orwell's letters; much but not all of his literary, political, and miscellaneous journalism (even a few poems) resurrected from the periodicals in which it first appeared; some diary-notebooks, two of which are invaluable for the light they cast on his methods of research and composition; and all of his previously published books of essays.

The selection begins with the famous essay of 1946, "Why I Write." Thereafter the arrangement is chronological: the major and the minor, the ephemeral and the enduring scrupulously juxtaposed, with no attempt to discriminate between them. The effect is often brilliantly illuminating but also at times reductive, bringing everything up, or down, to a plateau, impressive in itself but inevitably below the peaks of Orwell's achievement. No doubt this is the risk inherent in the biographical approach determined upon by the editors, Sonia Orwell, the author's widow, and Ian Angus, curator of the Orwell archive at University College, London, whose knowledge of the facts of Orwell's

life can hardly be rivaled. They deserve our gratitude. The task confronting them was so formidable — how to deal with material copious enough to fill four volumes with a good deal left over — that almost any strategy of executing it would

The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell

edited by Sonia Orwell
and Ian Angus
(Harcourt, Brace & World,
4 vols. \$34.80)

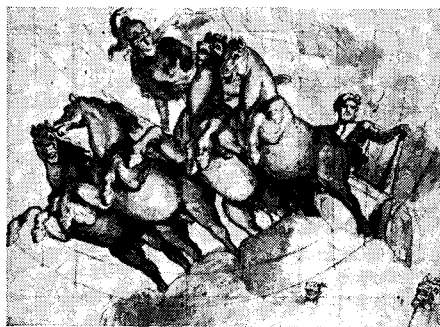
be open to question. And it would seem that where Orwell is concerned, the biographical approach, whether disguised as literary criticism or historical analysis, is unavoidable.

He himself in "Why I Write" declared that "one can write nothing readable unless one constantly struggles to efface one's personality. Good prose is like a window pane." But even as a generalization this is arguable; applied to Orwell it is misleading, for while he is one of the best and most readable writers of his time, his personality is all over his prose — in which respect

he is no different from Shaw or Lawrence or Forster — and his windowpane is not the clear colorless glass it appears to be, but a glass tinted with Orwellian colors. It is the proof of his skill as a writer, and the appeal of his personality, that when we look through the pane we are persuaded we are seeing the truth as it actually is, rather than the truth as he believed it to be.

The memoirs of Orwell by his friends make clear how self-revealing, but also how reticent, he could be, in his life and in his writing. So too do the letters in the present edition. Much of what he wrote, whether fiction or nonfiction, is a kind of edited autobiography, and it is almost impossible as one reads to separate the man from the work. In her introduction, Mrs. Orwell says she "felt that arranging the letters, rather unorthodoxly, among the texts did give an idea of how his life and work developed. To him they were one." This seems to me beyond argument. The defects of the novels he wrote in the 1930s, their inconsistencies and improbabilities, represent a failure to assimilate the elements of autobiography into the fiction — the experience of

life that was going on almost simultaneously with the attempt to record it. But Orwell's personality is compelling and ineffaceable, and it is the presence of the writer in whatever guise he may choose to assume — except perhaps *A Clergyman's Daughter* — that gives these novels their undeniable vitality. Still, in the 1930s his best books are non-fiction, where the autobiographical strain is unconcealed and he can write directly of life as he saw it among the dispossessed (*Down and Out in Paris and London*), the working class (*The Road to Wigan Pier*), and the soldiers of the Republic in the Spanish Civil War (*Homage to Catalonia*). It was only some years later that he hit upon the form best suited to him as a novelist of ideas, the fable, and achieved his masterpiece of fiction, *Animal Farm*, where style and content are perfectly in accord. Of course the most obvious example of Orwell's determination to reveal so much of himself



and no more is that he should be known to us not as Eric Blair, his real name, but as George Orwell, the nom de plume he adopted in 1933 at the time of the publication of *Down and Out*. Both names are signed in gold on the covers of the present edition, Eric Blair first, and below it, between parentheses and in quotations: ("George Orwell"). A good deal more was at stake than the mere taking of a pseudonym. What needs to be emphasized is the use that Orwell made of the experience of Eric Blair, in his work and in his life. There was always in Orwell the residue of Eric Blair; he remained Eric to those who knew him before 1936; he never changed his name legally.

The creation of Orwell was an act of will by Blair, and it was carried on at almost every level of his existence, affecting not only his prose style but also the style of his daily life. Becoming George Orwell was his way of making himself into a writer, at which he brilliantly succeeded, and of unmaking himself as a gentleman, of opting out of the genteel lower upper-middle class into which he was born and going

down a class, at which he had only an equivocal success. He got on well with tramps, who took him as an Etonian down on his luck, which he was, and with his comrades in Spain, who were impressed with his air of authority and recognized him as a leader, but he did not appear to have a circle of friends among the workers, even at his local pub in Islington.

The enduring result of the creation was that it allowed Eric Blair to come to terms with his world. Eric Blair was the man to whom things happened; George Orwell, the man who wrote about them. Much of his life, especially before 1936, was an attempt to escape from the system into which he had been born, and which inexorably provided him with an education, an accent, and a standard of judgment that might be turned against him. The system, he felt, had almost crushed him in his prep-school days, and toward

the end of his life he left a grim

record of them in "Such, Such Were the Joys." Cyril Connolly, who was at school with him at St. Cyprian's, thought him a "true rebel" there, but in his own mind Orwell was sure he was damned: "I had no money, I was weak, I was ugly, I was unpopular, I had a chronic cough, I was cowardly, I smelt." That, he felt, was the judgment of St. Cyprian's, and by inference, of the system. Even after he went to Eton, and from there to the Imperial Police in Burma, he continued to believe that it was an unalterable judgment, and that your place in the world did not depend on your own efforts but on "what you were." This mood continued to afflict him until his return from Burma in 1927; and his novels, including *Animal Farm* and 1984, accept the omnipotence of the system, while his heroes are its victims.

Yet Orwell made himself a happier man than he had ever dreamed of being, and a powerful writer also. It was here that he was best served by his creation. Much as Orwell in conversation with friends would pick and choose what he would re-

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November Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



(Each month in this space we ask our editors to tell the world about some of our recent books)

The contemporary morality play — a drama of ideas based on current issues and actual characters — has recently made political news and literary history in the hands of authors like Rolf Hochhuth, Günter Grass, and John Arden. The latest event in the series — and perhaps the most brilliant — is a play by **Conor Cruise O'Brien**, Irish diplomat, scholar, controversialist, and Schweitzer Professor at New York University.

MURDEROUS ANGELS differs from the work of O'Brien's predecessors in that it takes up events in which he himself participated as U.N. Special Representative in Katanga in 1961.

In his breathtaking new play (to be presented this winter by London's National Theatre), he constructs in imagination (amply buttressed by history) the entire drama, private and public, of what must actually have taken place behind the scenes as well as in front. His antagonists are Hammar-skjöld and Lumumba themselves. "It is no accident," he writes, "that the white man is the hero of peace, the black man the hero of freedom."

The historical plays of Shakespeare have turned out to be the versions of history that men remember after the formal chronicles are forgotten. *Murderous Angels* may do the same for the Congo. Even if we are wrong, as a work of literature it is enthralling to read, impossible to forget, and a delight to publish. And, who knows, it may literally make history.

MURDEROUS ANGELS
A Political Tragedy and Comedy
in Black and White

by Conor Cruise O'Brien

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veal of himself, so Blair, through Orwell, could pick and choose among the elements of his past. Ironically, many of the qualities that contribute to the Orwell personality and style as we are familiar with them in his work are precisely the qualities Blair had thought despicable in his school days. Eric Blair saw himself as a smelly, impoverished member of the lower upper-middle class, who because of his being bright enough for a scholarship and coming from a suitable Anglo-Indian background had received an inappropriate gentleman's education. But George Orwell was an idiosyncratic socialist, who, no matter how badly he dressed or austere he lived, would never lose the air of authority in his prose which marks a Public School "old boy." Orwell could transform the upper-class values that Blair resented and infuse them with the egalitarianism he envied among the miners in Wigan and learned at firsthand as a soldier among soldiers in Spain. Eric Blair looked back unforgivingly on the world before 1914—it was that world that had sent him to his

prep school—while George Orwell could believe it was superior to what came after, and recorded the period nostalgically in *Coming Up for Air*. And if Eric Blair was enraged by the hypocrisies endemic to a boy's school in England of the First World War, George Orwell was moved to a simple and intense patriotism during the Second World War when England was endangered.

There were moments when Blair and Orwell were at one: in the comradeship of the Spanish Civil War, and in the inspiring early years of the Blitz when it was possible to believe in a brave new England to come. They were moments of honor and decency, in which Blair and Orwell could participate and feel at ease. But such moments could not last: they would be undone by the Stalinists, as in Spain, or by the thought police, as in 1984. Then the struggle would be resumed, between the patriot and the radical, the idealist and the skeptic, the sahib and the victim. Out of the tension came the masterpieces, *Homage to Catalonia*, *Animal Farm*, and the essays.

you feeling well?" Eva says, "Are you deteriorating?" She makes one realize that idioms are merciful. She is almost incapable of lying, but also oblivious to nuance, metaphor, or any indirection; in fact, if she were not outlandish, she would be dense.

Her lover finds her, at first, mooselike, either galumphing off in a panic or mashing in oppressively, all saliva and devotion. At the same time, of course, Eva is a Trout, dumb, gasping and flopping on (social) land, and yet, at her proper depth, exquisitely clean and definite. She collides in the established pattern with soiled, initiated types: with a "cerebral" older woman, Iseult Arble; with Iseult's husband, Eric, who is merely virile and coarse (he calls Iseult Izzy and "smarms" his hair flat with spit); with Constantine, who is merely effete and fastidious.

The Danceys, a clerical couple, also appear. Ridden with hay fever, fecundity, and Christian forbearance, they most closely approximate Eva's own incompetent charm. But it is difficult for Eva to advance, even among Danceys, from ingenuous to disingenuous connections since she has never been connected at all. Not certain she is *there* (or all there), she fixes on things like seashells and mounted eagle's claws and ocelot gauntlets for reassurance. It strikes her, in this possessive trauma, as wholly improper that someone should ring *her* doorbell.

Well, naturally, this kook is metamorphosed in time into an adult human being. We are accustomed to urge the transition and to endorse even its sometimes dismal results. *Eva Trout* respects both conventions. Finally, the place is in a shambles, but Eva is lying in the middle of it, mature.

If this accomplishment were all of the novel, people probably could not pay it much mind. Innocence, preserved or lost, is a sentiment—an affective condition observed from a distance. But Americans, at any rate, are all now for passion—for the writer's seeming himself immersed (drowning!) in whatever condition he simultaneously observes. Moreover, Miss Bowen discovers her present sentiment, as she has her past, in private or individual pain, whereas we are scarcely any longer free in fiction to overlook

Words, Words

by Mary Ellmann

A smooth and graceful novelist, Elizabeth Bowen has always been fond of an opposite awkwardness. Perhaps her first subject, in this new *Eva Trout*, even as in *The Death of the Heart* thirty years ago, is girlhood—the open and ignorant mind, the gullible heart. Miss Bowen's hope, or argument, has not altered in time: that within this blurring, elbowy organism, there occurs an extraordinary conjunction of generosity and need, an apogee of innocence. This innocence collides with knowledge, vulnerability with hardness, impulse with caution.

Inevitably, innocence is wiped out; but unexpectedly, so is knowledge. The muted violence of the subject lies in the cruel as well as pathetic effect of the young person. Self-destructive, she is also destructive.

Interest in this familiar thesis is renewed in *Eva Trout* by grotesquerie. Eva is the oddest and funniest of Miss Bowen's girls. She

is slow to develop, in any way. "Trout, are you a hermaphrodite?" her schoolmates inquire. And she is still gauche and untried at thirty-three, an age at which heroines normally expect to be retired rather than deflowered. (In effect, Eva is both.) Her first mistake was to

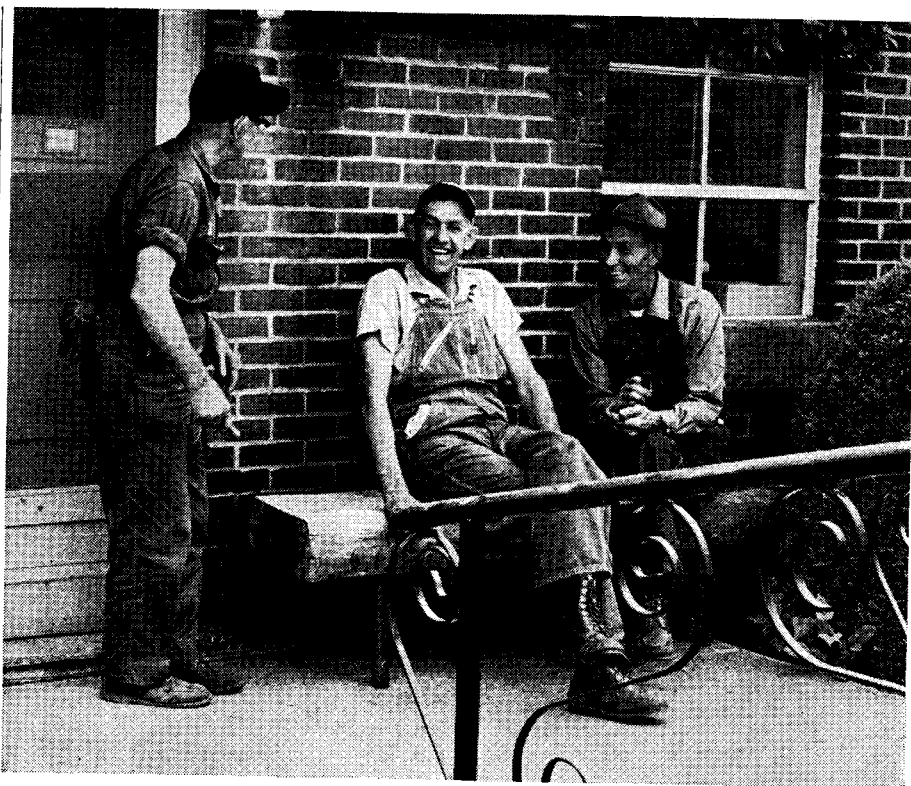
Eva Trout
by Elizabeth Bowen
(Knopf, \$5.95)

be brought up by her widowed father and his ovoid lover named Constantine. One might suppose that this domestic arrangement would distort Eva's sexual mores. Instead, it impaired her speech. Absorbed in making money and scenes with Constantine, Trout *père* relegated Eva to governesses, most of them displaced persons—who left their mark, deliberate, short, and stilted, upon the girl's vocabulary and sentence structure. For "Aren't

social pain. Eva Trout is pitifully rich at a time when we are pre-occupied by poverty. And however disjunctive the poor dear is, she goes to pieces in a stable and coherent society. The character Eric Arble, for example, is little more than non-U, and glad of it. And when Eva and her lover walk outdoors, they upset only each other. Rabid Eva, it is true, jumps into some rosebushes and scratches her legs. But even our imagination of shrubbery has become social, far more social than botanical. Involuntarily, we expect characters to be mugged, not scratched, in the park.

Elizabeth Bowen's attention is wedged between some inner surge or flexing of the emotions and those outer fixities, like manners, by which the emotional person is mocked or misjudged or denied. Our own fiction now envisages dual crises, individual and mass, feeling and formal, which are concurrent. Single faces protrude from, but deliberately recede into, ranks of faces — Thomas Rogers and Youth, Eldridge Cleaver and the Blacks. We attribute human sentience to large abstractions — the *face* of war, the city *in a bind*. Miss Bowen attributes sentience to palpable forms — flowers, the roots of grass, even a transistor radio (jealous of a tape recorder) — which are rendered trivial for us by more exigent concerns. In this novel, swans still float in one place, driftwood accumulates in another, and these variations in scene — *Eva Trout* or *Changing Scenes* — retain considerable autonomy. They are described virtually for themselves (the "Bleak House," for example, in which Dickens did *not* write *Bleak House*), defying our own present rule that if the novel is not inventive, it must at least be immediate, humanitarian, and purposeful.

On the contrary, there is a chilly and quite exhilarating supremacy of words to people in *Eva Trout*. As the scenes of action dominate the action itself, varying modes of speech are more noticeable than the common humanity of those who speak. Eva Trout's isolation from others is demonstrated by her monstrous English. Her unlikely therapy is eight years of loving a deaf and mute child, and her cure is signaled by her beginning to enjoy conversations. (Too conveniently, the child Jeremy also begins then to exercise



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his lips.) But all about this restricted center, the issue of muteness, the novel is given over, abandoned, to eloquence. The overriding interest in the arrangement of words is more poetic than novelistic. But while we are presently all Whitman or nothing, Elizabeth Bowen is Crashaw or Herbert. Her presumably simple points are made, like theirs, in clever, even mischievously clever, language. One moves through elaborate syntactical mazes, to arrive repeatedly at the solid, blatant, ludicrous bulk of *Eva*. Such incongruities pervade the book. Levels of affectation remark on other levels of affectation, and *Eva*'s brevity controls the expansion of her betters. When Iseult Arble comments on Dickens' house, "So gimcrack, so ghastlily cheerful, so hand-to-mouth, so desperately inordinate, so unscrupulous, so tawdry — so formidable," and *Eva* answers, "What a lot you have thought," we have all disposed of Iseult.

Admittedly, Miss Bowen is not always so well detached from Iseult. The two share not only intelligence but a soft taste for adverbs (see above, *ghastlily*) and for *ness*-nouns



like *streamingness* and *nerve-rackingness*. Also, too many little questions flutter (like eyelashes?) over the text. At moments, the intussusception of multiple phrases and clauses has an almost pathological effect. One loses hope of the sentence's recovery — how can it ever possibly, in this condition, deliver its content to a period? But why not be highly mannered? Perhaps one should think of *Eva Trout* as a linguistic

"folly," a structure as entertaining as it is inutile. It helps too, in reading the book, to have been previously persuaded that English verbs are eccentric, as eccentric as *Eva Trout*. The book *Trout* is especially keen on auxiliary verbs — a feminine taste?, as in *Women's Auxiliary*? It shows a disembodied, astral passion for the capacities of *may*, *might*, *have*, *had*. "I change," says *Eva*. "May I not? May I not?" The true verbs (*run*, *jump*, *shoot*, *scream*), like the events of the novel, are somehow relieved and refined, lightened, by the hovering attentions of all these little assistants. Say a character dares to *yawn*, three small hands (*could*, *would*, *should*) are certain to cover his mouth.

This is not to say that Miss Bowen is too nice or pretentious or

effortful. The novel never suggests armed conflict with a thesaurus to liberate the necessary words. It is no more mannered than it is fluent. Nor is there any sense, for the reader, of being locked in combat — on the edge of a cliff, like Holmes and Moriarty — with Miss Bowen. The book is amiable. This is writing prose, like Auden's writing poetry, to play an intricate word game. Played as well as Elizabeth Bowen plays it, the game is amusing to watch. *Eva Trout* does not represent or diagnose or solve anything so much as the conundrum of English. And after a long career in fiction, a lifetime of talent, Elizabeth Bowen has a particular right to propose now, if she likes, that the novel is all words — not portentous at all, but finely frivolous.

Action and Idea in Saul Bellow

by Charles Thomas Samuels

Among his contemporaries, Saul Bellow is distinguished because he joins intellectual interest to imagination. Unfortunately, the two don't perfectly mesh, so that although Bellow is beyond question one of our best novelists, he has never written a wholly successful novel. Bellow's deficiency is not excessive contrivance, the too-naked transfiguration of action into idea; rather, it is the separation between them.

That became apparent in his second book, *The Victim*, in whose powerfully evoked urban environment anti-Semitism constitutes a rage of the disappointed. But Bellow is not satisfied merely with dramatizing a fact of life. He wants to moralize it; if possible, to point a way out. So he asserts that society's victim is not only the persecuted Jew but the anti-Semitic gentile who is ironically victimized by the Jew's instinctual self-protectiveness. Though Bellow's insights are brilliant, they are often rendered in authorial asides, and the debates of his two central characters lead an existence progressively divorced from the facts of their experience. Moreover, in seeking to prepare for the book's upbeat finale (in which the hero, Leventhal, acknowledges kinship with the anti-

Semite), Bellow creates a *raisonneur*, a Mr. Schlossberg, whose obtrusive positivism succeeds only partly in being dramatic by virtue of his richly idiomatic slang.

The division in Bellow's fiction between mimetic vividness and extraneous discourse is even more gap-

Mosby's Memoirs and Other Stories

by Saul Bellow
(Viking, \$5.00)

ing in *The Adventures of Augie March* because this book's marvelous collection of grotesques, babbling in polyglot plenitude, would overwhelm even a professional sage. In the novel's first half, Augie's refusal to be appropriated is only an amiable pretext that allows him to meet, seriatim, the urban Machiavellians. At midpoint, however, Bellow decides to make Augie not a reflector but an interesting character; and now things begin to collapse. Though Augie has been a lover only in the vaguest sense, we are asked to regard his disaffiliation as a sin against Eros. The plot, heretofore so richly realistic, suddenly turns symbolic, while characters (like the mad scientist, Bate-

shaw) become exemplary, and the tangy blend of idiom and erudition loses its savor through adulteration by rhetoric. Moreover, Augie starts playing Schlossberg on himself, giving us that passage, so dear to academic celebrants of Bellow's "accommodation" but so embarrassing to the reader, on the saving power of "axial lines." Then, perhaps exhausted by having breathed life into so ample a human parade, Bellow can only exhale, in conclusion, that existence is a bittersweet riddle.

In addition, an odd note of self-congratulation is first heard in *Augie*, subsequently rising to deafening volume in *Herzog*. Somewhat less brassily, it resounds through *Henderson the Rain King*, where, as in Augie's case, the hero is constantly being criticized for that least reprehensible of human vices: expecting too much. What precisely Henderson expects we are never told, just as we are never told why he should be so encouraged by the solution of King Dahfu (Schlossberg in blackface). Achievements marginally related to Bellow's theme quicken his book: the parodistic but nonetheless compelling African scenes.

In *Herzog*, Bellow offers his best characterization, his supplest language, but also his most insistent and least assimilated philosophizing. Moreover, by now, the hero's aggrandizement, however speciously qualified by satire, seriously disrupts the plot.

For all his self-flagellation, Herzog is unambiguously the victim of a pack of Machiavellians that makes Augie's look benign. Madeleine, Herzog's wife, is indeed so awful that we can understand neither why he married her nor why he carries on after her loss. As a result, the wonderful letters which give the book flesh seem not so much to extend as to inflate its action.

Only in "Seize the Day," a masterpiece that belongs with the best novellas in English, does Bellow embed his ideas in the action, because only in this work does he keep faith with his essential vision of man plowed down by the egotism of his fellows. This story succeeds because it treats what is demonstrably Bellow's favorite human relationships: fathers and sons or sons and brothers (all that is most deeply felt in Bellow falls into these categories: Leventhal and Albee, broth-

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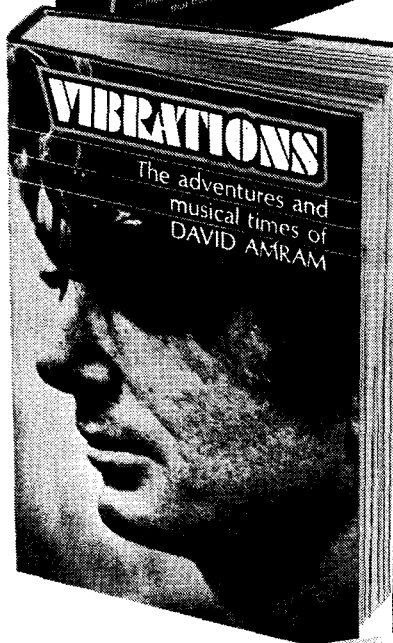
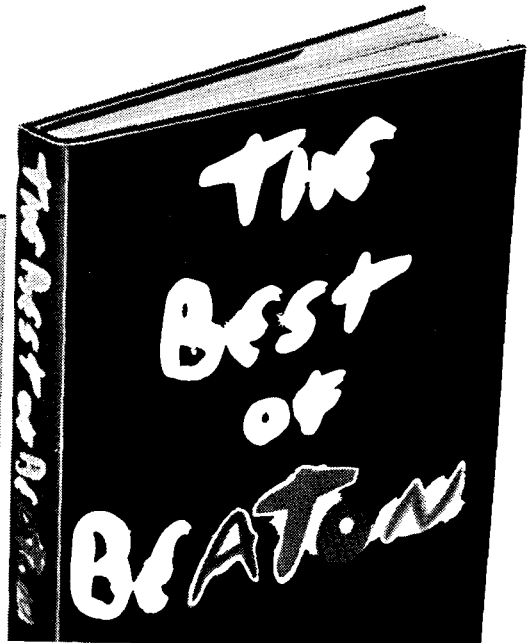
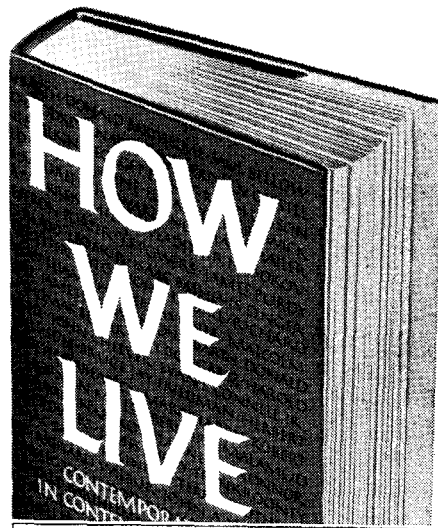
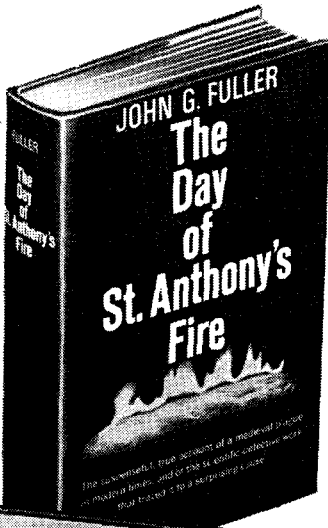


ers despite race; fatherless Augie and his love-hate for Simon; Henderson making brother-father-mentor out of Dahfu; Herzog seeking father figures throughout time and space) and what is demonstrably his primal misfortune: the rupturing of such relationships. Third, by compressing himself within a narrow scope, Bellow controls his tendency toward extraneous discourse. Finally, he chooses for his spokesman figure a sage as ambiguous and complex as the data he would interpret (Dr. Tamkin). Literally on a tide of images (mainly of water), Bellow brings both reader and hero to the "consummation of [the] heart's ultimate need," the truest affirmation of brotherhood, the brotherhood of pain.

Yet in praising "Seize the Day," I do not mean to imply that Bellow is fine only in short works with dour implications. In his whole career, he has written some dozen short tales, the best of which is more affirmative than the novels. But on the whole, the short form simply does not provide him with room sufficient for the flexing of mental muscles, and the most recent stories in this new collection seem undernourished versions of his longer works. "Mosby's Memoirs," the title story, about a diplomat trying not to draw misanthropic conclusions from a recollected life, is a small-scale *Herzog*, so sketchy as to seem the rehearsal of some future book. "The Old System," in which a Jewish scientist reviewing the history of his venal-vital family concludes that untidy life may be the best available, seems the pale ghost of *Augie March*. "Leaving the Yellow House," in which an impoverished alcoholic affirms existence at its lowest ebb, is a more sentimental, less truly observed "Seize the Day."

Since the book's three other stories were all originally printed in the volume containing "Seize the Day" (1956), *Mosby's Memoirs* would inspire us to retrospection even if the newer tales were less imitative. But it does contain one item that can never lose its freshness: "Looking for Mr. Green." About an educated man forced during the Depression to work for the Welfare Department, this story traces his attempt to deliver a relief check to the elusive title character. In the course of his adventures, which Bellow fills with more wonderful

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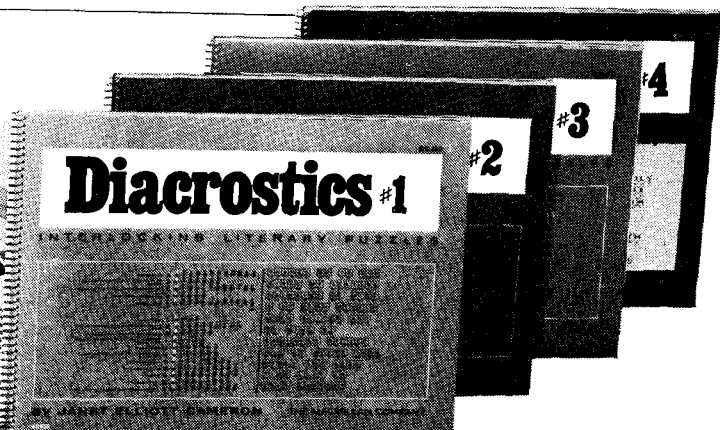
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characters than there are in all but his best novels, the hero begins really to feel for his clients, so that he is no longer a worker for personal survival but a seeker for human betterment. He may not have found the Mr. Green, but he finds the

determination to alleviate such suffering. This story is to Bellow's positive vision what "Seize the Day" is to his knowledge of pain. Moreover, it reminds us that Bellow is also on quest — to find a *raison d'être* in life senseless variety, not above it.

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

Everyone knows what happened after the Battle of Waterloo. But the intricacies by which the French Underground sprang Napoleon free from Elba and had waiting for him not only his veterans of the Garde Impériale but gleaming young regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, admirably equipped within sixty days of his landing, are still something of a mystery. Waterloo was the first confrontation of Wellington, the Iron Duke, and the much feared, now fleshy Bonaparte; the margin of victory could hardly have been narrower, and the human factors which decided it have at last been woven together in an account which is graphic, exciting, and wholly convincing.

It is David Howarth's method in *Waterloo: Day of Battle* to follow the action hour by hour, checking the eyewitnesses against the historians and quoting the details, so full of life and color, from a multitude of letters and memorabilia. Napoleon, after he led his spectacularly uniformed army across the Belgian frontier, told his staff that the odds were 9 to 1 in his favor, and indeed, the complacency of the allied command in Brussels made them seem so. Wellington's sources of intelligence had dried up, and the twenty-two-year-old Prince of Orange, who had been posted to warn of the French approach but who had come back to Brussels to attend the Duchess of Richmond's ball, gave the Duke his first clue in these ingenuous words: "No [news], nothing but that the French have crossed the Sambre and had a brush with the Prussians. Have you heard of it?" Actually it was not a brush but a bloody dent the French had inflicted at Quatre Bras, as the Prussian commander confirmed. The Duke, in his chemise and slippers, preparing to dress for the ball,

listened to the bad news and remarked afterward, "I cannot tell the world that Blücher picked the fattest man in his army to ride with an express to me, and that he took thirty hours to go thirty miles." But before he went to the dance, Wellington, working through his brilliant thirty-four-year-old aide,

Waterloo: Day of Battle

by David Howarth

(Atheneum, \$7.95)

The Closed Corporation: American Universities in Crisis

by James Ridgeway

(Random House, \$5.95)

Joyce Cary: A Biography

by Malcolm Foster

(Houghton Mifflin, \$10.00)

Reminiscences of Affection

by Victor Gollancz

(Atheneum, \$7.50)

Sir William de Lancey, had ordered his troops to stand and fight along the ridge and in the sunken lane at Waterloo, according to the battle plan he had earlier scouted.

Rain can turn Flanders into gumbo. It rained all the night of the ball, drenching both armies, denying them sleep, making the beet and barley fields as slippery as the parquet. Napoleon, who had spent one day in the saddle, was suffering from an attack of piles, a fact known only to his valet, his doctor, and his brother, Prince Jerome, and the rain brought on his old enemy, cystitis, with its fever and inflammation. When at sunrise of June 18 Wellington and his staff rode gaily to the lines, Napoleon sat, lethargic with pain, shrinking from decision, and curtly dismissing the plea of his chief of staff to recall

The new novel by the author of *THE MARTYRED*
RICHARD E. KIM



THE INNOCENT

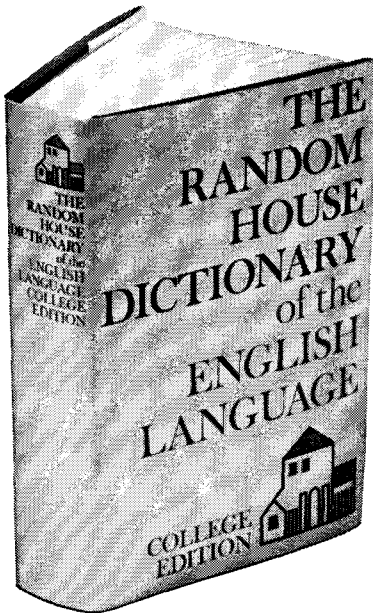
Richard Kim's first novel, *The Martyred*, was unanimously praised by the critics. *The New York Times Book Review*, for instance, hailed it as "A magnificent achievement . . . in the great moral and psychological tradition of Job, Dostoevsky and Albert Camus." It quickly rose to the top of national best seller lists and became a contender for the National Book Award. *THE INNOCENT* is an equally compelling story that, in a context of violence and duplicity, faces up to the moral issues of our times.

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the 33,000 men who were away pursuing the Prussians. He was confident that Blücher could not reinforce the Duke, and that the British squares would dissolve under a frontal attack, yet not until eleven thirty on that sunny morning did he order the bombardment to begin.

The field of battle was only two miles long and two thirds of a mile across; committing 140,000 men in that arena at point-blank range was ferocity and chaos. "I'll be hanged if I know anything about the matter," said one British regular afterward, "for I was all day trodden in the mud and ridden over by every scoundrel who had a horse." While the Emperor watched through a telescope, it was Marshal Ney, with his red head (he had five horses shot under him), who furiously led the French to the crest of the ridge, and through twelve charges the pattern was repeated: the French cavalry overran but did not spike the guns, then broke formation and were murdered by the firepower and bayonets of the British squares. It was Wellington, calm and exposed, who implacably shored up the weak spots, and the fattest Prussian, General Müffling, who finally urged Blücher's reinforcements into the vortex, a reality which broke the morale of the Garde in their last assault.

What gives this book its sense of immediacy are the eyewitnesses whom the author has chosen from both armies, men whose experiences hold wonder and humor and compassion: William Leeke, who was only seventeen but who carried the standard of his regiment; Tom Morris, the argumentative Cockney sergeant; Mercer, who was an artist and fast-moving artillery officer; and Rees Gronow, a Guardsman and old Etonian, who was to dine out on his stories for the rest of his life. Most touching of all was the Duke's brilliant young Quartermaster General de Lancey, who had been on his honeymoon when the Duke's order arrived and who, like many of the British high command, took his wife of one week with him to Brussels; their three weeks of matrimony and her tenderness at the end catch at the heart.

The maps, the portraits, and the battle scenes by contemporary artists add to the reader's feeling of having been there.

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A muckraker is a man with sensitive nostrils, a long rake with which to stir up an odoriferous area, and a mind which habitually jumps to the worst possible conclusions. Reading *The Closed Corporation: American Universities in Crisis* by James Ridgeway reminds me of an early experience with Upton Sinclair when I was a junior at Harvard. Geoffrey Parsons, then editor of the New York *Tribune*, had urged me to read *The Brass Check*, in which Sinclair accused the American press of being subservient to big business — and if Mr. Parsons said so there must be some truth in it. I was in no position to judge the accuracy of Mr. Sinclair's case against newspapers a long way from Boston, but when he said that the *Harvard Lampoon's* attack on Harold Laski, a nasty issue which most undergraduates resented, was deliberately inspired by Wall Street, I knew he was talking nonsense, and I wondered how much he had been doing so elsewhere.

In *The Closed Corporation* Mr. Ridgeway is not concerned with the teaching crisis which is present on every campus and which is the direct result of having to triple the faculty in ten years. Good teachers don't grow as fast as that, and 40 percent of our university and college teachers today are less than well qualified for their appointment. No, Mr. Ridgeway is not concerned with teaching, good or bad; the crisis which troubles him is that American universities since 1947 have become "a great sprawl of different enterprises: graduate institutes, computation centers, a propaganda headquarters for testing . . . interlocked with a defense-systems laboratory or AEC installation, located near the campus and surrounded by a sprawl of companies begun by professors who developed

with public funds in the university's laboratories the products they now sell for private gain."

Here is where he detects the bad odor, and here is a sampling of his bill of particulars:

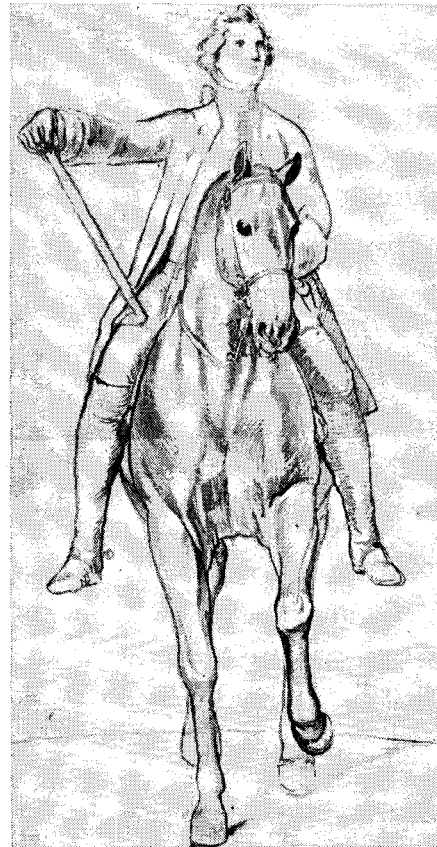
"MIT and Johns Hopkins run centers which design missiles; half of MIT's budget and three quarters of Johns Hopkins' budget come from running defense labs. Cornell designs more effective bombs for Vietnam; Princeton breaks codes and runs conventions for the CIA. Michigan is first in photo reconnaissance and helps out with counterinsurgency. Pennsylvania and fifty other universities have recently been in-

involved in chemical, germ and biological warfare research."

The antecedent for all this was the Office of Scientific Research and Development, which during the war brought together under the direction of Dr. Vannevar Bush thirty five hundred scientists, the most powerful galaxy ever assembled in a common cause. The reliance of the government upon the universities and their leading scientists has continued, and with good reason; through the cold war, Korea, and Vietnam,

and the question Mr. Ridgeway pokes at with his rake is whether such reliance has gone too far, whether it has contaminated the universities and become in effect a closed and corrupt system.

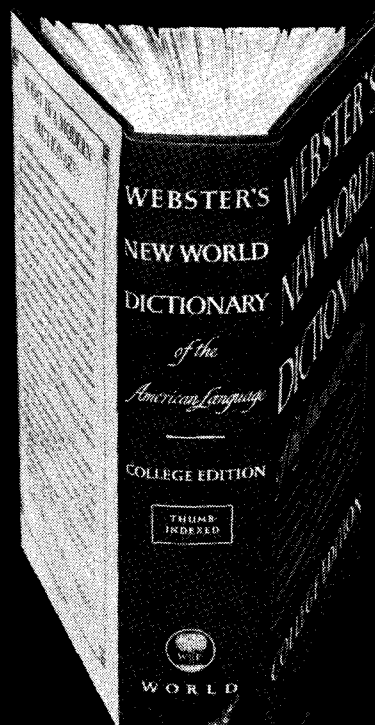
In muckraking everyone gets spat-tered. It is silly of Mr. Ridgeway to try to denigrate Dartmouth for "running a timber-producing forest" (the college was endowed with the forest in 1808 when New Hampshire was short of cash), and equally silly to abuse Harvard (which has declined all classified research on principle) for employing able investment counsel to care for its large portfolio. It is ridiculous to treat as



entrepreneurs men as indispensable to our national security as James R. Killian, Jr., of MIT, Lee A. DuBridge of Cal Tech, and Edwin Land of Polaroid. He has a better right to criticize Columbia for its dubious dealings in real estate and cigarette filters, Cornell for its timidity in automotive research, Long Island University for its attempted sale of the Brooklyn Center to the City University, which was rightly squashed by Mayor Lindsay. One must usually take Ridgeway's inferences and conclusions with a pinch of salt. He recommends, for instance, that in the future universities "should be run by students, teachers and administrators and free to all." Yes, but who pays for it, and why assume that the state house or Washington can do a better job than an independent board of trustees? Were the 48,000 residents of Massachusetts who are presently undergraduates at private schools and universities transferred to state-supported schools, it would cost the taxpayer \$52 million annually, and if one includes those in the graduate schools that figure would be doubled for Massachusetts alone. What Mr. Ridgeway projects is a state and federal bureaucracy the size and wastefulness of which would make the present setup seem as innocent as "September Morn."

To those curious about the genesis of a novelist, Malcolm Foster's biography of Joyce Cary tells a punishing story with fidelity. Cary came of an Anglo-Irish family who had large holdings of poor acres in Donegal but who had been dispossessed long before his education began. He first thought of himself as a painter and had tasted both freedom and failure in Paris by the time he was twenty. He shifted to Oxford, preparing for a career in civil service, and there his friendship with John Middleton Murry tempted him with the thought of a literary career. But he was penniless and in love, and the only way he could support his beloved Gertie was to take up the white man's burden in Nigeria, where, monocle in his eye and notebook in his briefcase, he was to rule over an area of ten thousand square miles, and where, despite the terrific heat he never ceased to experiment with his fiction. He abandoned half a dozen novels before he was invalided

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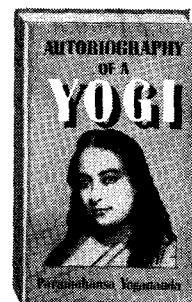
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home on his first long leave, and the sketches and half-finished work he brought with him were proof of his prodigious creativity in the midst of pestilence. His letters to his wife during this time of trial crackle with his exasperation and his determination to be a writer.

At the age of thirty-two Cary published his first short story in the *Saturday Evening Post*, but American readers who enjoyed him in magazines turned a deaf ear to his novels, and books like *The African Witch* and *Mr. Johnson*, which were based on his African experiences, were well reviewed but financial failures. It was not until years later, when Cary had turned back to the bohemia of his youth and to portraying artists with as little regard for convention as Gulley Jimson, the hero of his novel *The Horse's Mouth*, that he at last enjoyed a wide readership on both sides of the Atlantic. A craftsman self-taught when he might have been enjoying the siesta of the tropics, Joyce Cary planned and plotted his books with as much care as Thomas Hardy, and his letters and diaries which Foster quotes to good effect will disabuse anyone of the notion that fiction-writing is an easy, quickly rewarding business.

The late Victor Gollancz was a buoyant figure in left-wing England, a witty, cultivated, and highly selective publisher with a gift for friendship and the audacity to publish what others shied from. He wrote well but was always too busy to do the big publishing memoir at the back of his mind; meanwhile, his zest for living flowed out of him in essays on music, travel, and the various causes to which he was devoted. When a stroke cut him down and, half-paralyzed, he learned to express himself with his left hand, a member of his firm, his favorite daughter, Livia, decided the time had come to collate the earlier chapters he had written and put to one side. This, with her charming introduction, she has done in *Reminiscences of Affection*, a volume which in its intimate and discursive way holds the essence of her father.

He shows himself to us a sensuous man, generous and quixotic in what he championed (in mid-life he resumed his vegetarian diet, hating every scrap of it — "watery, inflammatory, pasty, regurgitatory, sawdusty stuff!"), half in love with many

women and wholly in love with his wife, Ruth. His "prelude" is rightfully his courting of Ruth; and his first chapter, their happiness at Bottom House (he was a fancier of good bottoms) at the close of their life. Outside of England his happiest memories are of Naples, Florence, and Rome — Spain was soured for him by Franco — and wherever he had leisure it was music he craved (in his bare diction after his stroke he wrote, "a musician is a man who feels his whole being transformed when music is played"). His thumbnail sketches are acute: I like the way he describes Queen Mary, Rose Macaulay, Gerald Gould, Sigle Lynd, G.B.S., and his contrasting portraits of John Strachey and Harold Laski; his pride in being a Jew shows in his account of Edmond Fleg. He is so fond of exaggerating that it is not always clear how he accepts the exaggeration of his friends, as for example, Laski's preposterous story of President Wilson asking him to amplify the Fourteen Points. What is clear is that this socialist who abjured capitalism did manage to live happily by his wits and his profits. Unlike most posthumous works, this book is alive.

The Writers

Peter Stansky is an associate professor of history at Stanford University and the co-author with William Abrahams of *Journey to the Frontier*.

Mary Ellmann is the author of *Thinking About Women* published by Harcourt, Brace & World.

Charles Thomas Samuels, who teaches English at Williams College, is completing a book on Henry James.

Wilfrid Sheed is the author of a new book, *The Blacking Factory* and *Pennsylvania Gothic*, just published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

Douglas Turnbaugh is currently conducting a survey on the use of notation in the dance theater, for the National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities.

Edward Weeks, Phoebe Adams, and Herbert Kupferberg contribute regularly to the *Atlantic*.

BALLET

The Rise of the House of Harkness

by Douglas Turnbaugh

Ten years ago, an applicant for a Fulbright Scholarship to study ballet was summoned by an adjudicative committee assembled to consider his peculiar request. Such applications were rare, because of the requirement of a bachelor of arts degree. Installed behind card tables in a gym, the committee asked the applicant to *show his dance*. Struck by their obtuseness, he attempted to explain that he wanted the opportunity to study ballet with great teachers, that this art form is still transmitted directly from teacher to student, choreographer to dancer, and that performance and choreography were his long-range goals. He was dismissed summarily and his application denied.

Today, many boys and young men are able to study through scholarships and trainee programs established by major ballet companies. But a decade ago, the vital daily classes took time and money, and were generally paid for through part-time work, which also took care of the student's living expenses. Such a schedule was killing. (Girls generally seemed to have supportive mothers.) For those few men who did survive to achieve professional technique, where to find employment remained a serious and demoralizing problem. In 1958, there were only three major U.S. ballet companies: the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Ballet Theater, and the New York City Ballet. Doubtless there were seasons in which there were no openings for new men.

The next few years saw the demise of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, the oldest of the three companies, and with the constant uncertainty of the future of the Ballet Theater, prospects were black indeed for the man who wanted to dance or choreograph for the ballet. Many gave up or found work on Broadway or in television; the more creative went abroad to seek careers, or were assimilated into the world of the modern dance, which became stronger and more popular as American ballet waned as a creative force.

In a survey financed by the National Foundation on the Arts and

the Humanities, a question asked of choreographers expresses concern over the dearth of choreographers, and asks for suggestions on how to "train" for this work. The answers indicate that choreographers develop from the ranks of dancers. As dancers, they have practical experience of what a body can do, and working as instruments of choreographers they are directly exposed to the movement ideas of others. So, lack of opportunities for dancers to work also impaired the future development of the art.

Despite the stability of the New York City Ballet, which has always had the practical advantage of a New York City theater for a permanent home, the company was and is the exclusive domain of its artistic director, George Balanchine, whose choreography dominates the repertory. He is particularly famous for his "pure dance" works — abstract

pieces whose interest is created solely by movement design. Though this is a valid aspect of the dance spectrum, a dancer's artistic development is limited by this repertory, just as a pianist's would be if nothing but Chopin were available to him. No new choreographers of commanding distinction have developed from this company.

The Ballet Theater, on the other hand, has the greatest and most varied repertory of any ballet company in the world, and a roster of stellar dancers. They perform in works ranging from *La Sylphide*, created by August Bournonville for the Royal Danish Ballet in 1836, to *Harbinger* and *At Midnight*, successful new ballets by the young choreographer Eliot Feld, who created them while a member of the company. This great range of ballet gives the dancers an incomparable experience in different styles, but maintenance of a large repertory limits the number of new productions possible each year.

This background is necessary to appreciate the significance of the establishment of the Rebekah Harkness Foundation in 1961, and of its

Helen MacInnes at her best

A chest hidden by the Nazis in a lake,
high in the Austrian mountains, can still
cause men to kill and be killed.

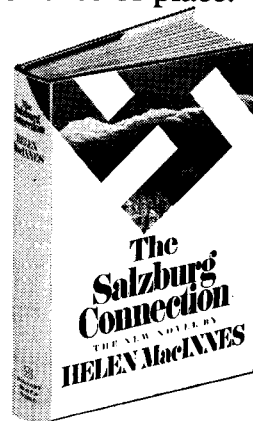
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profound accomplishments. Mrs. Harkness is concerned with encouraging and promoting American cultural achievement, especially in the field of dance, and with fostering recognition of this achievement throughout the world. Her foundation has been notably successful in these aims. In association with the U.S. Department of State, the foundation enabled Jerome Robbins' *Ballets: USA* to tour Europe, Pearl Primus to tour Africa, and Alvin Ailey's Company to tour Europe.

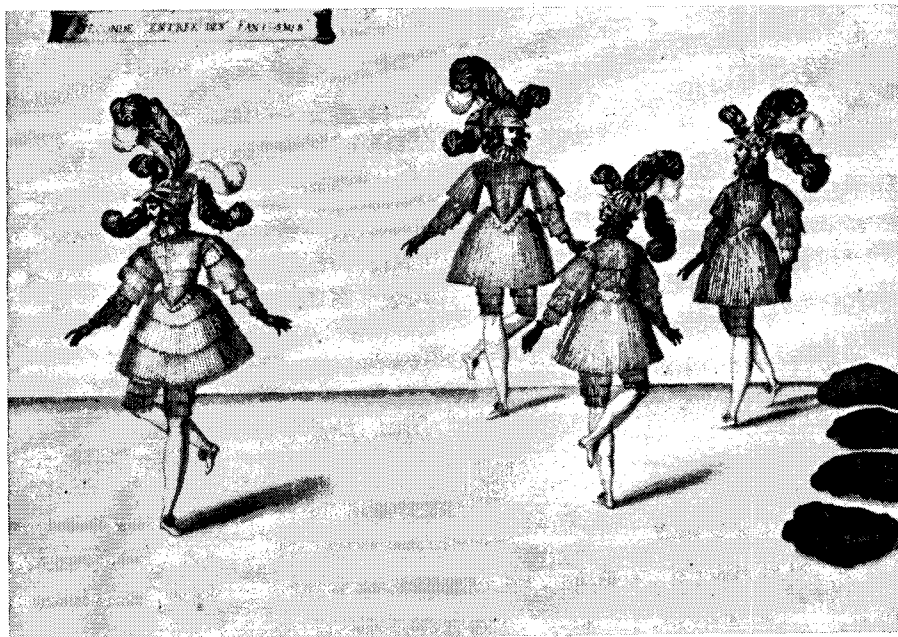
Another foundation program sponsors the Dance Festival in Central Park as part of the N.Y. Shakespeare Festival season. This remarkable

Joffrey Ballet, then a small but highly respected company directed by Robert Joffrey, and to commission new works to augment its repertory. By 1964, the Harkness Foundation had decided to form its own company. Robert Joffrey was invited to join this company, but declined, preferring to maintain his own. This decision left Joffrey without continuing funds; some of his dancers joined the Harkness Ballet; and there was general misunderstanding that the Harkness Foundation had tried to take over the Joffrey company. The fact remained that the Joffrey Ballet had become established as a major company by aid

The Harkness Ballet, the showpiece of the foundation, was founded in 1964. Mrs. Harkness does not administer or dominate the artistic policy of the company. Its success or failure is the responsibility of the artists involved. One of the most striking aspects of the Harkness Ballet is that it does not have the closed-shop appearance of other leading companies. There is no principal choreographer, designer, costumer, or composer whose work receives preferential treatment. In its N.Y.C. debut in November, 1967, the company presented eighteen new works by eleven contemporary choreographers; thirteen different designers created the decors. Fourteen musical scores were by contemporary composers, eight commissioned for the company. The dancers are all young, and, with no established stars in their path, they may develop as fast as their talents allow. The repertory offered them covers a broad range of ballet styles, from nonobjective pure dance to dramatic pieces with strong narrative lines. These latter works offer roles which challenge the dancers not merely as athletes but as interpretive artists.

Perhaps the company's proudest achievement to date is the international stardom acquired by Lawrence Rhodes. He is a dancer with spectacular physical technique, a master of the Bournonville as well as modern ballet styles; but beyond this he is a masterful actor-dancer. He is, in my opinion, the most accomplished American male ballet dancer, and one of the most gifted artists in the world. He began his career with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, and spent four years with the Joffrey company before joining the Harkness Ballet at its inception. He profited from his association with these companies, but it was with the Harkness Ballet that he found the range of opportunity which allowed his unique talents to develop. Aside from the question of their own abilities, choreographers are limited by the caliber of the dancers available to them. In Rhodes they find a superb instrument who can perform their most complex designs and enrich them through his own interpretation.

Last August, Lawrence Rhodes was named artistic director of the company, and it is hoped that this new role will not deflect him from his performing career. Still in his



program gives a N.Y.C. season to artists who might otherwise be denied a showing, owing to the expense and difficulty of renting a theater. Selected by the Shakespeare Festival, funded by the Harkness Foundation, more than thirty-five groups representing a wide variety of dance have played every summer since 1962 to more than 168,000 people. The audience is composed of sophisticated theatergoers, eager to see work they would otherwise miss, as well as people who have never had the opportunity to see a dance concert before. The foundation also supports its own school (trainees receive a stipend as well as tuition), educational programs, and a performing unit of trainees who dance primarily for young people—the Harkness Youth Ballet.

Beginning in 1962, another major program was established to finance the U.S. and overseas tours of the

from the Harkness Foundation, and it was able to continue its operations through a grant from the Ford Foundation. The Joffrey company retained permission to use many ballets, including decors and costumes, which had been commissioned by and which belong to the Harkness Foundation. The Joffrey Ballet has become even more prominent, and hopefully more secure, by becoming the resident company at New York City Center, the theater occupied by the N.Y.C. Ballet until it moved into the N.Y. State Theater at Lincoln Center. Now called City Center Joffrey Ballet, the company is composed of vivacious and talented young dancers, and has an attractive repertory, which includes important revivals. The bulk of new productions, however, is the work of Gerald Arpino, co-director and principal choreographer of the company.

twenties, he has not yet reached the peak of his strength or performing artistry. His appointment as director encourages the mood of youthful optimism that is a quality of the company. The vital and often neglected artistic post of lighting designer has been given to Gil Wechsler, who recently completed his graduate work in theater at Yale. Among the new works scheduled for the coming U.S. season are ballets by Rudi van Dantzig, whose *Monument for a Dead Boy* was a popular success last season, by Richard Wagner, a member of the company who has already done several works for the repertory, and by Benjamin Har-

karvy, one of those Americans who had to go abroad a decade ago to continue his career. Mr. Harkarvy founded and directs the Netherlands Dance Theater.

In large measure, the Harkness Ballet has provided for the ballet world the alternative that young people are demanding today in all areas of endeavor. They have not been forced out of their chosen field; they have been given an unequalled opportunity to work in the costly and complicated medium of the ballet. They do so without compromise, and with freedom to fail. They shape their own style. We wish them well.

MUSIC

Stokowski — at His Age

by Herbert Kupferberg

More than most people who have attained the age of eighty-six, Leopold Stokowski dislikes thinking of himself as an old man. In a famous incident in 1955, when he was a mere seventy-three, he was cut off the air during a Miami radio broadcast while arguing with an announcer in an endeavor to trim five years off his age. The announcer had said he was born in 1882, whereupon Stokowski broke in shouting: "No, no, no, no! That is not true. I was born in 1887." Some time afterward the New York *Times* searched out the records of the district of Marylebone in London and found that his birth had indeed been entered as taking place there on April 8, 1882.

His age having been established to everybody's satisfaction except his own, Stokowski has done the next best thing: he has totally ignored it. In 1962, being eighty years old and having no orchestra of his own to conduct at the moment, he set out and organized a new one, the American Symphony. When, at the last minute, one of the principal backers backed out, Stokowski put up his own money to take the orchestra through its first year. The following season Samuel Rubin, the founder of the cosmetic firm of Fabergé, entered the picture, and has since borne much of the orches-

tra's costs. Stokowski himself receives no pay for conducting.

Today the American Symphony Orchestra is in its seventh year, is currently playing a series of twenty-eight concerts at Carnegie Hall running through next May, has a million-dollar budget, and received recognition last year from the American Symphony Orchestra League as a "major" orchestra. This is a fiscal rather than a musical designation, being applied by the league to all orchestras with budgets over \$500,000, but under Stokowski and his guest conductors the ASO has also demonstrated its artistic stature with concerts that are imaginative in programming and exciting in execution.

The current season, which opened October 7, is typical. Guest conductors include Oiven Fjeldstad, Everett Lee, Charles Munch, Eugen Jochum, Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, and Igor Markevitch. Stokowski himself is directing a repertory ranging from such works as Brahms's First, Beethoven's Seventh, and Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* to Ives's *The Unanswered Question*, Copland's *Music for a Great City*, Barber's *Mutations from Bach*, Felix Labunski's *Canto di Aspirazione*, Werner Josten's Concerto Sacro No. 1, and Gene Gutche's *Genghis Khan*. There will be four world premieres: Karl

Weigl's Symphony No. 5, *Apocalyptic*; Andrzej Panufnik's *Epitaph* ("Victims of Katyn"); Alan Hovhanness' *Praise the Lord With Psaltery*; and Gian Carlo Menotti's Triple Concerto. There will also be a couple of Stokowski orchestral transcriptions, including his symphonic synthesis of Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*. Give or take a couple of names, these are the kind of programs Stokowski used to present when he was conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra more than thirty years ago.

There is a striking similarity, too, in the response Stokowski draws from his musicians. Today's Philadelphia Orchestra still has a core of instrumentalists who played under "Stokie" in the old days. They remember him as a conductor who could talk players into producing tone paintings. Says a veteran violinist, Sol Ruden: "Stokowski always tried to evoke for the men the picture he had in his mind and tried to bring out the corresponding tone quality. Once when we were rehearsing Handel's *Faithful Shepherd* he painted a word picture of a shepherd boy tending his flock on a hill against the night sky, and a different sound came out. This was his big contribution to orchestral playing. Whether it was a matter of breathing or bowing, you had the technique, and you could use it your own way. He would tell the wind players: 'It's your problem to play it, but here is the picture I want.' He hated literalism. 'That's a piece of paper with some marking on it,' he would say. 'We have to infuse life into it.' And when you produced what he wanted, he said: 'That's it.' We didn't have to repeat it. So the rehearsals were short and concentrated."

Elayne Jones, timpanist in the American Symphony, says of Stokowski's current method of rehearsing: "He's different from other conductors. He goes right through the program. No starting and stopping and repeating. You catch your own mistakes. After all, you don't need a conductor to tell you you played a wrong note: you know it yourself. If by the third rehearsal the mistake is still there, that's something else, of course. He gets angry. At his rehearsals, it's like painting a picture with him. When we did *Alexander Nevsky* last year, in the Battle on the Ice scene he conducted a lot slower than most conductors. He

said: 'I know you're accustomed to playing this at a certain tempo. But when two armies confront each other on a sheet of ice, they move slowly. It's slippery, and they're afraid of dying.' So he got the tempo he wanted. He tells you why he wants something, and you're able to give it to him."

Miss Jones, who has been with the American Symphony from the start, is representative of the kind of players Stokowski has gathered into his orchestra. Last season the 100 members included forty-two women, five Negroes, and several Asian players. Although there is no age limit, for the most part it is an unusually young orchestra; after a few seasons many players move into other orchestras with longer seasons. The turnover is about 20 percent a year, a rate which would drive most conductors frantic. Stokowski welcomes it, however; seeing his players move on to the New York Philharmonic, the Cleveland, the Chicago, the Metropolitan Opera, and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestras demonstrates to him that there was a need for his orchestra to begin with. Besides, he has always been stimulated by and attracted to young people.

Some of the youngsters in the American Symphony chuckle about the way he talks to them in rehearsals. "He alludes to love and sex quite a bit," says a young string player. "In a romantic piece he chides us for a tame performance by saying, 'Don't you know what it is to love, to feel?' It's funny when he says things like that. Once he

wanted us to reserve a climax, to hold back a bit until the very end. So he told us that sailors going out on shore leave use up all their money and energy quick-like, and when they come home to their wives they have nothing left. 'That's what you're doing,' he told us. 'Save some for the end.' He has a sense of humor; he's like an elderly hippie. He's got his scene to make; he's not going to conform just because you're supposed to conform."

Stokowski lives in an apartment on Fifth Avenue in New York, high over the Central Park reservoir. He has been an inveterate traveler all his life. Last summer he made two round trips to Europe by ship (he stopped flying years ago) to conduct and record in London, Lugano, and Montreux. His commodious workroom is filled with mementos of his journeys, especially his visits to the East. In his apartment he conducts auditions for future American Symphony players all through the season. A steady stream of young musicians passes through at appointed intervals while Stokowski listens, comments, and makes extensive entries in an elaborate filing system. "I have a big waiting list," he says.

Stokowski's accent is as ineluctable and undefinable as ever. In the same sentence he pronounces "*finance*" in the French way and "*financial*" in the American. He prefers to call a baton a "*baguette*" and a bassoon a "*fagott*." He pronounces the movie *Fantasia* "FantaSEEyah." His workroom is dominated by a huge clock built into one wall, with only a single hand that sweeps around it once every twelve hours. "We cannot replace time if we lose it," he remarked. "I'm very narrow-minded. I live in the present and future, not in the past."

For Stokowski, though, present, past, and future are remarkably consistent. He is still seeking for new music, new musicians, new audiences. When the management of the new Madison Square Garden last season wanted a "cultural" attraction to put into its Felt Forum, a 5000-seat auditorium atop the main amphitheater, it invited the American Symphony, and Stokowski accepted with alacrity, "There are in New York," he said, "thousands of people who have never been to a concert because it is too formal for them. We want them to

come with their families." As it turned out, the acoustics were inferior and the hall half empty, but Stokowski conducted such works as Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* and Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini* as though he were out to conquer new worlds for music — and who is to say he did not?

Similarly, he is still waging his campaign for extending the orchestra's range and reach. For years he has been trying to get brass players to develop more flexible instruments — valve trombones, for instance, or possibly, combined valve-and-slide trombones, which he thinks would be perfectly feasible with today's light metals. He thinks that the orchestra, far from being finished as a means of musical expression, can expand its usefulness if such changes are wrought. Electronic music he dismisses with the cryptic comment: "It's a free country." Yet he realizes, more than many a younger colleague, that music is a constantly changing, evolving art. "I notice all over the world, not only in music but in everything concerning life, there is a very great resistance to change," he says.

It's impossible to think of Stokowski today as a musical relic or even an elder statesman; he is far too much of an active participant in the present. Yet he does remain the last survivor of perhaps the greatest era of conducting this country has ever known: the Toscanini-Koussevitzky-Stokowski era. That golden halo of hair which used to thrill matinee audiences of Main Line ladies has since turned thin and white, and his advance to the podium is not as springy as it once was. Yet he is as trim in figure and assured in command as ever, and there is no mistaking that firm, curving downbeat. Through the years the critics have complained of his showmanship, his transcriptions, his touching up of scores. They still do. But Stokowski has gone right on playing what he wants the way he wants, and he has never lacked for an audience. Now, after his years of post-Philadelphia wandering, he seems at last to have found his way home with the American Symphony Orchestra. One wishes him as many more years of conducting as he desires, and perhaps a fanfare or two on the valve-trombone.

Illustrations are from *Great Drawings of the Louvre Museum: The French Drawings* by Maurice Sérullaz. Braziller, 1968, \$15.00.

p. 123. *The Apotheosis of Hercules*, Charles Le Brun. Study for the decoration of the vault of the Lambert mansion gallery, c. 1650.

p. 124. *Profile of a Young Woman*, Maître de Moulins. Pen and brown ink on prepared paper, 1480 or 1490.

p. 134. *Louis XV on Horseback*, Edme Bouchardon. Monument to Louis XV for the city of Paris, 1748.

p. 138. *Scene from the Château de Bicêtre Ballet: The Ghosts' Second Entrance*, Daniel Rabel. The ballet was performed in March, 1632, at the Louvre, the Arsenal, and the Hôtel-de-Ville.

p. 142. *Footitt en Danseuse*, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. Drawing of Footitt, the clown, dressed in a ballerina's tutu, 1895.

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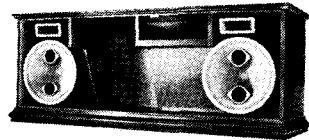
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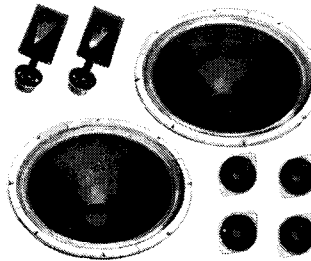


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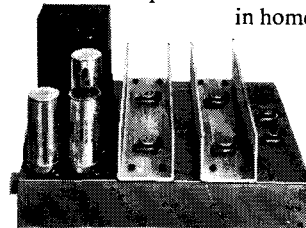


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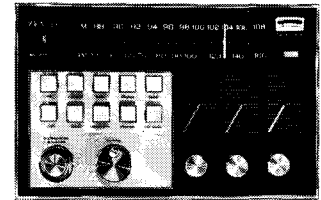
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Fan Club in Session

by Wilfrid Sheed

Moralizing about actors and actresses is as American as Cotton Mather. Every child knows which one took the pills and which one cracked up the car, and how it was success that did it, or premature rape, or a pushy mother. Writings about the stars thus tend to be thinly disguised moral tracts—hagiography or demonology, take your pick.

Before we get on with the clucking and preening, I suppose we'd better say something about these books—which are really not so much books as glorified bubble-gum cards: something to hoard and trade, lots of still photos of your favorites, and a text you can read without taking your eyes off the Late Show. They belong on your shelf next to the bound copies of *Screen Gems*.

The Dietrich book is written in terms of mandatory gush. That is the way you write about Miss Dietrich. Her career comes through as a heartwarming saga of German grit. Of the kinky compulsion that keeps "the Kraut" (as her friend Ernest Hemingway called her) on stage in the half-light under a ton of makeup you will learn little here. This intriguing, self-satirizing lady has been flattened out as if she were the mother founder of a religious order.

The Crawford book faces the question, "What am I doing here?" squarely, by inflating the subject's importance outrageously. Miss Crawford's career is typically American. The book tells us that "she is American in that she projects enterprise, resiliency, and drive in her performances. She is also American in that she hangs on to

her gains," unlike, say, the French or the Chinese. What we don't learn here is that Joan Crawford movies are now a symbol of High Camp; or that Scott Fitzgerald once wrote of her: "Writing for her is difficult. She can't change her emotions in the middle of a scene without going through a sort of Jekyll and Hyde contortion of the face, so that when one wants to indicate that she is going from joy to sorrow, one must cut away and then cut back. Also, you can never give her such a

stage direction as telling a lie, because if you did, she would practically give a representation of Benedict Arnold selling West Point to the British."

Viewed in this light, she assumes a certain interest. All the same, there seems little point in solemnly laying out the plots of all her movies, many of which were dogs and turkeys which she just happened to be assigned to. There is little artistic pattern to

this, not even a tale of waste, as with Miss Dietrich; just a humdrum catalogue of what her agent was able to drum up.

The Monroe volume is mainly instructive for its samples of what passed for movie reviewing in the daily press of the period. Tags from Kate Cameron and Alton Cook (and if the names mean nothing to you, let's let it go at that) are appended to the synopses of the Monroe movies: trivia piled upon trivia. The gentlemen trip all over themselves in oafish appreciation of Marilyn's "natural assets," "curved surfaces," "shapely gams," and such. Her resemblance to a force of nature is noted. Her unexpected gifts as a comedienne are constantly being rediscovered, sometimes by the same

reviewer. But what will certainly stick in your mind, and throat, is the lush billboard prose that the critics seemed to pass among them, interchangeably.

The Marx Brothers at the Movies is so much better than the other books that it really belongs in another review. There is some point in having a résumé of the Marx movies, partly just to hear those lines again, but partly because the brothers were artists: they stood for something (in fact, they stood for just about anything, and don't you forget it, Gottlieb). The authors emphasize that the brothers were set in their ways by the time they got to Hollywood. They were already vaudeville veterans crowding their forties, and although they learned to make concessions to the camera, there wasn't much they could do about their personas. No doubt the vulgarization of Hollywood in the late thirties hastened their extinction.

Now for the moralizing, starting, of course, with Marilyn Monroe, the preacher's delight. Her book kicks off with a standard bittersweet introduction by Mark Harris, all about the little waif who was kicked around by America and hounded to death by the press and the public. It is a reasonably moving presentation of the case, but we fans already know it by heart. What would be more to the point would be a discussion of the contrary case put by Ezra Goodman in *The Fifty Year Decline and Fall of Hollywood*: that Miss Monroe grossly libeled her foster parents, that she lied repeatedly about her miserable past, and that she methodically stepped on everybody who ever tried to help her. Mr. Goodman may, in his turn, have been romancing (the ruthlessness cliché vs. the victim cliché), but his piece was carefully documented and needs to be dealt with. He originally prepared it for *Time* magazine, which dropped it in favor of the sentimental version. Curiously enough, the intellectual community, pop-culture branch, has done the same thing.

It seems possible that both versions had some truth in them. Marilyn seems to have been the kind of person who is reluctant to tell about her past but who still manages to get it told, her way, in time for the early editions. If faces mean anything, Miss Monroe was quite the



little go-getter, protected even in death by fatherly intellectuals, who have been conned by that spiritual look, or that lost look, or whatever girl needs to get ahead. But then having gone and got, having thrust

The Films of Joan Crawford

by Lawrence J. Quirk
(Citadel, \$7.95)

The Marx Brothers at the Movies

by Burt Goldblatt and
Paul D. Zimmerman
(Putnam's, \$5.95)

The Films of Marilyn Monroe

edited by Michael Conway
and Mark Ricci
(Citadel, \$2.45)

The Films of Marlene Dietrich

by Homer Dickens
(Citadel, \$7.95)

herself forward, like a neurotic stage mother, she found herself well and truly helpless. Because she had absolutely no talent. It was nice of the critics to keep digging up that comic gift and burying it again, but if it was there at all, it was an accident: the result of morbid fear and embarrassment in front of the camera. I can't say I ever found her wide-eyed dither or dumb-genteel voice particularly amusing; on the contrary, it seemed cruel to laugh at them, and strange of her to ask us to. It seemed like a grim exercise in self-abasement and self-pity, a predatory attempt to capitalize on a defect, to make herself even more pathetic than she was. Such comic gifts I would rather not watch.

Returning to Marlene Dietrich, one finds a career bracing in its toughness and self-reliance. To judge from the early snaps in the book, she seems to have been a plain girl: so she had the blessings of a slow incubation. It's a dull thought but true that the slower you build your success the longer it seems to last. One thinks of Bing Crosby shooing along with the Dixie Rhythm Boys, Bob Hope hoofing in *Red, Hot and Blue*, Archie Leach (Cary Grant) catching Mae West's eye as an acrobat. Unlike the Marilyn Monroes, who rush on the stage without having prepared anything, these performers have a

jauntiness and stoicism, a sense that they can always hold the audience with something, a handstand or a soft-shoe.

The Marx Brothers may have taken almost too much time emerging. It is a sobering thought (and about time you tried one, Gottlieb, your beard is beginning to run) that had the talkies taken another five years in coming, the Marxes might not have adjusted to them at all. Their styles had already hardened by 1930. Older friends advise me that they were funnier on stage than ever they were in movies — a staggering thought. I wish that Messrs. Zimmerman and Goldblatt had given us a more personal view of the Hollywood years. Did the family *élan* weaken after they got out there? did Chico keep pace with his more sophisticated brothers? and so on. One career is hard enough to manage. Three, these three at least, must have been impossible. Thus one wonders whether the feebleness of their later movies had some extra-studio explanation.

The only moral of the Joan Crawford book is that in those days of more movies and more moviegoers, there was room for more stars, and survival was easier. This could open a tin mine for publishers: *The Films of Spring Byington*, *The Enigma of John Payne*, *Through the Years With Bugs Bunny*. B-books about B-movies.

Short Reviews: Records

by Herbert Kupferberg

Beethoven: Symphony No. 9, "Choral" (*Cluytens, Berlin Philharmonic; Seraphim S-60079*). A trace of sugar here and there, but nevertheless the best bargain Ninth yet offered. Fine sound and a remarkably good vocal quartet: Gre Brouwenstijn, Kerstin Meyer, Nicolai Gedda, and Frederick Guthrie.

Berlioz: Requiem (*Munch, Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Chorus; Deutsche Grammophon 139264/5*). No recording can ever really capture this powerful, spacious work, but this does as well as any.

Chausson: Symphony in B-flat, Opus 20; Franck: Les Éolides (*Ansermet, Suisse Romande; London 6540*). Perhaps Chausson's neglected sym-

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phony will be restored to favor by this refined reading. *Les Éolides* is a waste.

Maurice Chevalier at 80 (*Epic FXS-15117*). This is recent, rather than vintage Chevalier; the spirit is willing, but the material is weak. Half-French, half-English.

Henze: Sicilian Muses; Moralities (*Composer conducting Dresden State Orchestra and Kreuzchor and Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra; Deutsche Grammophon 139374*). Hans Werner Henze in a light and lyric mood; the Sicilian songs, taken from Virgil's *Eclogues*, are particularly engaging.

The Memoirs of Willie the Lion Smith (*RCA Victor LSP-6016*). An old-line ragtime and sporting house pianist talks and plays about the old days. It's flavorsome for a while, but two LPs are a little much.

Strauss: Violin-Piano Sonata in E-flat; Respighi: Violin-Piano Sonata in B Minor (*Vladimir Weisman, violin, and Eleanor Hancock, piano; Nonesuch H-71205*). Two romantic violin sonatas from somewhat unlikely sources. A welcome excursion from the standard repertory. Both are well played by an American duo.

Stravinsky: The Rite of Spring (*Yevgeny Svetlanov, U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra; Melodiya-Angel SR-40063*). The Russians, after years of depriving themselves of this music, play it with more exuberance than finesse. Still, it's exciting to hear in this resounding recording.

Verdi: Rigoletto (*MacNeil, Grist, Gedda, Molinari Pradelli conducting Rome Opera; Angel SCL-3718*). Some strong singing, especially from Gedda, who makes a strikingly virile and debonair Duke. But Molinari Pradelli's stiff and unvarying conducting produces a general feeling of heaviness.

Xenakis: Akrata, Pithoprakta; Pender-ecki: Capriccio for Violin and Orchestra, De Natura Sonoris (*Foss, Buffalo Philharmonic, Paul Zukofsky, violin; Nonesuch H-71201*). A solid example of what they are up to these days, with Xenakis' *Akrata* an especially arresting piece—staccato fanfares and bursts of wind instrument sounds that justify their own patterns of existence.

Short Reviews: Books

by Phoebe Adams

S. C. U. M. Manifesto by Valerie Solanas. Olympia, 75 cents. Miss Solanas, founder and only known member of the Society for Cutting Up Men, is the young woman who shot Andy Warhol. She has been locked up as mentally incompetent, and her daft diatribe against men appears with a long foreword in which her publisher attempts to justify printing this nonsense by claiming that it will contribute to the understanding of violence in our society. A check with psychiatric authority reveals that the book contains nothing unusual, given the author's particular kind of sickness, and is of no value for understanding anything except the publisher's desire to make some money.

Millais and the Ruskins by Mary Lutyens. Vanguard, \$8.50. The tale of John Ruskin's matrimonial incompetence has been told before, but not with such extensive quotation from the letters of everybody involved. Pre-Raphaelite soap opera of the highest order.

Legends of Our Time by Elie Wiesel. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95. These reminiscences, reflections, and stories arise out of Mr. Wiesel's boyhood experiences in a Nazi concentration camp. There is no disputing the horror of what he endured. There is some question whether his eloquent but highly subjective writing can serve more than his private therapeutic purpose.

Mrs. Parkinson's Law by C. Northcote Parkinson. Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95. Mr. Parkinson does not really look too well in drag.

Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, edited by Emily Morison Beck. Little, Brown, \$15.00. The revised fourteenth edition of John Bartlett's great work is the better for useful new material and the pruning of certain withered laurels.

A History of the Vikings by Gwyn Jones. Oxford, \$10.00. Mr. Jones is an engaging writer, a formidable scholar, and a born detective who obviously enjoys sorting fact from probability from legend from plain

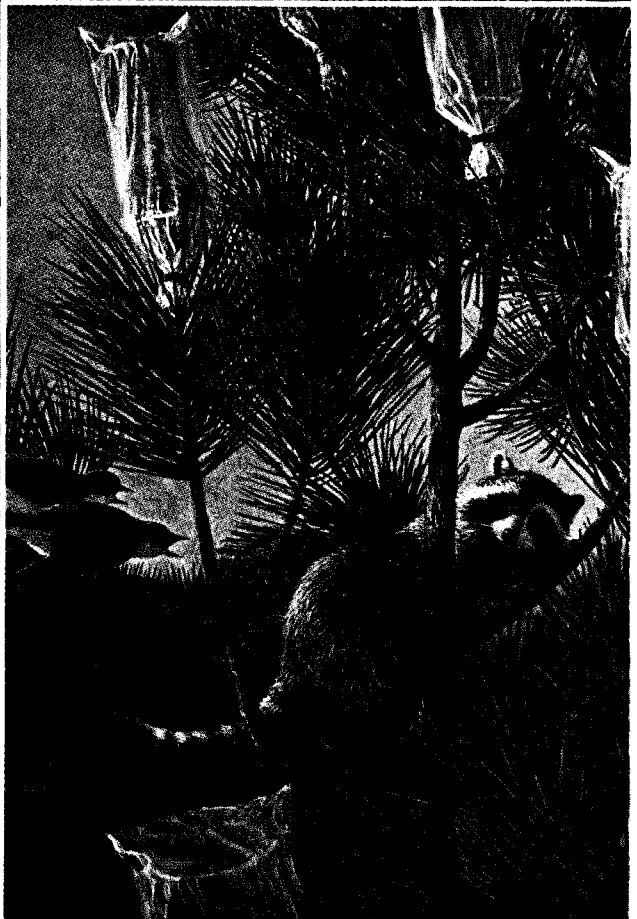
mist and moonshine. Having identified all these elements, he mercifully keeps them, so that the reader is not deprived of a number of great, but unhappily false, tales in the course of learning the discoverable truth about the Scandinavian traders and raiders and settlers whose enterprises carried them from Spain to the North Cape, and from Constantinople to Labrador. The influence of Scandinavia deserves more attention than it commonly gets from historians, and Mr. Jones's book has been needed for years.

Herod and Mariamne by Pär Lagerkvist. Knopf, \$4.95. Mr. Lagerkvist's novels are always tightly condensed, stripped of every distraction and excrescence, bare as the skeleton at the feast and with something of the same sinister ambiguity. This latest one is, disappointingly, more bald than disturbing.

Seven Glorious Days, Seven Fun-filled Nights by Charles Sopkin. Simon and Schuster, \$5.95. Mr. Sopkin, who spent an entire week watching television and found out that it's no good, is hereby awarded the Hair Shirt medal with Burdock Cluster for excessive suffering in the performance of redundant duty.

The Rector and the Rogue by W. A. Swanberg. Scribner's, \$4.95. The rogue was a practical joker who, in 1880, perpetrated a truly superb running gag on a solemn clergyman, an Irish saloon keeper, and half the innocent bystanders in New York City. Mr. Swanberg has reconstructed the affair amusingly, but has been unable to get much of a grip on the prankster's character. The fellow remains dim, except for an odd resemblance to Baron Corvo; he liked choirboys and phony aristocratic ancestry.

The Joys of Yiddish by Leo Rosten, McGraw-Hill, \$10.00. The jokes, wisecracks, folklore, and historical oddments tucked in among the definitions would justify a stranger project than this Yiddish-English dictionary, which the world may not need quite as desperately as Mr. Rosten thinks. There is, incidentally, no provision for looking up the Yiddish equivalent of an English word, which suggests that linguistic instruction is not really what the author has in mind.



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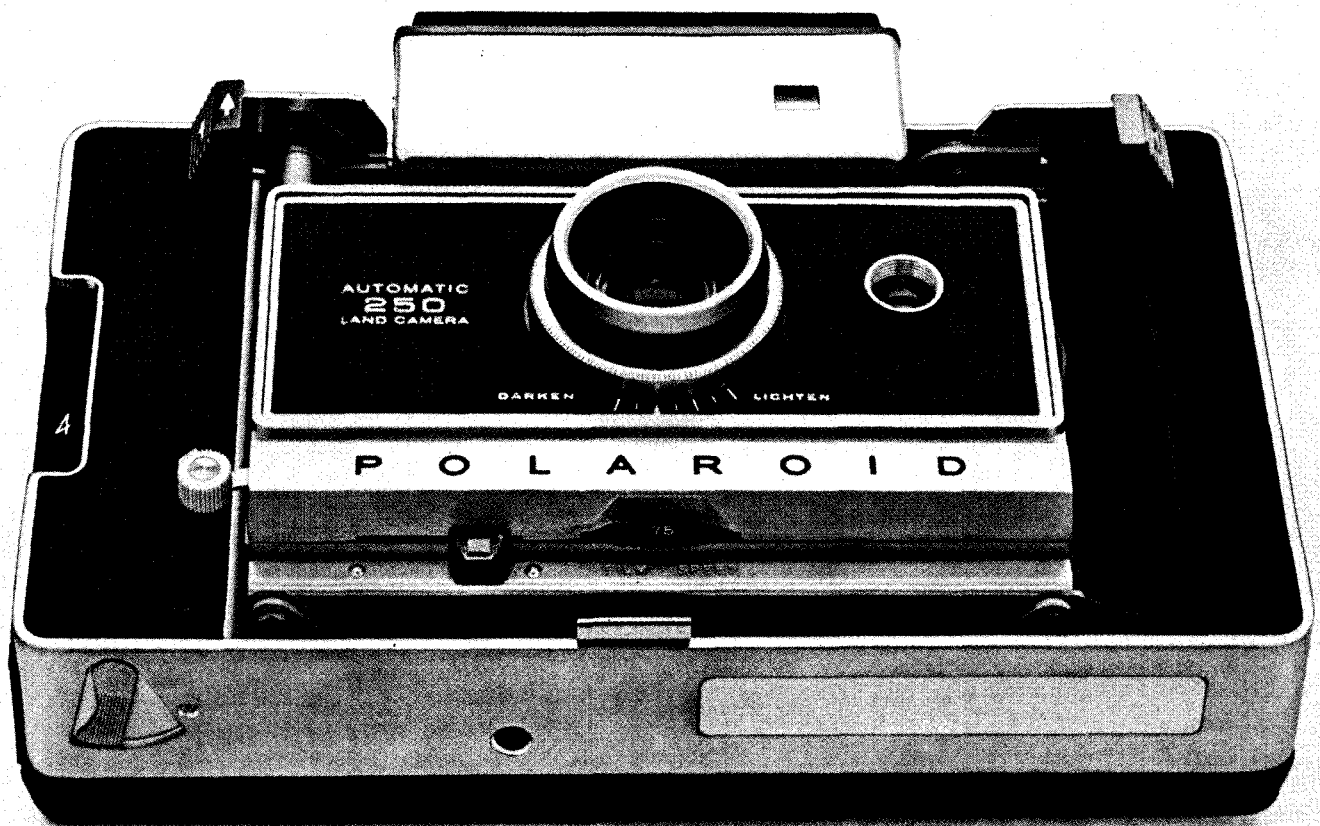
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